



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



096 987 359

Educ 8645.5



Harvard College Library

FROM

*The Perkins Inst. for
the Blind*

220-9645, 5

MONOGRAPH



ONE HUNDREDTH

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH

OF

DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE

THE
EYE
OF
THE
WIND

PROCEEDINGS AT THE CELEBRATION
OF THE
ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF
THE BIRTH
OF
DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE,
NOVEMBER 11, 1901.

Perkins Institution Boston 1902

BOSTON:
WRIGHT & POTTER PRINTING COMPANY,
18 POST OFFICE SQUARE.
1902.

RECEIVED
PERKINS

SEP 2 1932

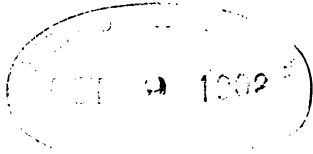
The Perkins Inst. for the Blind

1



Dr. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.
From a photograph by A. Marshall, 1872.

Edue



DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.

In an age when new developments of science, great financial schemes, floods of literature, and vital national and international problems are absorbing the thoughts of mankind, the men of the past who have made the present possible may be forgotten unless we raise to them some enduring monument.

Such a man was Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe. The progress achieved during the twenty-five years that have elapsed since his death has proved the intrinsic value of his wisdom and sagacity in working out practical, fundamental principles for the management of philanthropic and educational institutions.

Lest his noble service should be forgotten by those who should hold it in grateful and affectionate remembrance, the graduates of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind determined to recognize in an appropriate manner the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of their great benefactor. Reaching toward a larger tribute, they resolved to preserve the record of the commemorative exercises in a Howe Memorial Monograph and to present a request to the trustees that the tenth of

November should thereafter be observed in the Perkins Institution as **Founder's Day**. The seed that grew and blossomed into the Howe centenary was sown at an annual meeting of the alumnæ association of the Perkins Institution in June, 1899. Since then plans for the anniversary have occupied a prominent place in the thoughts of the members of the association.

The first idea was to commemorate the work of Dr. Howe at an annual alumnæ meeting; but a fuller comprehension of the scope and diversity of his labors showed that no home gathering, nor private celebration, could adequately honor such a life.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the alumnæ association held in February, 1901, it was voted to invite the alumni association and the pupils of the two departments of the school to appoint delegates to coöperate with the committee in devising a suitable memorial. This centennial committee met on the twenty-first of June and organized for work. They voted:

First. To observe the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Howe by a public service to be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Monday, November 11, (the date of his birth, November 10, falling upon Sunday).

Second. To inform the superintendents of other schools for the blind of the proposed celebration, and to invite them to be present and, also, to recognize the occasion in their own schools.

Third. That it is most desirable that Dr. Howe's birthday should be annually observed in the Perkins Institution.

The committee received hearty assistance in its labor of love from the school and its graduates, who made prompt and generous contributions of money, from the Howe Memorial Press, which printed the embossed souvenir copies of *The Hero*, and from the newspapers through such notices and articles as would bring before the mind of the general public this noble life of service, while honored men and women by their earnest and beautiful tributes to the beloved friend and benefactor made the occasion of the commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Howe a fitting memorial.

COMMEMORATIVE EXERCISES IN TREMONT TEMPLE.

The large audience, which assembled in Tremont Temple on the afternoon of Nov. 11, 1901, to do honor to the memory of Dr. Howe, was a new testimony to the sacred truth that a great man lives not for his age alone.

The most eager and sympathetic listeners were those fortunate ones who could rejoice in the radiant afterglow of Dr. Howe's wonderful friendships or acknowledge his personal aid and inspiration through many years; but all, old and young, could alike revere with grateful hearts the deeds of a life rich in its service to humanity.

The whole scene was pervaded with the beautiful and serene influence of a great soul, which seemed to lend light and strength to every word of affectionate tribute as it fell from the lips of the eloquent speakers of the day.

In the choir loft were seated many of the pupils of the Perkins Institution, as the chosen musicians of the hour. From the front of the choir loft hung Dr. Howe's portrait, wreathed in green, the work of his son-in-law, Mr. John Elliott, and the seat of honor on the platform below it was occupied by Mrs. Howe. Grouped near her were her children and grandchil-

children, with friends endeared through the ties of a long acquaintance or through the bond of a united interest in the recognition of the one hundredth anniversary of Dr. Howe's birth.

The programme for the commemorative exercises was arranged to define as clearly as possible in a brief time the distinct phases of thought and action which would best serve to illustrate the many-sided genius and energy of Dr. Howe.

PROGRAMME.

MUSIC, Selection from "Faust," *Gounod.*

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D.

THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

Miss EMILIE POULSSON.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SCHOOL FOR FEEBLE-MINDED CHILDREN.

Mr. RICHARD C. HUMPHREYS.

MUSIC, Chorus for Treble Voices: Longfellow's Poem, "A Psalm of Life," *Pinsuti.*

DR. HOWE AS CHAIRMAN OF THE STATE BOARD OF CHARITIES.

Mr. FRANK B. SANBORN.

READING BY TOUCH, "The Hero," *Whittier.*

Miss MARY EUNICE FRENCH.

DR. HOWE, AN ALUMNUS OF BROWN UNIVERSITY AND CHAMPION OF GREEK INDEPENDENCE.

J. IRVING MANATT, Ph.D.

MUSIC, Organ, "Marche Religieuse," *Guilmant.*

Mr. CLARENCE ADDISON JACKSON.

After the selection from Gounod's "Faust" had been rendered by the band of the Perkins Institution, Miss LYDIA Y. HAYES, president of the alumnae association, gave the following message of welcome, linked with words of gratitude, to the many friends whose generous aid had made possible the memorial tribute of the day:—

GREETING FROM MISS HAYES.

It gives me great pleasure in behalf of the graduates and pupils of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind to welcome you to these exercises, which are held in grateful remembrance of our noble benefactor, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe. Dr. Howe was born Nov. 10, 1801, and died Jan. 9, 1876, after having been most prominently connected for nearly half a century with the charitable and educational institutions of this state. We extend our sincere thanks to the personal friends of Dr. Howe, to the educators and philanthropists of our day and to the public press for their cordial coöperation in presenting to the present generation, by written and spoken words, the services rendered to humanity by Dr. Howe, one of the greatest philanthropists and educators of the nineteenth century.

With the gracious consent of our beloved and honored senior senator, the Honorable George F. Hoar, I place the further conduct of these services in his hands, and in behalf of the committee of arrangements thank him for coming so readily to our assistance.

Senator GEORGE F. HOAR, the presiding officer, whose thoughts for the occasion were precious memories from the treasury of his youth, then addressed the audience briefly.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS OF SENATOR HOAR.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I wonder if there be a man living anywhere, whatever might be his longing for fame or honor,

who would not exchange any hope of funeral eulogy or of remembrance by his fellow citizens that he may have, to be remembered a hundred years after his birth by a gathering of blind children, for whose life he had lighted up their intellectual darkness and kindled the light that burned inward, especially if that honor should be paid when his children could rise up and call him blessed, and the companion of his life, still honored in a vigorous age of intellectual power, should be present and know what was done. I do not propose to intrude any words of mine upon the joy and the beauty of this occasion. This, after all, is the children's hour. We are to hear from them by their special representatives, and we are to hear some memories of Dr. Howe's life from men who knew him and shared his useful and honorable labors. I cannot make any contributions of any value to those personal recollections.

I knew Dr. Howe myself in but one of the many aspects of his life. I was a youth in Worcester, just entering upon my profession, in the year 1849 and the years that followed, at the time when a few men and women in Massachusetts entered upon the great contest, which was to settle between slavery and freedom the strife for the great territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific and which was to end in the overthrow of slavery throughout the world. Dr. Howe, who had duties enough to tax the energy of ten giants already, threw himself with characteristic ardor into that struggle also. He used to come to Worcester once or twice a month to attend the meetings of the trustees of the hospital for the insane, and after the work was over he liked to come into my office, while he was waiting for the train to come back to Boston, and talk over the prospects of the infant party, of which Worcester was the headquarters. They used to say in those days that there were a few other places in the country where they kept free soilers, but Worcester was the place where they made them. And you

can hardly know how proud and happy a youth the Doctor left when he departed. If you can imagine some humble boy, coming into life with some honorable aspirations, visited by Sir Philip Sidney or Chevalier Bayard or Cœur de Lion, you can understand something of the pride with which I used to tell my associates that Dr. Howe had been in my office that afternoon.

I remember now as if it were yesterday his kindly and gracious presence. You would have thought sometimes he came to learn and not to teach. I do not know what was his bearing when he had to encounter some domineering, or insolent, or powerful antagonist, but to a boy of twenty-one years he was as modest and kindly as if he had been of his own age.

His is one of the great figures in American history. I do not think of another who combines the character of a great reformer, of a great moral champion, of a great administrator of great enterprises, requiring business sagacity and wisdom as well as courage, always in the van, with the character also of the knight errant who crossed the sea, like the Red Cross Knight of old, to champion the cause of liberty in a distant nation. I can almost think of him as if he were clad in the very armor of Spenser's Knight, —

And on his breast a bloody cross he wore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he bore,
And, dead, as living ever, him adored.

There was never on the soil of Massachusetts, fertile as that soil has been of patriots and of heroes and of lovers, a more patriotic, a more heroic, a more loving knight.

The audience will now take pleasure in listening to the personal memories of one who has, in his own life, caught something of the inspiration of his friend and who can speak

from a somewhat, though not much, earlier personal knowledge than mine. I have the pleasure of presenting to you Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

DR. HALE'S PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

It is a great pleasure to stand here, it is a great pleasure to say a word here. I do not know, but I suppose that I am perhaps the only person in this hall who was in Faneuil Hall, oh, now a great many years ago when the fair was held, Mrs. Howe, which people spoke of as being the first great charity fair in Boston. I was a little boy and I was caught by the enthusiasm—everybody was caught by the enthusiasm of the moment. I wish anybody would look into her mother's storehouse of treasures and see if that mother, perhaps, bought a copal heart which I had cut out of gum copal with my jack knife and which my mother had strung on a gold string that it might be sold at the fair,—certainly my first contribution, as almost my last, to any great charitable enterprise. And I had the satisfaction of knowing that the whole town of Boston, from the stevedore on the wharf to John P. Cushing, the great Canton merchant, and Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, and Fanny Inglis, who wrote the funny accounts of the fair—that the whole of Boston was interested, as I was, in this new institution for the blind. That was the magic of this man. He waved his wand and everybody wanted to help forward the work which he undertook.

In the centuries to come he will be remembered not simply as one who had to do with this calamity of blindness, which he has done so much to remove, but as one of the great educators of our time. I was in London a little more than ten years ago and I went to that magnificent Sydenham palace, not the Sydenham palace of smoke and dust but the Sydenham palace of great ideas, where the great institution for the blind of England has its quarters. That is one of the great magnificent schools or institutions—kings, queens, dukes and duchesses and I don't know what are the honorary managers, as they say in England of such things. I had the pleasure of very free conversation with Mr. Campbell, one of the most distinguished educators of our time, who was at the

head of that great establishment. Mr. Campbell told me that when he first came to the institution and was authorized to organize the staff of the school with a number of teachers to name, those noble men and women gave him literally *carte blanche* that he might choose his assistants from the whole of the world; and he told me that, with the single exception of one of the gentlemen in the music department, all were chosen from America — directly or indirectly they came from the training of our own home institution here, Mrs. Howe, from the people whom Dr. Howe had trained. That American staff went there in October and began their services in that place, and then when June came around they packed up their things that they might take their vacations at home in America —

The heart untravelled still returns to home.

I think that single story shows what has been the power of this man whose name we celebrate today, what has been his power in creating the people who were to work these miracles at which we wonder. And it is that personal power of his, springing from that personality which the president has alluded to, which has an equal interest in great and little things, that personal power of his which would bring a stevedore or a school boy to his purpose, or the angels or archangels — it is that personal power by which he accomplishes it.

To Him there's nothing great appears,
Great God there's nothing small.

Just as much interested in the little details there as he was interested in the freedom of the world, just as much interested in the freedom of the world as he was in the little enterprise of this hour. All because he forgot himself and gave himself to his fellow men.

I think he may be considered the founder of a new school of education, for in this business of these gentlemen and ladies around me, in this business of supplying a lost sense, he has led the way. In other words, he has led the way in that which is to be one of the great efforts of the twentieth century, the substitution of education or the lifting up of boys and girls to men and women, the substitution of this great work of the Father himself by which he does educate mankind, the substitution of this great

work for the little work of instruction, the drudgery of instruction, to which so much of the machinery, smoke and dust of our schools is devoted now. I say that Dr. Howe is one of the great masters of education for the last century and this century before us. And I need not say this. I am favored by having in my hand a letter from one of those prophets who show what is the value of the higher life. I have the pleasure of reading a letter which Helen Keller has kindly sent to me this morning. She says to me:

I hope you will express the heartfelt gratitude of those who owe their education, their opportunities, their happiness to him who opened the eyes of the blind and gave the dumb lip language.

Sitting here in my study, surrounded by my books, enjoying the sweet and intimate companionship of the great and the wise, I am trying to realize what my life might have been if Dr. Howe had failed in the great task God gave him to perform. If he had not taken upon himself the responsibility of Laura Bridgman's education, and led her out of the pit of Acheron back to her human inheritance, should I be a sophomore at Radcliffe college today, — who can say? But it is idle to speculate about what might have been in connection with Dr. Howe's great achievement.

I think only those who have escaped that death-in-life existence from which Laura Bridgman was rescued can realize how isolated, how shrouded in darkness, how cramped by its own impotence is a soul without thought or faith or hope. Words are powerless to describe the desolation of that prison house, or the joy of the soul that is delivered out of its captivity. When we compare the needs and helplessness of the blind before Dr. Howe began his work with their present usefulness and independence, we realize that great things have been done in our midst. What if physical conditions have built up high walls about us? Thanks to our friend and helper, our world lies upward: the length and breadth and sweep of the heavens are ours!

It is pleasant to think that Dr. Howe's noble deeds will receive their due tribute of affection and gratitude, in the city which was the scene of his great labors and splendid victories for humanity.

With kind greetings, in which my teacher joins me, I am,

Affectionately your friend, HELEN KELLER.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., November 10.

Those are the fit words of one, and only one, of the thousands and thousands and thousands of those who have escaped from the pit of Acheron through his ministrations.

Dr. Hale was followed by Miss EMILIE POULSSON, who represented the graduate associations of the Perkins Institution by the following earnest address:—

THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

Heroes of war are an honor to a country and shed glory upon its annals. Champions of liberty are its necessity and its strength. Helpers of the helpless poor are its blessing.

Dr. Howe, by his manifold ability, by the all-embracing sympathy of his large soul, won, without seeking, meeds of praise from his countrymen, as valorous soldier, as freedom's apostle, as leader in wise charity.

Yet it is in still another character—that of educator of the blind—that perhaps even more honor and gratitude and love cling about his memory. The education of the blind was the work that commanded his heart and his powers for the greater part of his life.

It was to the education of the blind that he devoted his heroic energy, his love of freedom, his keen insight, his plenteous wisdom.

Appreciating this, blind people, pupils of the school in Dr. Howe's time and later, have invited you to this meeting today in the spirit of Byron's lines:

But there are deeds which shall not pass away,
And names that must not wither, though the earth
Forget her empires with a just decay.

Representing the graduate associations of the Perkins Institution, my natural office would be to eulogize their beloved benefactor, to swing the fragrant censer of gratitude. But they have rightly chosen that I should rather recall to you some of the specific things that Dr. Howe accomplished for the education of the blind, because his work was such that facts are his best eulogy.

In 1831, Dr. Howe accepted the call from Dr. John D. Fisher to become the superintendent of the proposed New England Institution for the Blind. There being as yet no schools for the blind in America, although the establishment of such schools was being

considered in both New York and Pennsylvania, Dr. Howe went to Europe to study the institutions there, and, immediately upon his return in 1832, the school opened in Boston with six pupils.

We can see the pioneer quality of Dr. Howe's educational work when we note that "the practicability of educating the blind was scarcely believed in" in those days. So prevalent was the idea that blind people were inevitably paupers and beggars, and even the idea that blindness removed from its victims all the higher human powers and qualities, — so prevalent were these ideas, that a demonstration of what Dr. Howe's pupils had accomplished in six months was given to the Massachusetts legislature to show that blind children were educable!

Convinced at once, that legislature voted an appropriation of state funds for the school, and (may I not gratefully say in passing?) succeeding legislatures have befriended it, with faith and generosity, ever since.

Dr. Howe did not work for the blind children of New England only. It is of his personal efforts, — to him, indefatigable as he was, ungrudging of toil in his chosen cause, — that the blind in six other states, twelve states in all, owe their opportunities for education. In a recent letter, the officials of one of these schools created by Dr. Howe's efforts express the high regard in which his work is held by them.

Even should the memory of his name, in the course of ages, pass from the minds of men, the beneficent influence of his deeds will abide "to the last syllable of recorded time."

But the establishment of schools was only the first step. Dr. Howe soon showed his genius as an educator, and his fertility of resource wrought wonderful improvement in the methods and apparatus used with blind pupils.

Although it has been fifty years since the invention of raised print in France by Valentin Haüy, no material improvement had been made in the clumsy, bulky type then adopted. The fact that Dr. Howe so improved the form and arrangement of the characters that it was possible to print raised-print books in volumes of one-half the bulk and at one-quarter the expense previously necessary, and the fact that he printed, in 1836, the first edition of the New

Testament ever printed for the blind in any country, surely makes appropriate the title given him by Whittier: "the Cadmus of the blind."

The story of Laura Bridgman's deliverance, familiar the world over, needs only to be touched upon here. The blessed miracle, as it seemed then, of reaching a soul shut away from all sound, all sight, all speech, is being performed for many a blind deaf-mute at the Perkins Institution and elsewhere today and is no longer unique.

Laura, — blind, deaf and dumb — was about seven years old when Dr. Howe was, as he says, so fortunate as to hear of her, and he immediately hastened to Hanover to see her.

How these expressions, "so fortunate" and "immediately hastened," show his eager, alert spirit, his ready response to a possible need of his help!

Sore indeed was the need, — a human soul imprisoned; long, patient and costly was the labor of relief; but it was accomplished, for the first time known in history, by Dr. Howe. He was explorer and discoverer in the education of blind deaf-mutes, and his successful experience has been the light and guide in all the later endeavors.

A man with less sublime faith in the power of the human spirit than had Dr. Howe might have been content to build up a language of signs, not words, a comparatively easy thing to do, but only slightly educative. Dr. Howe chose rather the wholly untried and extremely difficult plan of giving Laura the "purely arbitrary language in common use," thus affording her the freedom of the whole realm of verbal expression, and the mental development which no substitute for language would ever have induced.

Life became a conscious boon to Laura Bridgman, instead of a black, silent isolation.

To liberate a soul, to redeem a life, this surely is a deed that eulogizes the doer far more eloquently than any plaudits.

For forty-four years Dr. Howe was at the head of the Perkins Institution. He put in practice there many of the advanced ideas upon education that he held, and the school has kept ever since the progressive trend which Dr. Howe's pedagogical insight gave to it in his day. And its pupils, past and present, are still urged

to courage and strenuous endeavor by the gallant motto which Dr. Howe gave to them: "Obstacles are things to be overcome."

We cannot feel that the blessing and inspiration of such a life can ever pass away.

No! Dr. Howe's wise, devoted work in the education of the blind and deaf-blind was not enlightenment for his own time merely, but will outlast even the cherished memory of his name

As the star's travelling light survives its star.

In the next address Mr. RICHARD C. HUMPHREYS spoke of the value of Dr. Howe's work in the establishment of the school for feeble-minded children.

ADDRESS OF MR. HUMPHREYS.

It is a very pleasant task I have this afternoon, that of reminding you of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe's connection with the Massachusetts School for the Feeble-Minded, or what was originally the Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-Minded Youth, incorporated in 1850. For some four years previous to this date it was an experimental school for the training of idiots, and to define Dr. Howe's connection with it would be simply to say that it was his school, which he organized and conducted almost alone in addition to his work for the blind, until he called to his aid his friend Dr. Edward Jarvis. Dr. Howe was a truly great philanthropist. He was born in Boston November 10, 1801, taught in our public schools, graduated at Brown University in 1821, and died January 9, 1876.

Who can estimate the influence of his life upon the benevolent and charitable work of the present generation? Who knows to what extent the philanthropists of today owe their inspiration to his noble example?

If time permitted I would like to recall the growth of the Massachusetts School for the Feeble-Minded, under that noted educator and loving philanthropist, the late Dr. Samuel Eliot, and Dr. George G. Tarbell, of blessed memory, who I might say gave his life to this work, and Dr. Walter E. Fernald, the present superintendent, who although yet a young man is looked up to by the

officers of similar institutions not only throughout this country but on the other side of the Atlantic as an expert on questions of training, developing and diagnosing the condition of the feeble-minded. Yet he is not only willing but improves every opportunity to express the debt of gratitude he owes to Dr. Howe for his pioneer work in proving to the world that the feeble-minded can be improved and their dormant faculties aroused and developed. Think for a moment of what this noble philanthropist did for humanity in those twenty-nine years of self-sacrificing devotion to the work of uplifting the feeble-minded from the imbecility into which they had fallen by neglect and unenlightened treatment!—working without remuneration, and for the first twenty years paying his own travelling and personal expenses. Think of what he accomplished by his indomitable perseverance and unselfish consecration to the work of improving the condition of this unfortunate class of his fellow beings, which he designated as “broken fragments of humanity which should be carefully gathered up that nothing be lost.” He says in his final report, after nearly thirty years’ service, that “three-fifths of the idiotic youth who have been pupils in our school have been improved and taught to feed and dress themselves and many trained to habits of industry.” If Dr. Howe could look into our school at Waltham today and see what Dr. Fernald and his corps of devoted teachers are doing in the way of educating and developing the feeble minds of the unfortunate human beings entrusted to their care, he would see physical defects remedied and feeble minds cultivated to an extent even beyond anything he had imagined. It is needless for me to argue the point that Dr. Howe was the first in this country to devote himself to the amelioration of the condition of the feeble-minded, for since Dr. Walter E. Fernald’s exhaustive *History of the Treatment of the Feeble-Minded* nothing has been heard from those who had for many years given the credit to another.

It was through Dr. Howe’s influence that the New York institution was started as well as our own. It was he who wrote in 1857 that masterly criticism of the Governor of Massachusetts on the veto of the bill to increase the state grant to the school for idiotic children. In it he speaks of the growing respect for man as created in God’s image and the duty each individual owes to his

brother men, and says: "The disposition to act thus is innate and peculiarly human. It is the sheet anchor of society; it is the hope of the future; and as it is more or less developed, so we are more or less men."

We are gathered here this afternoon to do honor to the memory of Dr. Howe. How can we best pay the respect due to one who devoted his life to uplifting his unfortunate fellow men? I answer without hesitation, it is by taking up the work which he loved and to which his life was consecrated, — by reconsecrating ourselves to the service of humanity. This memorial service will not have been held in vain if we are moved by the inspiration of his life to follow his example.

My time is exhausted, and I have only hinted at some of the beautiful traits of character shown in his life. In conclusion let me say he has left behind him a name greater than that of the conqueror and has endeared himself to the hearts of all lovers of humanity for his manly exertions to uplift his weaker brothers. He exemplified in a remarkable degree what our friend and expert sociologist, Rev. Edward Cummings, emphasizes as the great need of the present day: "A rational devotion of the strong to the weak."

His ear was not deaf to the cry of suffering humanity; his voice was not dumb when an appeal to his fellow men was needed for the unfortunate; his eye was not blind to the needs of his fellow men; his hand was ever outstretched to uplift those who were either physically or mentally feeble; his heart was open to the entreaty of the weakest of God's children, and went out in love and sympathy to all who needed his compassion. He gave himself, he shared his life, his strength with his weaker brothers. How apt these words of James Russell Lowell in that beautiful poem the *Vision of Sir Launfal*:

Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungry neighbor and me.

Time does not dim the lustre of his fame as a self-sacrificing philanthropist. His was the spirit of Christ. In Christ's service

he worked. In the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man and the leadership of Jesus he believed, and I trust he has realized the truth of these words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

After Longfellow's *Psalm of Life* had been rendered by a chorus of young girls from the Perkins Institution, Mr. FRANK B. SANBORN, who had been associated with Dr. Howe on the Board of State Charities, spoke of his friend's work as chairman of that board.

MR. SANBORN'S ADDRESS.

As the successor of Dr. Howe in the chairmanship of the Massachusetts Board of State Charities, — the first of the many organizations of this kind since established in this and other countries, — I am to speak more particularly of his later labors in the great field of public charity. I have treated the subject very fully in my *Life of Dr. Howe*, published in New York in 1891, where those who wish to see the details of these fructifying labors may find them.

It is quite needless for me here to tell the story of his long years of devotion to the instruction of the blind and the deaf; of that you have already heard. Nor must I dwell on his labors for prison reform and the emancipation of our slaves, ending victoriously in course of the civil war. As a preparation for that task of forcible emancipation, he favored the campaigns of John Brown, in Kansas and Virginia, and was ready for every service, public or private, which his advancing age permitted. That cause having triumphed, and the next problem in Massachusetts being to reorganize and develop public charity, he was appointed in 1864 by his intimate friend, Governor Andrew, chairman of the first Board of State Charities where I, appointed a year earlier, was acting as secretary, and the late Dr. Henry Wheelwright as executive agent. This gave me opportunity, such as I had not enjoyed even in the dozen preceding years that I had known him intimately, to observe the swift operation and the sure results of the most intuitively

practical mind it has been my fortune to know. Emerson has defined genius as the power of generalizing from a single instance, — a definition which he illustrated in his own person more than Dr. Howe. But the generalizations of Emerson were philosophic and poetical rather than practical, while with Dr. Howe, who was also a man of genius, everything bore, either immediately or ultimately, upon practical results. His experience in life had been so vast and so varied that the “single instance” of which Emerson spoke was long since of the past; it was embodied and unconscious experience which generalized for Howe. This is the type of what we call a man of the world; he has been so long among men that he can say intellectually what the Latin comedian said emotionally — “I am a man; nothing that concerns man do I hold as alien to me.”

Hence I have called Howe “the scholar as man of the world,” — for, with the scholar’s insight and training, he had from early life that cosmopolitan observation, void of personal ambition and inspired by chivalrous philanthropy, which made him unique among men of my acquaintance. No such mind had before been steadily directed upon the problems of charity and social legislation in New England: and he came to the questions of juvenile reform, prison discipline, the care of the insane, and the general disposal of the dependent classes with a piercing analysis and a well-formed synthesis which delighted men of thought, while it startled and displeased the children of tradition and routine, who in this generation are so much wiser than the children of light. Whoever will read the various propositions laid down by Dr. Howe in the second, third, fifth, and ninth reports of the old Board of Charities — to mention only half of those which he wrote or directed, — will find that hardly one of his theorems has now failed to be acted upon in practical ways, not only in Massachusetts but throughout a large part of the nation. Yet nearly every one of them was hotly disputed by the mass of persons officially concerned with charity and education, who have since adopted them and forgotten Dr. Howe.

Sixty-five years ago when hospitable Boston, and even, I fear, generous Dr. Howe himself, were unfriendly to Bronson Alcott, whose ideal school was perishing under this opposition, Emerson

wrote from Concord to his philosophic brother: — “I never regretted more than in this case my own helplessness in all practical contingencies. But I was created a seeing eye, and not a useful hand.” It was quite otherwise with Dr. Howe, who happily combined theory and practice, insight and experience, the seeing eye and the helping hand. Accordingly, when he came to the head of the public charities of Massachusetts, late in 1865, his genius found means to turn both our theory and practice in new directions, and to convert by gradual changes the existing policy of congregating the poor and defective in large establishments, into a wiser system. In practice, it is true, much remains to be done, especially with regard to the insane; but Howe’s theory has become the accepted one in New England and elsewhere. He began with the dispersion of children, then in poor-houses and reform schools, among the kindly families of New England; and now there is hardly a state in the union where such is not the adopted policy. When the inmates of a charitable establishment could not be wisely placed in families, he advised that the establishment should be kept small, and its management brought as near to the mass of the people as practicable. On this point I may well quote his words in the first report which he signed as chairman: —

That our work may be well done, it must be by the people themselves, directly, and in the spirit of Him who taught that the poor ye shall always have with you, — that is, near you, — in your hearts and affections, within your sight and knowledge: not thrust far away from you, and always shut up alone by themselves, in almshouses and reformatories, that they may be kept at the cheapest rate. The people cannot be absolved from these duties of charity which require knowledge and sympathy with sufferers. There can be no vicarious virtue. True charity is not done by deputy. There should be the least possible intervening agency between the people and the dependent classes. It would be a beautiful and most hopeful sight to see fifteen hundred children and youth, — of a class who are elsewhere confined in reformatories, or shut up in pauper houses, — scattered over our commonwealth and cared for by the people themselves.

When this was said early in 1866, it seemed to most persons a golden dream, the vision of an enthusiast. But what do we see today? More than four thousand such Massachusetts children

and youth actually cared for in families by the people themselves. This city of Boston alone probably furnishes more than fifteen hundred of them. And there are states and communities in the northwest and in many parts of this broad land, who are practising Dr. Howe's advice and imagining that they invented the practice themselves.

Dr. Howe's *General Principles of Public Charity* have often been cited; but some of them will bear repetition here for they are still too frequently ignored:

It is better to separate and diffuse the dependent classes than to congregate them.

We ought to avail ourselves of those remedial agencies which exist in society — the family, social influences, industrial occupations, etc.

We should enlist the greatest number of individuals and families in the care and treatment of the dependent.

We should build up public institutions only in the last resort.

These should be kept small, and so arranged as to turn the strength and faculties of the inmates to the best account.

Self-evident as these principles appear now and constantly as they are acted upon in charity organizations and the like, they once seemed like revolutionary doctrines. And be pleased to remember that they preceded by some years that movement, now so general, for the association of charities in cities, and the removal of children from poor-houses. So it was with Dr. Howe's theories of education for the deaf, and family care for the harmless insane. They were viewed with derision as follies, or with alarm as evils; but now the whole civilized world is acting on them.

I am not here to say that our hero and philanthropist was faultless; he had, like most men, the defects of his great qualities. The Jesuits used to say of Sir Kenelm Digby, "if he had been dropped out of the clouds in any part of the world, he would have made himself respected;" but they added maliciously that he must not stay above six weeks in any one place. There was something of this quality in Dr. Howe. In no place was he ever wished elsewhere until his own versatility urged him to be gone; and it was sometimes hard to hold him in his chosen position of leader until his followers could overtake him. Wherever he found himself, he

was swift to go upon some errand of mercy or justice. He was born to benefit others, and by choice he preferred for his benefactions those who could least repay his service by their own. He would have agreed heartily with that definition of his class among men which reads "a gentleman is one with something to give, not something to sell." Indeed, there was some pride mingled with his benevolence, showing that he had not reached that elevation of saintliness to which humility is the stairway. When a young man in Greece, distributing the charity of America to the hungry and naked, it was suggested that he should account for his distributions, often made at the peril of his life, to some of the shifty patriots who were in high position there. He replied: "I have no reckoning to give to Greeks, to men who cannot for the life of them conceive how a man can have a hundred thousand piastres in his hands to distribute, with every opportunity to steal undiscovered, — and not do it."

When soon after Dr. Howe's death in 1876 we held a great memorial meeting, as large as this, in his honor, the late Gov. Bullock, who knew him well, had this to say of him in those years of his charity chairmanship.

He was at South Boston, he was at his office in town, he was at the rooms of the Board of Charities, he was at the Executive Chamber, he was sometimes at his own house, he was always where duty called. He seemed capable to drive all the reforms and charities abreast; and yet he was seldom on a strain; always having an air we all liked of a man of business, of a man of the world, — of dauntless force of character, of firmness that was impassive, of modesty that was unfeigned; a little mutinous whenever governors attempted to interfere with his methods, but that was of no consequence since he was mutinous to revolt whenever he saw the image of God oppressed, or wronged, or neglected. Nor will I leave him without an allusion to his last great work . . . in establishing under the endowment of Clarke that noble institution on the banks of the Connecticut, where the deaf [no longer dumb] learn to discern a voice from a mute breath, — to catch human language at sight from human lips. I recur not without sensibility to the days when we thought him essential to us in laying its foundations.

Such was indeed his life-work, to lay foundations; and upon them what edifices of beneficence have been built, and are now building!





Dr. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.

From an oil painting by Miss Jane Stuart about 1831.

Miss MARY EUNICE FRENCH then read by touch from a book in raised letters a poem by John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE HERO.

[The incident which suggested to Whittier the writing of the following poem, is one of the thrilling events and experiences which characterized the career of Dr. Samuel G. Howe in Greece during the war of independence of 1821. The episode is thus described by the Doctor himself in his MSS., extracts from which were published in the *New England Magazine* in 1831: "I was by chance at Calamata, after escaping from Navarino, when a sudden invasion of the Turks forced everyone to fly who could fly. I never shall forget the dreadful scene of confusion and distress, or my feelings, as I galloped through the town, accompanied by Ernest, a gallant young Swiss, for we passed many poor beings, old or sick, who were unable to fly on foot, and who stretched out their hands, praying for God's sake that we would save them; but selfishness and the pressing danger made us turn a deaf ear, and think only of saving our own lives. We had left the town and were hurrying across the plain, which was covered with fugitives, when I beheld a wounded soldier sitting at the foot of an olive tree, pale, exhausted, and almost fainting, but still grasping his long gun as if he meant to have a last shot at the expected foe; it was Francesco, who had been dreadfully wounded a few days before, and had staggered thus far from the temporary hospital at Calamata, on hearing the alarm. The poor fellow cast a supplicating look at us as we passed, but said not a word. That look cut me to the soul; had he presented his gun and demanded my horse, it would not have so moved me; I could not but turn my head after we passed him, and seeing him still looking after us, as I thought reproachfully, I pulled up my horse, and on calculating the distance, found I had time to gain the mountains; of course I turned back, mounted the poor fellow on my beast, and thus easily reaped the rich reward of his gratitude."]

“O for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!

“O for the white plume floating
Sad Zutphen's field above, —
The lion heart in battle,
The woman's heart in love!

“ O that man once more were manly,
 Woman’s pride, and not her scorn ;
 That once more the pale young mother
 Dared to boast ‘ a man is born ! ’

“ But, now life’s slumberous current
 No sun-bowed cascade wakes ;
 No tall, heroic manhood
 The level dulness breaks.

“ O for a knight like Bayard, .
 Without reproach or fear !
 My light glove on his casque of steel,
 My love-knot on his spear ! ”

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
 To the time her proud pulse beat,
 “ Life hath its regal natures yet, —
 True, tender, brave, and sweet !

“ Smile not, fair unbeliever !
 One man, at least, I know,
 Who might wear the crest of Bayard
 Or Sidney’s plume of snow.

“ Once, when over purple mountains
 Died away the Grecian sun,
 And the far Cyllenian ranges
 Paled and darkened, one by one, —

“ Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,
 Cleaving all the quiet sky,
 And against his sharp steel lightnings
 Stood the Suliote but to die.

“ Woe for the weak and halting !
 The crescent blazed behind
 A curving line of sabres,
 Like fire before the wind !

“ Last to fly, and first to rally,
Rode he of whom I speak,
When, groaning in his bridle-path,
Sank down a wounded Greek.

“ With the rich Albanian costume
Wet with many a ghastly stain,
Gazing on earth and sky as one
Who might not gaze again !

“ He looked forward to the mountains,
Back on foes that never spare,
Then flung him from his saddle,
And placed the stranger there.

“ Allah! hu!’ Through flashing sabres,
Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian charger
Up the slopes of olives sped.

“ Hot spurred the turbaned riders ;
He almost felt their breath,
Where a mountain stream rolled darkly down
Between the hills and death.

“ One brave and manful struggle, —
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains,
And the carbines of his band ! ”

“ It was very great and noble,”
Said the moist-eyed listener then,

“ But one brave deed makes no hero ;
Tell me what he since hath been ! ”

“ Still a brave and generous manhood,
Still an honor without stain,
In the prison of the Kaiser,
By the barricades of Seine.

- “ But dream not helm and harness
 The sign of valor true ;
 Peace hath higher tests of manhood
 Than battle ever knew.
- “ Wouldst know him now? Behold him,
 The Cadmus of the blind,
 Giving the dumb lip language,
 The idiot clay a mind.
- “ Walking his round of duty
 Serenely day by day,
 With the strong man’s hand of labor
 And childhood’s heart of play.
- “ True as the knights of story,
 Sir Lancelot and his peers,
 Brave in his calm endurance
 As they in tilt of spears.
- “ As waves in stillest waters,
 As stars in noonday skies,
 All that wakes to noble action
 In his noon of calmness lies.
- “ Wherever outraged Nature
 Asks word or action brave,
 Wherever struggles labor,
 Wherever groans a slave, —
- “ Wherever rise the peoples,
 Wherever sinks a throne,
 The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
 An answer in his own.
- “ Knight of a better era,
 Without reproach or fear!
 Said I not well that Bayards
 And Sidneys still are here? ”

Dr. J. IRVING MANATT, professor of Greek in Brown University, sketched in full, strong lines of eloquent thought, Dr. Howe's student life in the halls of that college, and his noble career as the undaunted champion of Greek independence.

SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.

BRUNONIAN HERO OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

At an hour like this, one would fain possess a Platonic memory — I mean, of course, the faculty of remembering what happened before one was born. But the gods have reserved that gift among modern men for Dr. Hale; and he alone could call up here the living image of the frolicsome lad at Brown and of the young hero

Last to fly, and first to rally,

on the death-smitten fields of Greece. Mine is no memory of a hundred years; yet I do not forget that I am speaking to those whose inner vision of their friend is finer and truer than all our seeing. It was a blind poet, who had never set foot upon her holy soil, to whom we owe our most perfect picture of Athens; and it is you, equalled in fate with Milton till

O'er the midnight of the mind
He led the light of dawn,

who must be the guardians from age to age of the authentic image and the lasting fame of Dr. Howe.

No labored line, no sculptor's art,
Such hallowed memory needs;
His tablet is the human heart,
His record loving deeds.

I do not know why the Boston boy, who had won his academic privilege by "reading aloud from the big family Bible" better than his brothers, should have been sent to "the little college at Providence" (as his biographer calls it); it may have been because

there were as yet no big colleges. Howe's class at Brown numbered forty, Emerson's at Harvard the same year, fifty-nine; the only bigger classes that year (1821) were Union's of sixty-seven and Yale's of sixty-nine. Little as it was, the college at Providence in the first decade of the century had trained three men who were to dignify the Supreme Bench of this commonwealth (Williams, Morton, and Metcalf); it had equipped Judson for his forty years' apostolate to 'Burmah; and it had nurtured Henry Wheaton and William L. Marcy — the one perhaps the greatest publicist, the other among the greatest masters of practical politics and statecraft this country has yet produced. Among his teachers, Howe found one great man and that in the chair which must have most attracted him: the Professor of Oratory and Belles-lettres at that time was Tristram Burges, who had been Chief Justice and afterwards served ten years in congress where his eloquence sometimes outsoared the eagle and his invective silenced even Randolph of Roanoke. Burges had been a great orator in his college days, and his valedictory in 1796 — an honor on which his wicked classmates levied a duty of one hundred dollars or about half the total commencement tax — became a school-book classic; and his off-hand college lectures are said to have happily exemplified the art he taught. Here, if anywhere, Howe would find his inspiration; and no doubt he did much good honest work in college to make him the well-read all-round man he was — though, as usual, college tradition remembers all his "pranks and penalties" and forgets the midnight oil.

Howe was not a deacon and he dearly loved his joke; and there was somewhat in the academic fashion of that day, which must have struck a twentieth century boy born out of due time (and such was Howe) as desperately funny. Fancy the venerable president holding forth in this strain: "For these precious principles, my respected young friends, I must persuade myself you will cultivate a constant veneration. . . . Otherwise, your minds being in constant vibration, you will hardly know what to do with yourselves!" Howe's mind was in constant vibration as long as he lived; but no man ever knew better than he what to do with himself.

I cannot put my hand on a curriculum of that day; but a law

of the college enacted in 1774 and re-enacted in 1783 required that "in the hours of study no one speak to another in the College or College yard except in Latin," and a long series of commencement programmes indicates that Greek was not neglected. From 1787 to 1800 and again from 1810 to 1826 nearly every programme includes an oration in Greek. Thus in 1791 Chiron Penniman — who must have been chosen for his name's sake — is set down for a "Comparison (in Greek) of Demosthenes and Cicero;" and I am very much afraid that Chiron cribbed his comparison in the whole cloth from Plutarch! In 1812 we have an "Oration in Greek on the Love of Glory, by Preserved Smith," — which is not a Greek name. In Howe's class more than half the forty members had parts, but our friend was not on the list; and the Greek oration on Ancient Poetry was given by one Parrish of Marshfield who died of it in 1827 while Howe was helping to make Greek history. The last airing of Attic on our college stage was the *Oratio Graeca de Rebus Graecarum* in 1826; and, as the Holy Struggle was then at white heat and our young knight was in the thick of it, I like to believe that this last Greek oration on the affairs of the Greeks concerned the throbbing present and had something to say for the young Brunonian who was at that moment carrying the war into Crete. Anyway, if we ever revive the Greek oration at Brown, we shall have a fit theme to hand in our own champion of Greece.

But this is anticipating. Whatever one may get or fail to get out of study and instruction, there is always the elbow-touch of comradeship which goes far to make or mar the man. His biographers have not a word to say about Howe's college friends; but I think I have caught two of them. On the big broadsides that still served for catalogues through the 'teens and twenties, I find (1817 and 1818) among upper-class men Horace Mann domiciled in room 30, among under-class men Samuel G. Howe, first in 5 and then in 53* — all these numbers being under one and the same roof which was indeed the only roof the college had to its name

* Howe's chum the first year was Amos Binney of Boston, the second, M. P. Wells of Hartford; the last two years, in Room 53, Geo. R. Russell of Mendon, Mass. (In 1827 Russell was a merchant in Manila, Howe a soldier in Greece!) Mann's room-mate was Ira Barton of Oxford, Mass.

and which had sheltered our French allies forty years before as it shelters the administration of the university to this day. Mann's room, we know, was a rallying point for the choice society of college; and Howe must have found the latch-string out. Horace indeed was as poor as a church mouse, while Howe was well-to-do; Horace was in the President's good books and eventually married his daughter, while Howe was the terror of his life. For all that, I like to think of these two knightly spirits preening their wings together in our modest Academe—to believe that that historic friendship first took root on College Hill. Horace Mann, graduating in 1819, returned to be tutor in Greek and Latin at the beginning of Howe's senior year; and at the same time (1820) there entered the Sophomore class a young Connecticut Yankee who—from the sanctum of the Louisville Journal—was for thirty years to irradiate the Blue Grass country and the continent with his wit. George D. Prentice was a good third to Horace Mann and Samuel G. Howe; and between the budding philanthropist and the budding wit Howe would feel himself in clover, whether school kept or not. Both remained his life-long friends; and, no doubt, college ties had to do with another life-long friendship of his—that with Francis William Bird, who graduated from our little college just ten years after Howe.

When Howe received his degree from the hand of President Messer—hardly *summa cum laude*, we may be sure—on “a remarkably fine day” (it was the 6th of September, 1821) and before “a crowded and brilliant audience” in the First Baptist Meeting House, it was no piping time of peace. The morrow's *Rhode Island American*, which contains an elegant report of commencement, further informs its readers that “40,000 Greeks have been murdered at Constantinople, Smyrna, etc., by the Turks” and “that the Emperor of Austria has pronounced the Greek Insurrection ‘a conspiracy not less criminal than that of Naples’”—at whose gates His Majesty's guns had been pounding all summer. Howe may have carried away “little Latin and less Greek” from my predecessor in the chair of “the Learned Languages;” but, if he read from week to week the foreign news which I have just been reviewing in these old files, he was prepared to pour out an *oratio de rebus Graecarum* that might have warmed the cockles

of Tristram Burges' heart! If he never wept over the woes of *Œdipus*, it is safe to say that the birth-throes of a new Greece made him the apostle of humanity. He was born into an heroic age and he measured up to its full height.

The greater story of old Greece is known and read of all men; and wherever man has risen to a higher civilization he looks to her as its fountain head. Athens is the eternal inspiration of democracy, Marathon the watchword of liberty in all generations. The Hellenic spirit throbs in every aspiration and achievement of the modern world. But for twenty centuries and more that land of gods and godlike men had had no name or place among the nations; for four centuries she had been vassal to a power not only alien but antipodal to every element of her own civilization. Her very blood had been sucked out of her by a process of transfusion unparalleled in history: I refer to the tribute of Christian children exacted in their infancy and bred as janissaries under the Crescent and the scimitar to enforce the subjection of their own race. Athens' tribute to the Minotaur was only seven youths and seven maidens a year, and Theseus made short work of that; but this drain of the best blood of a race, this double tithe of humanity, went on for two long centuries and must have exhausted anything but an inexhaustible stock. No wonder the magazine of pent-up wrong and rage in the *Ægean* at last exploded; and the year of Howe's graduation saw the Turk swept out of the Peloponnesus and a Greek state established — all without external aid. For three years the Turk strove in vain to reconquer the country; and Christian Europe had full opportunity to recognize a new Christian state and so end a war of extermination. Instead of that, the midsummer of 1824 found 150 European ships gathered at Alexandria to transport Ibrahim Pacha with his Arab hordes to do the work which had proved too much for the Sultan's own forces.

That was the dark hour chosen by our young knight — radiant in the beauty and the aspiration of three and twenty — to turn his back on the quiet practice of the profession he had fitted for and cast in his lot with the cause of Greece. Landing near Navarino, he at once took service to be surgeon or soldier as need might arise; and it was no holiday parade — that first campaign against

the Egyptian butcher of whose warfare he has drawn this vivid picture: "He went about the Morea like a destroying spirit; and the smouldering villages, the blackened and scathed trunks of the olive trees, and the mutilated human bodies in all stages of putrefaction, marked the route he had taken from province to province."

The gently nurtured youth proved as hardy as any of the guerrilla band he joined: "I could carry my gun and heavy belt with yatagan and pistols all day long, clambering among the mountain passes, could eat sorrel and snails, or go without anything, and at night lie down on the ground with only my shaggy capote, and sleep like a log." He had need of all his superb "endurance of fatigue, hunger, and watchfulness"; for he was there to fight his battle to the finish and a stubborn fight it was. On the 30th of August, 1827, the Grand Vizier declared to the ambassadors of England, France, and Russia: "My positive, absolute, definitive, unchangeable, eternal answer is that the Sublime Porte does not accept any proposition concerning the Greeks, and will persist in his own will forever and forever, even unto the day of the last judgment." Seven weeks later the allied squadron sailed into the Bay of Navarino and in four hours the Egyptian armada — like Horace Mann's inventor who *would* test his seismometer on Vesuvius at a moment of eruption — was "exhaled into everlasting deliquium!"

Three weeks after that good day's work, which the King's speech on the opening of parliament deprecated as an "untoward event," Dr. Howe set his face homeward to champion the Greek cause before his countrymen, publish his hasty sketch of the struggle, and secure material relief for the suffering. With such offices at home and in Greece he busied himself for another three years, or until the Greek question was settled as far as the European Concert of selfishness would then suffer it to be settled. Nor did his Philhellenic labors end there with the heyday of his youth. Forty years later, at the meridian of his fame and usefulness, he went back to help Crete in her ineffectual struggle and to be again the wise almoner of our people's bounty.

In the Holy Struggle there were Philhellenes and Philhellenes. Outshining them all, Lord Byron roused the world to a new and

sympathetic consciousness of Greece and then gave his life, a fruitless sacrifice, for her. The poet served Greece well; but no length of days could have made him a good leader of men or a wise builder of the state. Dr. Howe possessed the qualities which Lord Byron conspicuously lacked. His genius was constructive, not to say creative; and in the disorganized state of Greece, the man who could do things and make other people do things was always worth his weight in gold. In sincerity and in sustained effective devotion to the cause, Howe was, in my judgment, the foremost Philhellene of them all. He shared all the hardships and perils of war and he served as Surgeon-in-Chief of the fleet; but, far better than that, he gave the Greeks object-lessons such as the Turk had never taught — he established hospitals, formed colonies and organized public works to afford employment to the needy; and he gathered and administered relief on a large scale — relief which (according to the historian Finlay) saved a large part of the Greek people from perishing. In these works of mercy Howe had need of all his courage and astuteness, for he had to brave or outwit the warring chiefs before he could get the supplies these coveted for their own purposes to the intended beneficiaries. But he always carried his point and fed the people, while the pirates gnashed their teeth. Thus at Nauplia, where Grivas was entrenched on impregnable Palamedi and Colocotroni held the fort below in a state of civil war, Howe bearded them both and — when an armed force actually seized his magazine — he parleyed and played off one against the other until our good old “Constitution” (which he had meantime summoned from Spetsia) came ploughing up the gulf to back our hero with her Yankee guns! *

Howe was a match for the crafty Greek, but the tender mercies of the Turk were too much for him. Lest we forget, we may well read over again these old reports of his first ministry to the blind — to women and children with their eyes put out, after nameless outrage, by the Turk (ib., 221). That is the true story of the Turk wherever he has left his blighting trail — a trail I was tracing over the naked hills and through the desolated villages of Crete

* This story, unknown to his biographers, is graphically told in Howe's report, appended to Col. J. P. Miller's *The Condition of Greece in 1827 and 1828*, pp. 202-213.

but two years ago. The mission of the Turk is to put out the light; Howe's life-work, his passion, was to turn it on! He could not treat with the Power of Darkness. "Diplomacy" (he wrote in the stress of the Cretan struggle in the sixties) "may prop rotten thrones, may suppress democratic tendencies, may uphold the Crescent, may retard the march of Christianity and of civilization for a while, but—thank God—not forever; and the Sultan, notwithstanding his new alliances, must soon go over the Hellespont as ignominiously as did Xerxes." Yet another generation has passed, and still he stands upon the order of his going. O for a Howe behind every throne in Christendom to speed his exit—to close out the business (in its European branch at least) of the Butcher of the Bosphorus!

Your great benefactor was the friend of Greece; and Greece, as I can bear witness, cherishes his memory. Of all our countrymen, who visited Athens during my official residence there, not one received a warmer welcome than the son of Dr. Howe; and I trust this day of a hundred years may not pass unhonored in the land he served so well. That people can find not even in their own great history a life and character more fruitful in its lessons for them. More than any man of their own race he combined the many-sided energy of a Themistocles with the unswerving rectitude of an Aristides; and it is just this rare blend of vigor and virtue which is the crying need of Greece today—as, in fact, it is the best hope of our own democracy.

You do well in holding this grateful commemoration; and his college does well in gathering tomorrow to listen to the story of his life and to honor his memory. In the fellowship of his fame, Dr. Howe's *alma mater* salutes his *alma filia*, the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and bids her godspeed in perpetuating his god-like work.

The last number on the printed programme was an organ selection, the *Marche Religieuse*, played by CLARENCE A. JACKSON; but it was through words of Mrs. Howe that the exercises were brought to

a beautiful completeness. In presenting her to the audience, Senator Hoar made the following remarks:—

It is only the older ones among us who have seen Dr. Howe; but there are hundreds here who will want to tell their children that they have seen the author of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

As Mrs. Howe came forward in response to this introduction, the audience rose in reverent greeting and remained standing while she spoke with stately grace and exquisite simplicity.

REMARKS BY MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

We have listened today to very heroic memories; it almost took away our breath to think that such things were done in the last century. I feel very grateful to the pupils and graduates of the Perkins Institution for the Blind who have planned this service in honor of my husband. It is a story that should be told from age to age to show what one good resolute believer in humanity was able to accomplish for the benefit of his race. As this wonderful record has been brought to our remembrance, my mind has turned to the dear Lord's parable of the mustard seed. He said that the kingdom of heaven was like this seed, one of the smallest that could be planted, but if planted, sure to grow into a stately tree with spreading, hospitable branches. In what has been shown us today we may recognize the mustard seed of more than one good undertaking.

Dr. Howe, having become deeply interested in the condition of the blind, gathered six little blind children and took them to his home, where he began their education. This was the small mustard seed. We now behold the

great tree, which has grown from it; throughout our vast country have sprung up nearly forty institutions dedicated to the instruction of the blind.

Again, Dr. Howe hears of a little girl in Hanover, New Hampshire, who in infancy has lost both sight and hearing through an attack of scarlet fever. He goes at once to visit the parents and persuades them to give the child into his care. The education of Laura Bridgman, which he accomplished with wonderful patience and ingenuity, became a revelation to the world of the past, that a human soul imprisoned in a blind and deaf body could be taught the use of language, and could thus be brought into happy and helpful relations with human society. The path by which he led Laura Bridgman to the light has become one of the highways of education, and a number of children similarly afflicted are following it, to their endless enlargement and comfort. What an encouragement does this story give to the undertaking of good deeds!

I thank those who are with us today for their sympathy and attention. I do this, not in the name of a handful of dust, dear and reverend as it is, that now rests in Mount Auburn, but in the name of a great heart which is with us today and which will still abide with those who work in its spirit.



PERKINS INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

[Main Building.]

ESTABLISHMENT OF A DAY OF REMEMBRANCE.

The petition from the alumnæ and from the centennial committee and the subsequent action on the part of the board of trustees, which are here given in full, are of far-reaching consequence, in securing the perpetuation of the memory of Dr. Howe and of his stupendous services in behalf of the blind, in his chosen field of labor, on the spot made sacred by his personal devotion and self-sacrifice.

PETITION TO THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

To the Trustees and Director of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind:

In the name of the graduate associations of this school, and by their desire, we would present to you a request for the establishment in the school of a Day of Remembrance, to be celebrated on the tenth of November annually, for the purpose of cherishing the beloved memory of

DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE,

the first director of this institution.

The recent centenary observance of Dr. Howe's birthday has crystallized our desire to perpetuate his memory in the school, and has deepened our conviction as to the value of a specified time for calling to mind this early benefactor, to whose self-sacrifice and labor and generosity the pupils of Perkins Institution owe deep and lasting gratitude for educational privileges.

In the changes that time brings, new teachers, farther and farther removed from the significant beginnings of the school, will guide its affairs; and this day for conserving our high traditions

can be most appropriately established while there are yet with us those who can endow the day richly with their vivid personal recollections.

In asking for this Day of Remembrance, we are not asking for a holiday of careless mirth, but that some part of this day be sacredly devoted to giving the pupils a knowledge of Dr. Howe's life and character, and of what he accomplished for the education of the blind.

We feel that by exercises appropriate to this Day of Remembrance, the pupils would be quickened in courage, hope and gratitude, and that they would receive some of that enthusiasm for chivalric behavior and ardor for noble living, which distinguished him whose memory we desire to honor.

Respectfully submitted,

EMILIE POULSSON.	BESSIE WOOD.
JULIA E. BURNHAM.	LENNA D. SWINERTON.
GEORGE E. HART.	MARY E. RILEY.
JULIA A. BOYLAN.	FREDA A. BLACK.
ALBERT M. JONES.	ANTHONY W. BOWDEN.
ELWYN C. SMITH.	GAZELLA BENNETT.
CLEMENT RYDER.	LYDIA YOUNG HAYES.
LILLIAN R. GARSIDE.	

ACTION OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

BOSTON, January 3rd, 1902.

The quarterly meeting of the board of trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind, duly notified, was held at the National Bank of Commerce on Friday, January third, 1902, at 11 o'clock A.M.

A communication in behalf of the graduate associations of the institution was presented and read, whereupon it was —

“VOTED, that the request of the graduate associations of the school for the establishment of a ‘Day of Remembrance’ be and is hereby granted and that a part of the tenth day of November of each year be set aside for the commemoration of the birth of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe by appropriate exercises to be held in every department of the institution.”

MICHAEL ANAGNOS, *Secretary.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letters and telegram have been received from those who were glad to add their tributes to the fragrant memory of Dr. Howe and to show their appreciation of his services to mankind:—

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, BOSTON, Oct. 29, 1901.

MISS JULIA E. BURNHAM.

Dear Madam,—I have received your kind invitation to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe on the afternoon of Monday, November 11, and while I assure you that I should be very glad to show by my presence on that occasion my interest in your Institution and my appreciation of the valuable services rendered by its great benefactor, I regret to have to add that expected absence from the city at that time compels me to decline.

I thank you for your courtesy in inviting me, and beg to remain,

Yours very truly, W. M. CRANE.

NEWTONVILLE, Nov. 9, 1901.

MISS BURNHAM.

Dear Madam:—Your notice of the exercise in honor of Dr. Howe was duly received. I deeply regret my inability to be present, owing to illness.

In the year 1848 I became acquainted with him and the friendship lasted as long as he lived. In all that time his soul was aflame with love of country, and his hands were busy in works of

charity and humanity. His memory will be fondly cherished by all who knew him whether in the old world or in the new.

Thanking you for your remembrance I am,

Sincerely yours, WILLIAM CLAFLIN.

THE PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR THE
INSTRUCTION OF THE BLIND,
OVERBROOK, PENNA., Oct. 23, 1901.

DEAR MISS BURNHAM, — I have received your invitation to attend the exercises commemorative of Dr. Howe and shall try to make it possible to be in Boston at the time and be present.

Though my family were acquainted with Dr. Howe and familiar with his work, and though we lived but a few miles from South Boston, it somehow happened that I did not visit the Perkins Institution until 1888 when I went there to teach. It is a matter of keen regret to me now and has been since making the work among the blind my life-work, that I never saw Dr. Howe. And this regret has been the more keen since my studies have led me to browse about in his writings. Dr. Howe is not only the pioneer among American educators of the blind, he is easily the greatest man that the work has ever known.

Yours very truly,

EDWARD E. ALLEN, *Principal.*

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, Oct. 29th, 1901.

M. ANAGNOS, *Secretary to the Board of Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind.*

Dear Sir: — In behalf of the blind of Kentucky, the Board of Visitors of the Kentucky Institution for the Education of the Blind, beg to assure you that the labors of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, in assisting in founding the Kentucky Institution for the Blind, are held in grateful remembrance to this day.

In the winter of 1841 he made the long and tiresome journey to Kentucky, and addressed the legislature of our state upon the expediency of founding a school for the blind, with such success, that in February 1842, the Kentucky Institution for the Blind was established.

Even should the memory of his name, in the course of ages, pass from the minds of men, the beneficent influence of his deeds will abide "to the last syllable of recorded time."

BENNETT H. YOUNG,

*President of the Board of Visitors of the
Kentucky Institution for the Education of the Blind.*

B. B. HUNTOON, *Secretary.*

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION,
SCHOOL FOR DEAF AND BLIND, RALEIGH, Oct. 17, 1901.

MISS JULIA E. BURNHAM.

Dear Madam, — Your esteemed favor of recent date inviting me and others of our institution to be present at the memorial exercises relative to the life and labors of Dr. Howe to be held in your city Monday, Nov. 11th, has been received and is most highly appreciated.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Board of Directors of this institution held Monday evening, Oct. 14th, your invitation was read, and I have been instructed to write you that it would be very pleasing to us, as an institution, to be represented upon the occasion referred to; and that since it is not convenient for us to be represented in person arrangements have been made to observe the day at this institution with suitable exercises appropriate to the occasion. If you have any facts tangible and convenient bearing upon the life and labors of Dr. Howe, it will help us very much if you will furnish us with a copy of the same.

Yours sincerely, JOHN E. RAY, *Principal.*

WISCONSIN SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND,
JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, Oct. 29, 1901.

MISS JULIA E. BURNHAM.

Dear Madam, — Our Superintendent, Professor Hutton, has asked me to tell our pupils something of the work of Dr. Howe in response to your suggestion.

As my time is somewhat crowded with school work it would help me very much to perform this pleasant task if you would

direct me to some brief account which would at the same time instruct and interest all, old and young, in the noble life of Dr. Howe.

We have a memoir by Mrs. Howe in raised print (1877), presented by the memorial committee, which we prize very highly, from which I can make extracts if there is no better way, but if I could have access to one in ink print it would simplify my work.

Wishing for you an enthusiastic and fitting celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of our great benefactor,

I am very truly yours, S. AUGUSTA WATSON.

GEORGIA ACADEMY FOR THE BLIND,
MACON, GEORGIA, Oct. 14, 1901.

MISS JULIA E. BURNHAM.

Dear Madam, — I gratefully acknowledge your kind invitation to the memorial service, which you are to hold on November 11 as an expression of your appreciation of the great service rendered by Dr. Samuel G. Howe to the cause of education among and of the blind. As we cannot be with you on that occasion, we will endeavor to have in our institution an echo, at least, of what shall be said and done in Boston on November eleventh.

Yours faithfully,

T. U. CONNER, *Principal.*

ONTARIO INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND,
BRANTFORD, Novr. 5th, 1901.

MISS JULIA E. BURNHAM.

Dear Madam, — I have to thank you for your very kind invitation to myself and colleagues to attend the Howe centennial celebration on the 11th inst.

Had circumstances allowed, it would have afforded us great pleasure to have participated in that most just and proper recognition of one so worthy of honor as Dr. Samuel G. Howe. As it is, we must be content to do our little best here. It so happens that, as a matter of local convenience, the birthday of our sovereign is celebrated in Brantford on the 11th, instead of the ninth of this month. We shall have a concert in our music hall in honor of

the day, and, as we loyally pay our tribute of reverence to the King of Great Britain, we will not forget to express our gratitude to the King of Educators of the Blind.

Believe me, dear Madam, sincerely yours,

A. H. DYMOND, *Principal*.

DEPARTMENT OF INSURANCE, ONTARIO,
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO, CANADA, Nov. 8, 1901.

DEAR MISS BENNETT:—I beg most sincerely to thank you and the committee of arrangements for your very kind invitation to the centennial of the birth of the illustrious founder of the Perkins Institution.

While still a young man, Dr. Howe took distinguished rank as a champion of the oppressed, and as a very present help to the afflicted. Deprivation or disability of every kind,—political, civil, religious, social, physical, or mental,—each in turn enlisted his powerful aid in favor of the wronged or unfortunate. The cry of the oppressed from afar caught his ear, and touched his heart. At the call of the patriots who in Greece and Poland were straining to break their chains, he sprang to their side and shared their dangers and sufferings. At home Dr. Howe fearlessly declared himself a free-soiler, “in advance of the conscience of the time,” as his distinguished and devoted wife afterward wrote. Then were the days when to speak against slavery brought contumely and social ostracism.

Dangerous and daring as those movements in Europe and America were, Dr. Howe dared a far more difficult enterprise when he sought to break the double bondage of the human intellect to the senses of sight and hearing. This amazing emancipation he first wrought upon Laura Bridgman,—a miracle that drew to your institution pilgrims from among the most illustrious men of all nations.

Under the administration of Mr. Anagnos, Dr. Howe’s gifted and famous son-in-law and successor, the institution has outrun all former marvels, and has kept the whole world amazed by an unbroken succession of brilliant achievements.

I retain very precious recollections of interviews with your illus-

trious founder; and, if it were at all possible, would be personally present with you all when doing honor to his memory; but I can only be with you in spirit, and add my best wishes for the continued success and prosperity of the institution.

Yours very sincerely, J. HOWARD HUNTER.

[*Telegram.*]

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 12, 1901.

LYDIA Y. HAYES, PERKINS INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

Faculty and students of Brown University return your kind greeting and join you in honoring our common benefactor, Dr. Howe.

W. H. P. FAUNCE.

BROWN UNIVERSITY, PROVIDENCE, Nov. 23, 1901.

DEAR MISS BURNHAM, — I have to acknowledge your very kind note apprising me of the vote of thanks for my remarks at the memorial meeting in honor of Dr. Howe. In return I beg to thank the associations you represent for the privilege accorded me of participating in a commemoration so noble and so well deserved. To have had even a humble part in this tribute to one of my own heroes — one of the great heroes of humanity — I regard as a very great honor.

Trusting that another century may find his fame undimmed because his great work goes on, I am

Cordially yours, J. IRVING MANATT.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 5, 1901.

MY DEAR MISS BENNETT, — I regret extremely that it will be impracticable for me to be absent from home on the eleventh instant.

I have a profound respect for the memory of Dr. Howe, and should delight to do him the honor by attending the exercises designed to commemorate the centennial of his birth, were it in my power to do so.

I have two daughters living in Boston, who would, I have no doubt, be glad to represent me at the meeting next Monday and I shall be gratified if you will send two tickets to Miss Katherine Gallaudet, 4 Haviland street, Boston.

Very truly, E. M. GALLAUDET.

LANSING, MICH., Nov. 4, 1901.

MISS JULIA E. BURNHAM.

Dear Madam, — In response to the invitation extended to me to be present at the coming celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Samuel G. Howe on the eleventh inst., I beg to say, that it is with profound regret that I am unable to be present on that date though I can assure all my friends who will no doubt be present, that my thoughts will be with them. I desire also to add to the auspicious occasion that prompts those who had the pleasure of knowing Dr. Howe personally, and came under his gracious influence when pupils of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, that I deem myself happy that I was one of that number, and received from him so many encouragements both by word of mouth and by his own handwriting and always found a welcome at my old *alma mater* when I desired, but which privilege has for the last twenty-three years been denied me as my present work is so remote, but in touch with the same desire to do good to those of similar affliction as myself. This affliction was very materially lifted since I entered the Perkins Institution, where I learned that if we would we might be helpful to ourselves and to others; the great lesson of life. I shall ever cherish the memory of him whom his friends are so soon to commemorate.

Yours very truly, AARON C. BLAKESLEE.

ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE,
UPPER NORWOOD, LONDON, ENGLAND, Nov. 10, 1901.

DEAR MISS BURNHAM, — Many thanks for your kind invitation to the Howe centennial, but I regret to say that the distance prevents my being present at your celebration. Mr. Mead, a Bostonian, visited Dr. Campbell on Thursday and gave the school a

very interesting and enthusiastic address on the subject. I should like to have attended, not only to do honour to the memory of a great man, but also to have met the friends who were so extremely kind to me during my stay in America. The Perkins Institution seemed to me like a second home and I should always be glad to revisit it. Wishing your commemoration exercises every success, I remain

Yours sincerely, LILY BELL.

OWENSBORO, KY., Oct. 30, 1901.

MISS JULIA E. BURNHAM.

Dear Madam, — In response to the invitation recently received to attend the commemoration services to be held in honor of Dr. S. G. Howe I greatly regret not to be able to send my acceptance, for none of the many whom he helped loved him more in life, or honor his memory more than I; but circumstances which I cannot control make it impossible for me to be in Boston at that time. Hoping that the whole occasion may be a success and that the rising generation of the blind may be taught through the honor done him by those who knew our great benefactor, Dr. Howe, how great and good a man he was and how great a debt we all owe him, I am, with thanks for having been remembered and invited by those of my *alma mater* on this great occasion,

Very respectfully, MRS. W. T. OWEN.

MEDWAY, MASS., Nov. 4, 1901.

DEAR MISS BURNHAM: — I received the kind invitation to be present at Tremont Temple on November 11 at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Howe. I should very much like to be there, as the debt of love I owe to the Perkins Institution I shall never be able to repay, but the way is not plain now for me to go. The truest and noblest reality of light is the light I received in the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind. It is hard to stop writing as I think of the love, the light, and the knowledge I received. It would take a whole book to tell the good I received. I feel like telling it to the public.

Yours respectfully, FANNY GREEN.

ADDITIONAL TRIBUTES.

With the foregoing tokens of appreciation belongs the following thoughtful paper, written in memory of Dr. Howe by Miss MARY C. MOORE of the state normal school at Framingham:—

A MISSION FOR THE EDUCATED BLIND.

How far that little candle throws his beams.

Whoever attended the centenary celebration of the birth of Dr. Samuel G. Howe might have observed with admiration the good taste and dignity with which the affair was planned and carried out. On that occasion, with absolute unconsciousness of self, the graduates of Perkins Institution demonstrated to the public, as never before, the value of Dr. Howe's work for the blind. "Obstacles are things to be overcome," said he, and the beautiful simplicity of the graduate who introduced Senator Hoar, the ease of the young woman who read *The Hero*, the training that produced that exquisite rendering of Pinsuti's *Psalm of Life*, and the playing of the organ voluntary, all were born of an habitual earnestness of purpose.

It is this, an habitual earnestness of purpose, finding expression in strenuous effort, that lies at the foundation of all successful work done by the blind.

Away with the common fallacy that in some mysterious manner, a child bereft of sight is endowed with powers denied to other human beings! All the advantages derived from unaided sight he has not. At the outset he has no keener ear, no more delicate hand than his brothers who see. Though relieved from the dis-

tractions of sight, he lacks the help to concentration that comes from steadfast gazing. Under these conditions he sets out to take his place in the busy human family. What chance has he?

Nature is kind. She says to all her children: "Use what I have given you. If your right hand fail of its cunning, use your left — it shall become as your right; if you cannot see your way, listen carefully, pay close attention to the breezes that fan your cheek, and walk in comparative safety; if you can neither see nor hear, then feel your way into a larger life — 'whosoever will, may come.'"

Let there be no sentimental wonderment at the accomplishments of the blind, for they are all perfectly in accord with nature. This truth, however, may well be remembered: sight is swifter and more far-reaching than hearing, much swifter and incomparably farther reaching than touch; hence successful efforts on the part of the blind are ordinarily due to greater devotion and more strenuous action than equally successful efforts on the part of the seeing.

Thus, the musician cannot read his music and play it at the same time; he must therefore commit to memory much that he teaches, all that he performs; the choir-master must be ready with music and words for anthems and hymns. Slowly and patiently the sewing-woman plies her needle to produce marketable wares.

Devotion and strenuous effort — what do they mean? They mean a moral force in any community where they appear, an uplift not only for the devoted laborer, but for all who, having eyes to see, see what is beautiful and good.

TRIBUTE OF MRS. AGASSIZ.

Mrs. LOUIS AGASSIZ of Cambridge, a dear friend and ever active helper of the little blind children, has thus made reference to Dr. Howe's great achievements in her appeal to the annual subscribers to the fund for the support of the kindergarten.

The better part of a century has elapsed since Dr. Samuel G. Howe, the chivalric soldier of liberty, came home from Greece

after having shared as a volunteer in her valiant struggle for freedom.

Almost immediately after his return he was appointed director of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, just then established. Among his early pupils was Laura Bridgman, the famous blind deaf-mute, — prisoner as has been well said “within a fortress of darkness and silence.” Before that fortress Dr. Howe took his stand, determined not to raise his siege (brave and patient as it proved to be) till he should in some sense have set the captive free.

The story of his success is known to all the world. The victory was won and perhaps no heroism of his life on the battle fields of Greece could have exceeded the heroism of that faithful watch and ceaseless fight continued through weary days and weeks and months and even years against the invisible enemies with whom the battle was waged and finally won. That it was no fruitless triumph Dr. Howe well knew.

Can we better commemorate Dr. Howe, our great countryman and philanthropist, than by keeping the work founded by him on the highest level of efficiency and usefulness?

An extract is here given from an admirable article on the education of the deaf-blind, written by Mrs. RUTH EVERETT of New York and published in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for April, 1902.

EULOGY BY MRS. EVERETT.

Dr. Howe was regularly engaged as a director of the proposed school for the blind in Boston in 1831, and was granted a year's preparation for the work in Europe. He returned to Boston in 1832, and opened the school with six pupils in his father's house. The whole American system of the education of the blind is the outgrowth of Dr. Howe's individual work and experiments in that field of action. Thus, what Valentin Haüy is to the blind of the world, Dr. Howe is to the blind of America, with this difference: Haüy was a great philanthropist; Dr. Howe was all this, and

more; he was a man of affairs, a financier, and an active force in reforms and in all human progress. So he had the ability to introduce and establish his methods, which Haüy lacked. He remained blindfolded for weeks at a time, at the same time going about his business as a teacher, hoping by this means to be the better able to enter into the mental processes of his pupils. His education of Laura Bridgman proceeded against the absolute statement of such competent authorities in England as Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Dugald Stewart, Sir Astley Cooper, Wardrop, and others, that James Mitchel, a deaf, dumb, and blind boy, could *not* be educated. When Dr. Howe found the way to educate Laura Bridgman, he endowed a good work to perpetuity. He entailed upon every deaf-blind child that should thenceforth come into the world the right to have an education. He aroused the immortal soul within each one of these unfortunates from its lethargic slumbers; made it know that it lived. And for these things he should be honored by his native land. Dr. Howe does not belong to the deaf-blind, dearly as they love and revere his memory. He does not belong to the blind; nor yet to the commonwealth of Massachusetts. He belongs to the American nation. And what France has done for the Abbé de l'Épée, that vast domain over which the stars and stripes float should do for Dr. Howe. In the city of Washington a noble statue should be erected to his memory. And it should be the *privilege* of every American who is proud to call himself one to contribute to the necessary funds.

Laura Bridgman was the first deaf-blind person ever educated; and Dr. Howe touched the vital germ of the whole matter of awakening to light and knowledge her imprisoned mentality when he set himself to watch her mind, and its workings and manifestations, in the few signs that the wants of her nature had taught her to make. He sought the vulnerable point of that brain that the child's full frontal development showed that she possessed in plenty. He was a pathfinder; the others have simply walked in the roadway he made, and that, too, without any material improvements having been made in the methods.



LAURA BRIDGMAN TEACHING OLIVER CASWELL.

From an oil painting by D. Fisher.

MEMORIAL SERVICES IN OTHER INSTITUTIONS.

The account of these proceedings would be far from complete if it failed to include mention of the commemorative exercises held at various institutions throughout the country, showing the deepest veneration for Dr. Howe's personality, for the grandeur of his life-work and for his enduring fame as a pioneer in many paths of progress and as an active administrator of affairs.

In so far as they could be gathered the programmes rendered and the papers read on these occasions are here presented.

BROWN UNIVERSITY.

Following the great memorial meeting at Tremont Temple, Boston, came a less formal observance at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island. The faculty and students gathered in Sayles Hall on Wednesday morning, November 13, to pay their tribute to Samuel Gridley Howe as an illustrious son of Brown.

In opening the service President Faunce spoke in glowing terms of Dr. Howe's personality and of his

world-wide fame and reputation and introduced Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, a friend and biographer of Dr. Howe, as the orator of the occasion. President Faunce's remarks are here presented in full.

We have met this morning to spend a brief time in commemorating the service rendered to the cause of freedom, education, and humanity by one of the most distinguished graduates of Brown University. If we were asked to name among all our graduates the one whose name is best known in Europe, it may not be too much to say that we should probably pronounce the name of Samuel Gridley Howe. Few men are able to serve their generation in more than one specific direction. We have sent forth from Brown a long series of educators and teachers who have left indelible imprint on their time. We have sent forth soldiers who dared to do and die. We have produced philanthropists who have championed the weak, and oppressed, and forgotten. But in Dr. Howe we gave the world a personality that was at once educator, liberator, and philanthropist, a personality so original, virile, and intrepid, that his power was at once acknowledged by all whom he touched.

Our old time colleges were often accused of being educational mills, whose product was a cultivated but hopelessly conventionalized respectability, icily regular, splendidly null. But no set curriculum could confine the powers of Samuel Howe, or chill his ardent and irrepressible spirit. Rather we may believe that the college gave him that background of knowledge and that breadth of horizon, without which his glowing spirit would have worn itself out in Quixotic zeal and vain enterprise. Nature gave him the ceaseless flow of vital energy, education harnessed the cataract and set it to the task of illuminating the world.

It is fitting, therefore, that Dr. Howe's service should be recognized not only by the friends of freedom and the teachers of the blind, but by his own University. The forceful tribute of our Professor Manatt has just been pronounced in Boston, and will, I hope, soon be before us in printed form. We are to have the pleasure this morning of an address from one who speaks at first

hand, with the intimate knowledge of personal friendship and a devotion in large measure to the same ideals. I have the honor to present to you Mr. FRANK B. SANBORN.

Mr. Sanborn gave the following thoughtful discourse on Dr. Howe's many-sided greatness: —

THE SCHOLAR AS MAN OF THE WORLD.

DR. HOWE AND HIS TWO COLLEGES.

Permit me to speak of Dr. Howe here, where his eager scholarship first displayed itself, as the graduate of two colleges, — yours, and that of the great world, into which he early entered as your graduate, and where he took his successive degrees with renown to himself and advantage to mankind. I name him "the scholar as man of the world," for that was indeed his character; a romantic one, as you know, but with nothing visionary or unsuccessful in the long romance of his life.

Born in Boston in November, 1801, Samuel Gridley Howe was of sound New England ancestry, neither obscure nor particularly distinguished, and in circumstances that made his early education easy. He came to this college at the age of 16, and just as Waldo Emerson, another Boston boy, was entering Harvard college in his 15th year. While Emerson was seriously cheerful in boyhood, Howe was rather riotously mirthful, and gained a reputation in his first college years that made him the aversion of strict disciplinarians in these halls. The excellent Dr. Caswell, who was three years in college with young Howe, has related since our hero's death an anecdote in which his predecessor, President Messer, figured as distrustful of Howe's nearer presence, when the champion of the Greeks called to apologize for some of his Providence pranks, — saying, as he pushed away his chair from the Philhellenic neighborhood, — "Howe, I'm a little afraid there will be a torpedo under my chair before I know it." And Dr. Caswell added, after dwelling on the occasional "rustication" of the handsome strippling from Boston, "it is certain that the pulsations of college life were quickened by his return from exile."

Returning to his native city in his 20th year, Howe began the

study of medicine with excellent instructors, and three years later took his doctor's degree at Harvard in a class of 17, none of them very distinguished in after years. No sooner was he out of the medical school, however, than he dispensed with those years of practice so dear to the novice in his art, and hastened away to Greece to enlist under the standard of Lord Byron for warfare against the Turk. He early found it unsuitable in him, though he never censured it in others, to practice medicine and surgery for money; and he could not well have gone to exercise his profession in a place more destitute of money than Greece was for the next three years after he landed on her shores from an Austrian vessel in the autumn of 1824, — with a letter of Edward Everett's in his pocket addressed to Glarakis, a Greek scholar whom Everett had met in Germany, and with very little knowledge either of modern Greek or of the *lingua franca* which then did duty in the Levant for a common language. He related with a blush in after years that the first phrase of Romaic that he fairly comprehended was the compliment to himself that an aged palikari ejaculated as they lay beside a camp-fire in Arcadia, "*Ti eumorphon paidi!*" "What a handsome lad!" He deserved it, and his attractive presence served him well in his later adventures, — as Virgil says of Euryalus, "*Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.*" There was not much use for a medicine chest in the mountain campaigns of the Morea, and the young doctor wielded his topheki (musket) and yatagan on foot, or his pistols from the high saddle of such steeds as he could find in that land of mediocre horseflesh.

He complained afterward that Whittier, in the stirring poem which was read yesterday by touch at the Boston centenary, had "transformed the sorry beast I rode into a gallant barb." We praise the bridge that carries us safe over, and poor Francesco, whose life Howe saved, would not have liked the steed better had it been a white Arabian such as I saw the sultan driving eight years ago in Constantinople. The real story, as told anonymously by Howe in the *New England Magazine* of 1831, is worth citing: —

We had left the town of Calamata, and were hurrying across the plain, which was covered with fugitives, when I beheld a wounded soldier sitting at the foot of an olive tree, pale, exhausted and almost fainting, — but still grasping his long gun, as if he meant to have a last

shot at the expected foe. It was Francesco, who had been dreadfully wounded a few days before, and had staggered thus far from the temporary hospital at Calamata, on hearing the alarm. The poor fellow cast a supplicating look at us as we passed, but said not a word. That look cut me to the soul. Had he presented his gun and demanded my horse, it would not have so moved me. I could not but turn my head after we passed him, and seeing him still looking after us, as I thought, reproachfully, I pulled up my horse. On calculating the distance, I found I had time to gain the mountains. Of course, I turned back, mounted the poor fellow on my beast, and thus easily reaped the rich reward of his gratitude.

I quoted this passage and much more about Francesco in a memoir of Dr. Howe, published at New York in 1891, and may here copy the account of his dress and mien:—

Francesco had the light, well-made, active figure, the dark yet clear complexion, the regular, expressive and animated features, the keen and ever restless eye, that all indicate an active, enterprising mind, keen susceptibility, and strong but short-lived passion. With his beautiful and glittering dress, his red cap and blue silk tassel; his neck bare to his bosom, his long jet-black ringlets reaching to his shoulders; his gold-laced close jacket, with sleeves slashed and thrown back so as to leave the right arm and shoulder bare; the white kilt bound in at the waist with a blue silk sash, covered by a belt at which hung yatagan and gilded pistols; his embroidered garters and sandaled feet; the white shaggy capote hanging down from the left shoulder; the long, light, bright-barreled gun in his right hand; behold the Greek soldier with all his baggage, equipped for a campaign.

Omitting some of these vainglorious details of finery,—for Howe was never a dandy,—you may see here the aspect and garb of our young doctor in his holiday dress, during his Greek warfare. In active service he must have gone ragged, as his comrades did, and he knew what it was to be “an-hungered,” as the scriptures say. Writing to Horace Mann, he once said:—

I have been months without eating other flesh than mountain snails or roasted wasps; weeks without bread, and days without a morsel of food of any kind. Woe to the stray donkey or goat that fell within our reach then; they were quickly slain and their flesh, cut up hastily into little square bits, was roasting on our ramrods, or devoured half raw.

After a time Howe left the land service and became titular "surgeon-in-chief of the Greek fleet," sailing in that capacity along with Capt. Frank Hastings, an English naval officer, then employed by the Greeks, and with George Finlay, afterward the historian of Greece. On one occasion, in 1827, he was present at the mortal wound and death of the gypsy-general, Karaiskakis, shot in the fight at the Piræus, and I have heard him describe with enthusiasm the magnanimity of this chieftain, when Lord Cochrane, in naval command, began to pay him some high compliments on his past actions. Says Dr. Howe: —

The dying chief waved his hand with an impatient air, to cut him short, and said: "*Oti ekama, ekama; oli egine, egine; tora, dia to mellon.*" "What I have done I have done; what has happened has happened; now, for the future." He then entered into an anxious and long conversation about the prospects of his country; he ended by solemnly charging Cochrane to watch over the interests of Greece. Then he attended to the arrangements for his family.

Such was indeed the magnanimity of Howe himself; in the great school of the active world, and among men fighting for national freedom, he found himself in an advanced class, and the impression left on his whole nature was a deep one. The gay collegian of Brown became the sober, energetic defender of the oppressed and the wise director of the poor. When he returned to Greece in 1827, with a cargo of supplies which he had helped to collect in the United States, he took charge of some hundreds of Greek refugees on the island of Egina, and put them at work for their board, given in rations from his cargo.

Again, after the war closed, but while yet many Turks remained in Greece, and many refugees were deprived of their ruined homes, Dr. Howe obtained permission from the government of Capo D' Istria to open a refugees' colony at Hexamilia, near Corinth, and there spent some months with a restless Scotchman, David Urquhart, teaching the handy, but untaught, peasants American modes of life and industry. He thus described his life there: —

We procured seed, cattle and tools, put up cottages, and the foundations of a flourishing village were laid. I was obliged to do everything,

and had only the supplies sent out by the American committees to aid me. The colonists, however, co-operated, and everything went on finely. We plowed and prepared the earth, and got up a school-house and a church. We extended our domain over to the neighboring port of Keekries, where we had cultivated ground and a harbor. This was perhaps the happiest part of my life. I was alone among my colonists, who were all Greeks; they knew I wanted to help them, and they let me have my own way. (This was one of the secrets of Howe's happiness.) I had one civilized companion for a while, the eccentric David Urquhart, afterward M. P. and pamphleteer. I had to journey much to and from Corinth, Nauplia, etc., always on horseback or in boat, and often by night. It was a time and place where law was not; and sometimes we had to defend ourselves against armed and desperate stragglers from the bands of soldiers now breaking up. We had many "scrimmages" and I had several narrow escapes with life. In one affair Urquhart showed extraordinary pluck and courage, actually disarming and taking prisoner two robbers, and marching them before him into the village. I labored here day and night, in season and out, — was governor, legislator, clerk, constable, and everything but patriarch; for, though I was young, I took to no maiden, — nor ever thought about womankind — but once.

I dwell upon these experiences in practical charity the more, because they were Dr. Howe's introduction to that remarkable career in the administration of public charities which brought me, a generation later, into intimate connection with him. This Corinthian enterprise, worthy of St. Paul and less infested by luxurious vice than Corinth was in Paul's time, was examined on the spot in April, 1829, by an American missionary, Dr. Rufus Anderson, who had this to say of it in his volume of 1830: —

On the 21st of April, 1829, as we were looking for a shelter beneath which we might spend the night, between Vostitsa and Xylocastron, we passed a tent pitched in the field, and soon heard a gentleman calling after us. I immediately recognized him as my townsman, Dr. Howe, for whom I had brought letters from parents and friends. He and his companion, Mr. Urquhart, were on their way to Patras, and at their solicitation we took up our lodgings with them. . . . On Monday, the 27th of April, we sent our baggage to Hexamilia, intending to spend the night in Dr. Howe's colony there. We were kindly received by Dr. Russ, superintendent, in the absence of Dr. Howe, and lodged among barrels of meal sent from our country for the famishing Greeks. Early

next morning we were awaked by numerous female voices before the door, and, looking out, saw a great number of poor, ragged women who had come from the neighborhood to apply for work; for which, at the close of the day, they receive a small portion of meal in payment. They labor upon the rubbish of the ruined village, or in the fields, and it was affecting to observe how anxious they were to obtain this privilege; nor less so to behold with what a glow of satisfaction and cheerfulness they received their reward. The beneficiaries of this colony are more contented with what they receive than such as are assisted with a mere gratuity. About 100 poor men, women and children are employed daily in this manner, besides the families belonging to the colony, which were then 20 in number, mostly refugees from places still in possession of the Turks. In a letter received from Dr. Howe, dated "Washingtonia, July 14, 1829," he said, three months after my visit: —

We have now 36 families subsisting here, 26 of whom are from parts of Greece now subject to Turkey. They were poor, hungry and naked when they arrived; they are now thriving. In about 10 days I shall discontinue their rations, and they will subsist upon what they have raised. In the autumn I hope to put 50 families at work sowing wheat. If Providence smile on them, and they get but a moderate crop, the surplus, after enough has been taken for their own support, will serve for establishing several other families, and paying the yearly expense of a hospital for 50 beds. In 10 years these poor will probably be augmented to 200 families, or 1,000 souls; a large hospital will be supported, and a useful example given to the rest of Greece of improved agriculture. Every day sick persons are sent to us, sometimes from considerable distances; continual applications are made by peasants to become colonists, and our little school is now rapidly filling up by children from the neighboring hamlets, where a school was perhaps hardly ever thought of.

Unfortunately, in the midst of this happy experiment, in one of his journeys from Corinth to Nauplia, Howe delayed by night on the marshy plain of Argos, and took the swamp fever, which brought him to death's door. He was compelled to leave Greece for Italy and Switzerland in the early spring of 1830, and tarried awhile in the mountain air of freedom to get thoroughly rid of his fever. But his thoughts were with his colony, and when I was in Athens with Dr. Manatt in 1893, I found in George Finlay's library letters from Dr. Howe of 1829-30 dwelling on what he meant to do for his colony. But other demands called him away, and it was years before he returned to his village at Hexamilia. It is now a station on the railway from Corinth to Argos and

Nauplia, with a population by the last census (1896) of not quite 500; so that it has not fulfilled Dr. Howe's expectations of two generations ago. But it gave him his first practical lessons in directing a whole community of dependents, and showed him how the poor should be taught to help themselves while receiving aid from charity. Moreover, the time had not yet come for him to cease his activity in revolutions, and devote himself mainly to works of social beneficence. In Paris, which he reached in the summer of 1830, he participated in the revolution of July, and was one of the escort that accompanied Lafayette to the *Hotel de Ville* as temporary dictator of France. The same year the Polish revolution broke out, and when he was again in Paris, in the winter of 1831-32, Dr. Howe was made chairman of an "American-Polish committee" there, and at the suggestion of Lafayette, who gave him a letter of instructions, he undertook to visit Prussian Poland, carrying money for clothing and food to the Polish refugees along the Vistula and the region of Elbing. He performed this mission, distributing his funds, much to the relief of the patriots and the annoyance of the Prussian despotism, by the orders of which he was secretly arrested and imprisoned on his return to Berlin. He was released after five weeks by the intercession of Mr. Rives of Virginia, then our minister to France, but escorted beyond the frontiers of Prussia, and forbidden for many years to return thither. His own account of the cause and manner of his confinement may be cited from letters to Dr. J. D. Fisher, also a graduate of Brown, and his associate in founding the institution for the blind:—

I shall never forget the day when, at Dirrone, a little village between Dantzic and Elbing, on the Vistula, I met with three cart-loads of the Polish officers on their way to France,—all young and splendid-looking fellows. Our stage-coach had stopped at the tavern, and a dozen people were standing at the door; as the carts passed, the Germans gazed with their round, unmeaning eyes; but not a voice was heard, not a hand was raised, not a hat was waved in the air. There was no sympathy in their souls; or if there was, they dared not express it; for the Argus eyes of the police were there. I forgot the police, and everything else but the feelings natural to man, and imprudently yielding to that impulse, I waved my hat in the air and shouted "*Honneur! Honneur aux braves!*" The Poles looked up, surprised at the sound, and pointed me out to each other; as they raised their caps to return my salute, they cried, "*Vive la*

France!" Poor fellows,—they took me for a Frenchman; they had as yet found so little sympathy that they seemed astonished at this instance of it; and as they waved their caps long after passing me, and endeavored to express their thanks in their looks, it so affected me that I turned away to hide a womanish weakness; and left the Germans to stare and wonder what the devil could have moved me. . . . I found the Polish private soldiers suffering, morally and physically; depressed in spirits and anxious about the future; and but miserably clad, very many being entirely shirtless. To my surprise I found I could not give them anything without demanding permission of the Prussian commander; this I did, nor could he refuse me, though he granted a growling, unwilling assent. I immediately set about making a contract for shirts, etc., but before they were finished I received an order to quit the neighborhood of the army instantly; an order accompanied by a force to put it in execution. It was in vain that I pleaded the protection which my passport gave me, and urged the permission of the commander, Schmidt; he himself had given the counter order, and forbade me distributing anything to the Poles, or even seeing them, in the presence of a Prussian officer. I wished to give the things myself, to tell the poor fellows whence they came, and comfort them with the assurance of the sympathy felt for them in America.

I have heard Dr. Howe relate how he sadly turned his horse's head back toward Berlin, where he was to investigate the German instruction for the blind, and before he reached his inn for the night discovered that he was followed by horsemen who took care to keep him in sight, but not to attack him. He reached Berlin, met an American in the street and gave him the name of his hotel; but before he could go to bed, the police came to arrest him. He kept them outside his door till he had hidden his incriminating papers in the hollow head of the Prussian king, at the top of his great stove, and scattered a few meaningless papers in fragments in his fireplace and wash-basin. Then he admitted them and was carried away to his dungeon. That no circumstance of romance might be lacking, the handsome youth moved the sensibilities of his jailer's daughter, who furnished him writing materials, and posted his letters. By the same intervention, apparently, he got hold of some German works on educating the blind, which he had never heard of in Paris, and began translating them. He paid his board and jail fees upon leaving his prison, and when, many years after, the Prussian king gave him a gold medal for his success in teaching Laura Bridgman, Howe had the curiosity to weigh

it, and found its value to be exactly the sum which his prison fare had cost him in 1832.

Needless for me to tell the story of his long years of devotion to the instruction of the blind and the deaf, and his communication of a language to the blind and deaf child from New Hampshire, by methods of his own devising. Nor must I dwell on his labors for prison reform and the emancipation of our slaves, ending victoriously in course of the civil war. As a preparation for that task of forcible emancipation, he favored the campaigns of John Brown, in Kansas and Virginia, and was ready for any service, public or private, which his advancing age permitted. That cause having triumphed, and the next problem in Massachusetts being to reorganize and develop public charity, he was appointed in 1864 by his intimate friend, Governor Andrew, chairman of the first board of state charities, where I, appointed a year earlier, was acting as secretary, and the late Dr. Henry Wheelwright as executive agent.

This gave me opportunity, such as I had not enjoyed even in the dozen preceding years that I had known him rather intimately, to observe the swift operation and the sure results of the most intuitively practical mind it has been my fortune to know. Emerson has defined genius as the power of generalizing from a single instance, — a definition which he illustrated in his own person more than Dr. Howe. But the generalizations of Emerson were philosophic and poetical rather than practical, while with Howe, who was also a man of genius, everything bore, either immediately or ultimately, upon practical results. His experience in life had been so vast and so varied, that the “single instance” of which Emerson spoke was long since of the past; it was embodied and unconscious experience which generalized for Howe. This is the type of what we call the “man of the world”; he has been so long among men that he can say intellectually what the Latin comedian said emotionally, — “I am a man; nothing that concerns man do I hold as alien to me.”

Hence I called Howe “the scholar as man of the world,” — for, with the scholar’s insight and training, he had from early life that cosmopolitan observation, void of personal ambition, and inspired by chivalrous philanthropy, which made him unique among men of my acquaintance. No such mind had before been steadily

directed upon the problems of charity and social legislation in New England; and he came to the questions of juvenile reform, prison discipline, the care of the insane, and the general disposal of the dependent classes with a piercing analysis and a well-formed synthesis which delighted men of thought, while it startled and displeased the children of tradition and routine, who in this generation are so much wiser than the children of light. Whoever will read the various propositions laid down by Dr. Howe in the second, third, fifth and ninth reports of the old board of charities — to mention only half of those which he wrote or directed — will find that hardly one of his theorems has now failed to be acted upon in practical ways, not only in Massachusetts, but throughout a large part of the nation. Yet nearly every one of them was hotly disputed by the mass of persons officially concerned with charity and education, who have since adopted them and forgotten Dr. Howe.

Sixty-five years ago, when hospitable Boston, and even, I fear, generous Dr. Howe himself, were unfriendly to Bronson Alcott, whose ideal school was perishing under this opposition, Emerson wrote from Concord to his philosophic brother: —

I never regretted more than in this case my own helplessness in all practical contingencies. But I was created a seeing eye, and not a useful hand.

It was quite otherwise with Dr. Howe, who happily combined theory and practice, insight and experience, the seeing eye and the helping hand. Accordingly, when he came to the head of the public charities of Massachusetts, late in 1865, his genius soon found means to turn both our theory and practice in new directions, and to convert by gradual changes the existing policy of congregating the poor and defective in large establishments, into a wiser system. In practice, it is true, much remains to be done, especially with regard to the insane; but Howe's theory has become the accepted one in New England and elsewhere. He began with the dispersion of children, then in poorhouses and reform schools, among the kindly families of New England, and now there is hardly a state in the Union where such is not the

adopted policy. When the inmates of a charitable establishment could not be wisely placed in families, he advised that the establishment should be kept small, and its management brought as near to the mass of the people as practicable. On this point I may well quote his words in the first report which he signed as chairman: —

That our work may be well done, it must be by the people themselves, directly, and in the spirit of Him who taught that the poor ye shall always have with you, — that is, near you, — in your hearts and affections, within your sight and knowledge; not thrust far away from you, and always shut up alone by themselves, in almshouses and reformatories, that they may be kept at the cheapest rate. The people cannot be absolved from these duties of charity which require knowledge and sympathy with sufferers. There can be no vicarious virtue. True charity is not done by deputy. There should be the least possible intervening agency between the people and the dependent classes. It would be a beautiful and most hopeful sight to see fifteen hundred children and youth, — of a class who are elsewhere confined in reformatories, or shut up in pauper houses, — scattered over our commonwealth and cared for by the people themselves.

When this was said, early in 1866, it seemed to most persons a golden dream, the vision of an enthusiast. But what do we see today? More than 4,000 such children and youth actually cared for in families, by the people themselves. This city of Boston alone probably furnished more than 1,500 of them. And there are states and communities in the northwest, and in many parts of this broad land, who are practising Dr. Howe's advice, and imagining that they invented the practice themselves. It is a common experience, which my neighbor the poet Channing has put in verse: —

So Vernon lived,

Considerate to his kind; his love bestowed
Was not a thing of fractions, halfway done,
But with a mellow goodness like the sun
He shone o'er mortal hearts, and brought their buds
To blossom slowly, — thence to fruit and seed.
Forbearing too much counsel, — yet with blows
In pleasing reason urged, he took their thoughts
As with a mild surprise, — though they knew not,
Nor once suspected that from Vernon's heart,
That warm, o'er-circling heart, their impulse flowed.

Dr. Howe's *General Principles of Public Charity* have often been quoted, but some of them will bear repetition now, for they are too frequently ignored:—

It is better to separate and diffuse the dependent classes than to congregate them.

We ought to avail ourselves of those remedial agencies which exist in society—the family, social influences, industrial occupations, etc.

We should enlist the greatest number of individuals and families in the care and treatment of the dependent.

We should build up public institutions only in the last resort.

These should be kept small, and so arranged as to turn the strength and faculties of the inmates to the best account.

Self-evident as these principles appear now, and constantly as they are acted upon in charity organizations and the like, they once seemed liked revolutionary doctrines. And be pleased to remember that they preceded by some years that movement, now so general, for the association of charities in cities, and the removal of children from poorhouses. So it was with Dr. Howe's theories of education for the deaf, and family care for the harmless insane. They were viewed with derision as follies, or with alarm as evils; but now the whole civilized world is acting on them.

The Jesuits used to say of Sir Kenelm Digby, "if he had been dropped out of the clouds in any part of the world, he would have made himself respected;" but, they added maliciously, that he must not stay above six weeks in any one place. There was something of this quality in Dr. Howe. In no place was he ever wished elsewhere until his own versatility urged him to be gone; and it was sometimes hard to hold him in his chosen position of leader until his followers could overtake him. Wherever he found himself, he was swift to go upon some errand of mercy or justice. He was born to benefit others, and by choice he preferred for his benefactions those who could least repay his service with their own. He would have agreed heartily with that definition of his class among men which reads, "a gentleman is one with something to give, not something to sell." Indeed, there was some pride mingled with his benevolence, showing that he had not reached that elevation of saintliness to which humility is the stairway.

When a young man in Greece, distributing the charity of America to the hungry and naked, it was suggested that he should account for his distributions, often made at the peril of his life, to some of the shifty patriots who were in high position there. He replied: "I have no reckoning to give to Greeks, to men who cannot for the life of them conceive how a man can have 100,000 piastres in his hands to distribute, with every opportunity to steal undiscovered, — and not do it." The late Gov. Bullock, who knew him well, had this to say of him in those years of his charity chairmanship: —

He was at South Boston, he was at his office in town, he was at the rooms of the board of charities, he was at the executive chamber, he was sometimes at his own house, he was always where duty called. He seemed capable to drive all the reforms and charities abreast; and yet he was seldom on a strain; always having an air we all liked of a man of business, of a man of the world, — of dauntless force of character, of firmness that was impassive, of modesty that was unfeigned; a little mutinous when governors attempted to interfere with his methods, — but that was of no consequence, since he was mutinous to revolt whenever he saw the image of God oppressed or wronged or neglected. Nor will I leave him without allusion to his last great work . . . in establishing under the endowment of Clarke that noble institution on the banks of the Connecticut, where the deaf [no longer dumb] learn to discern a voice from a mute breath, — to catch human language at sight from human lips. I recur, not without sensibility, to the days when we thought him essential to us in laying its foundations.

Such was, indeed, his life-work — to lay foundations; and upon them what edifices of beneficence have been built, and are now building!

PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE BLIND.

Exercises of a highly interesting and instructive nature, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, were held at the Pennsylvania Institution at Overbrook, on the fifth of December, 1901. A brief

explanation of these, together with the programme, is furnished by the following extract from the report of Mr. EDWARD E. ALLEN, principal of the school:—

EXTRACT FROM MR. ALLEN'S REPORT.

We, feeling that our pupils and perhaps teachers knew little of Dr. Howe, began then to make him a subject to be read about, talked about and thoroughly known. All his writings and the biographies of him obtainable were gathered together in our special reading room and their contents given to the pupils through the teachers. In nearly every grade in school the pupils wrote papers on some phase of Dr. Howe's life. From all these, representative papers were chosen for future use. On December fifth we held our own commemorative exercises consisting of music and of the papers selected as given below. Miss Fanny A. Kimball, a Perkins Institution graduate and a pupil there while Dr. Howe was director, came on from Massachusetts to speak from personal knowledge of the good Doctor. The programme of our exercises follows:

SCHOOL EXERCISES IN COMMEMORATION OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF SAMUEL G. HOWE, HELD AT THE INSTITUTION, DEC. 5TH, 1901.

PROGRAMME.

ORGAN SELECTION — Marche Religieuse,	<i>Guilmant.</i>
INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,	EDWARD E. ALLEN.
PAPER — Events in the Life of Dr. Howe,	EMMA WINFIELD.
PAPER — Dr. Howe as a Champion of the Needy,	DAISY CARLSON.
PAPER — The Education of Laura Bridgman,	FRANK SADLER.
PAPER — Tributes to Dr. Howe,	AMY HALFPENNY.
PAPER — An Analysis of "The Hero,"	LOUIS COULOMB.
RECITATION — The Hero,	WILLIE CURRLIN.
SINGING — The Battle Hymn of the Republic.	
BY THE SCHOOL.	
REMARKS — Reminiscences of Dr. Howe,	MISS FANNY A. KIMBALL.
SINGING — Jubilate Deo,	<i>Ervin.</i>
BY THE SCHOOL.	

The importance of recognizing the true value of Dr. Howe's services to distressed mankind was especially emphasized by the introductory remarks of Mr. Edward E. Allen. These formed a fitting prelude to the exercises by the pupils of the Pennsylvania institution, and paved the way to the excellent presentation of several of the phases of the great man's active life made by them. Mr. Allen spoke as follows: —

REMARKS OF MR. ALLEN.

Ladies and Gentlemen, — As there are a few friends here tonight who may not know of Dr. Howe and the debt owed him by such a school as this, a few words explaining why we are met here are proper.

Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe was in particular the apostle of the education of the blind in America. He was the beloved director of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind from its establishment in 1831 until his death in 1876. Had he lived until now he would have been one hundred years old. For some time the graduate associations of the Perkins Institution had determined to honor their benefactor's memory by celebrating in Boston the centenary of his birth. On November eleventh a large and distinguished audience gathered in that city and held a memorial meeting of great impressiveness. It was my privilege to be present. With the note of invitation to be present, which was sent to our school and to every similar school in the United States, was coupled a suggestion, if not a request, that the career of Dr. Howe be brought to the attention of blind pupils everywhere on the occasion of his birthday this year. I believe this was very generally done.

In our school we adopted the plan of postponing our celebration of the event until such time as the pupils, having filled their minds with the deeds of this great man, their benefactor, and so understanding their obligation to him, could themselves express it here. We are now assembled to listen to what a few of the pupils have prepared.

Allow me to say further that during the past four weeks all the available literature on the subject has been in the hands of the teachers and through them brought before the pupils in class and out of it; and that the memoir of Dr. Howe by his widow, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, has been embossed here and placed under the fingers of the pupils.

In the course of the evening the school will sing Mrs. Howe's *Battle Hymn of the Republic* — that stirring song that was another contribution of a member of the Howe family to the cause of human freedom.

MISS FANNY A. KIMBALL paid tribute to Dr. Howe from the standpoint of a pupil at the Perkins Institution during his long and fruitful directorship. Her excellent and helpful paper is here given in full.

DR. HOWE FROM THE STANDPOINT OF A PUPIL.

Your superintendent has kindly invited me to be present this evening to speak to you of my personal reminiscences of Dr. Howe. Though there are many who could do this better than I and though my actual knowledge of the Doctor was slight, there is no one who would more gladly render a tribute to the memory of our honored benefactor.

You have shown yourselves familiar with the outline of his life as given to the world, so I shall speak in a general way from the standpoint of a pupil.

The first time I saw Dr. Howe was when, a child of five years, I was taken by my mother to visit the school at South Boston. I recall that visit but faintly, but it is said that for days I chattered of going to school with the other little girls where the kind man talked to me and put his hand on my head.

Three years later I entered the school, having previously learned to read, and then began a course of training, the value of which it is impossible to estimate. We were taught to read through two thicknesses of linen; we were also taught to trace maps which had been hung upside down; and, with a possible foreshadowing of

the kindergarten, we were given many lessons by means of blocks. In short, Dr. Howe omitted nothing that he felt could be of possible use to his pupils. It was indeed a privilege to be under his care.

On one occasion a lonely, homesick little girl had lost her way in the institution. She felt the place to be very large and herself to be very small; at length becoming thoroughly frightened she sat down on some stairs and began to cry. Here the good Doctor found her, and with great gentleness took her into his office where he told her how happy the little girls were there and that she would soon be happy too, if she would be good and brave and do her best every day. Then this hero of the Greek revolution, this founder and director of institutions, himself took his little pupil to the matron, leaving her comforted and happy. This incident has remained a pleasant memory through all these years, and the kind words spoken in Dr. Howe's office, but then little understood, have helped that woman to be brave and to try to do her best every day.

Dr. Howe's habits were not luxurious. He was an early riser, believed in simple diet, fresh air and plenty of exercise. Who among his early pupils cannot recall the cold plunge baths? Who cannot recall the early morning walks in winter and again, the stern prohibition against pickles, doughnuts, and mince pies which sometimes found their way into the school by means of those wonderful boxes sent from home. These things may have seemed hard at the time, but Dr. Howe acted according to his convictions and enforced his rules by example.

He had a keen appreciation of fun, as the record of his college days will testify. On one occasion, several of the girls who had remained at the institution during the holidays, decided to ring out the old year, and ring in the new. They laid their plans with great care and secrecy, and at midnight on the 31st of December, every bell in the institution was set ringing right merrily. In the morning, great wonderment was expressed as to who the disturbers of the peace could be. The mischief was of course attributed to the boys, and Dr. Campbell, then musical director at the institution, was for a thorough investigation of the affair. But the boys knew nothing about it, and the girls, fearing lest injustice should

be done, appointed one of their number as a committee to represent them in a confession to Dr. Howe. For days nothing further was heard of the matter but at length, on a certain evening when the entire school was assembled and about to start for a concert, the Doctor came into the hall and said, "The bell ringers may stay at home." Now this meant something more than the loss of a concert, for each department felt keenly a reproof administered in the presence of the other; and seven crestfallen maidens left the hall. It is said that the Doctor was heard to remark afterwards that it would never have done to let those girls go unpunished for the sake of discipline, but when he was young he would doubtless have done the same thing himself.

Dr. Howe gave his pupils every possible musical advantage, though he knew absolutely nothing of the art himself. Indeed he might be said to be tone deaf, though his children tell us that there were some airs which he felt sure he sang correctly, — an opinion which they did not share.

Tradition tells of a morning in the history of the institution when as usual at prayers the Doctor read the hymn to be sung. A bright young musician sat at the organ and when he played the hymn selected, he skilfully wove into its harmonies the melody of Yankee Doodle. The entire school was convulsed and simply could not sing. The puzzled Doctor seeing that something was wrong sternly commanded that the hymn be played again and that every voice join in the singing. This time the effort was successful. When informed of the nature of the musical prank, the Doctor severely reproved the young organist for lack of reverence while at the same time he as heartily appreciated the joke against himself as though another had been the victim.

That culprit might well dread the displeasure of Dr. Howe in whose misconduct there was anything of meanness and deceit. The soul of frankness himself, he could not tolerate its lack in others. One would hardly recognize in the harsh reprimand or scathing reproof that voice that was ordinarily kind, energetic and inspiring. Dr. Howe's reading aloud was a beautiful thing to hear and to remember. I recall perfectly his Bible reading at morning prayers which he usually conducted. The grave reverend tone, the clear enunciation and the entire absence of self-con-

sciousness made an impression which I was then too young to analyze but which will remain with me to the end of life.

At one time it was rumored by some of the narrow-minded but well-meaning religious men of Boston that Dr. Howe's theology was not sound. A good Baptist minister chanced to call one morning, and was told that the Doctor was busy conducting prayers, but that he would soon be at liberty; and that the guest might go up to the hall if he liked. He did like, and such was the impression made by the Bible reading to which he listened that the saying went forth "Howe is a pious and praying man."

Early in 1874 we were told that the dear Doctor's health was failing; and in March of that year he started on his third trip to Santo Domingo. Some of us never saw him again. For although he returned in October of that year, he was for the most of the time feeble and suffering, and came not often among us.

On January 9, 1876, his beautiful life ended. Well do I recall that day and the gloom that settled down upon the institution when the intelligence reached us. Groups of pupils stood about here and there speaking to each other in low hushed voices of him who was regarded by all with loving gratitude. The unspoken and unspeakable grief of Laura Bridgman was terrible, and our tears mingled freely with hers as she spelled into the hand of each one she met the pathetic words, "I have lost my best friend."

It was my precious though painful privilege to be one of those chosen from among the pupils of the school to sing at his funeral. Two of those who sang that day were present twenty-five years later and sang at the Howe centennial in Boston.

We are called together this evening to render our tribute to the pioneer educator of the blind in this country, and when we think what we would have been, had he not rescued us from a life of ignorance, idleness and dependence, we are dumb with wonder, love and gratitude. I think we may safely say that there is not an educated blind person in the country who does not owe something to Dr. Howe. It has been aptly said that facts are his best eulogy. His influence will continue to be felt while time lasts. You and I may help to perpetuate his memory by embracing every opportunity that comes within our reach, and treating, as he did, obstacles as things to be overcome.

Patient, self-sacrificing effort is being made on your behalf today. Meet that effort with the grateful response of head, heart and hand. Make your teachers feel that you appreciate your privileges by appropriating them to the full. At the close of this year, the school life of some of you will end, and you must go out into the world to meet the obstacles of environment, prejudice and limitations. Meet them bravely, wisely and patiently. Rise triumphantly over every wave of difficulty and discouragement. If you cannot do what you would like to do, do what you can. There are many among us who are not wage earners to any extent, but those can be helpful in the home. Do something. Begin with what you know you can do, and gradually you will be allowed to try new things. I know a lady who received a post-graduate course in music at the school in Boston, who did not succeed in getting pupils readily and who is now packing candy for a wholesale confectioner, and doing it so bravely and cheerfully that only her intimate friends know what a disappointment it is to her.

There are of course many things that we cannot do, but let us fight every inch of the way, believing all things possible until proven otherwise. When we must yield a point, let us do it in such a way that it will be a pleasure for those about us to do for us the thing needed. Just here let me give you a hint that I have found of value: make friends of children. They will prove your most willing helpers and it is to them that you can be the greatest help in return.

In closing, let me suggest that those who graduate from this school communicate at least once each year with their *alma mater*. She has a right to demand of you some recognition of your training through all these years; then too, it is possible that your experiences in the outside world may be of help to those who are devoting the best energies of their lives to the education of the blind. I hope the time may not be far distant when the graduates of this school will form themselves into an alumnae association. I think I may say that ours has proven to be mutually helpful to graduates and to the school. But do not undertake it unless you have the hearty coöperation of your superintendent and teachers or it will fail of its best results. I have spoken earnestly because I feel strongly, having passed through many of the experiences

which you will soon be called to meet. Let what I have said come as a message from my heart to yours. Friends, we are at the threshold of our possibilities. Every opportunity improved will open the door for another. The Braille music, the typewriter and the large and ever increasing library are each year opening fresh fields of opportunity. And each success may serve as a monument to him in whose honor we are gathered here tonight. Shall we not try to live more earnest, faithful and progressive lives, because he lived and labored for us? Perhaps no words would more fitly express the feeling of our hearts than those beautiful lines of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes,

No labored line, no sculptor's art,
Such hallowed memory needs;
His tablet was the human heart,
His record loving deeds.

MISSOURI SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe was most appropriately celebrated on the eleventh of November at the Missouri School for the Blind in Saint Louis. The following entertaining programme was rendered by the pupils of the institution and was enjoyed by an immense audience:—

PROGRAMME.

MARCH—Invincible Eagle, <i>Sousa.</i>
	ORCHESTRA.	
PAPER—Biography of Dr. Howe, EDWARD NEIL.
PIANO SOLO—Nocturne, <i>Raff.</i>
	VIOLA WRIGHT.	
MEMORIAL TRIBUTE, <i>Holmes.</i>
	MARIE ADZIT.	
VIOLIN SOLO—Concert de Mazurka, <i>Musin.</i>
	THOMAS DEE.	

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF DR. HOWE,	. Dr. S. POLLAK.
READING — Dr. Howe's Children,	. BEULAH CRANDALL.
ORGAN SOLO — Commemoration March,	. Scotson-Clark.
	BESSIE BEANE.
PAPER — The Deaf-Blind,	. HENRY KRUMPLEMANN.
POEM — "Where Helen Sits,"	. MATILDA HAINES.
CHORUS — Te Deum,	. Buck.

"It is the soul that sees."

To many of those present the methods of work employed in the school were a novelty, so that when little Beulah Crandall read from the book in raised letters the story of Dr. Howe's children much astonishment was manifested because of the rapidity and the apparent ease with which the child followed the text with her fingers.

A most interesting feature of the exercises was a brief address consisting of personal reminiscences, given by one of the former trustees of the school, Dr. SIMON POLLAK, who was an appreciative friend and great admirer of Dr. Howe and who has served the cause of the blind faithfully and with absolute disinterestedness during the greater part of his useful life.

ADDRESS OF DR. POLLAK.

Ladies and Gentlemen: In conformity with time-honored usage, we assemble to celebrate the one hundredth natal day of a very distinguished citizen, a foremost champion of freedom in foreign lands, a far-famed, practical philanthropist and an unwearied, fast friend of the blind, the late Dr. Samuel G. Howe, superintendent of the Perkins Institution for the Blind in Boston.

Dr. Howe has an especial claim upon the grateful remembrance

of this school, of which he is really the godfather. For, at the foundation of it, half a century ago, the trustees felt their incompetency for the performance of the duties required of them, unless the inner working of one could be studied in long-established schools, by at least one of the board. I was chosen to see one or more of the old schools and report thereon. I went first to the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind, in charge of the late Mr. William Chapin, then to the school in New York, and lastly to the Perkins Institution in Boston. Dr. Howe gave me a cordial reception. He devoted several hours every day to initiate me in the special system of instruction and in the general management of a school for the blind, which made a deep and ineffaceable impression upon my mind. I spent three weeks in Boston, and saw Dr. Howe daily. He also made me acquainted with the many educational and philanthropic organizations of Boston and Cambridge, and with their unrivaled homes of science and art.

I returned to St. Louis well posted, made my report and proceeded at once to mould and organize this school according to the information obtained from Dr. Howe, at least, as far as our limited means permitted.

Several years later (1856-57) Dr. Howe came to St. Louis. He sent for me and desired an introduction to Mr. Gratz Brown, the brilliant editor of an evening paper, the purpose of which I was ignorant of, but which proved, unfortunately, unsatisfactory and disappointing.

Dr. Howe considered Mr. Brown dull and inappreciative. This surprised me and excited my curiosity and protest. I made bold to inquire what he came to St. Louis for. I had the vanity to imagine that he came to see his godchild, this school, which he really did. He spent one hour in making a critical examination of all its features and gave them his unqualified approval.

He then frankly told me he came to St. Louis in behalf of the great free soil party of Massachusetts, amply provided with money to aid Mr. Brown in the struggle for existence of his paper. Mr. Brown had the ability and the courage to approve of the Wilmot proviso of free-soilism, even of the gradual emancipation of slaves in Missouri. It was doubtful whether the editor or the paper could live in a slave state. Dr. Howe, the presiding

genius of the free soil party, proposed to come to the rescue of both and thus foster the sacred cause.

They probably had no free conversation with each other, and thus failed to reach their purpose. Dr. Howe proceeded to Kansas, where a very heated campaign was going on, whether Kansas should be admitted as a free or slave state. He found there abundant use for his money to pay speakers and the press.

Mr. Gratz Brown met me in the evening at the Planter's Hotel. He wanted to know who the impertinent man was, who came to pry into his political and private affairs. When I explained it, the mystery was cleared up, and their mutual embarrassment was smoothed out by a subsequent apologetic correspondence.

When editor Brown became governor, later United States senator of Missouri, and still later candidate for the vice-presidency of the United States on the Greeley ticket, they were fast friends.

When the war of the rebellion broke out, Dr. Howe was one of the seven distinguished philanthropists who organized what was known as the United States sanitary commission, whose object was to aid the sick or wounded soldiers of either army, regardless of the blue or gray uniform. A sick or wounded soldier was not a combatant, but merely a helpless, suffering human being whose needs must be relieved. The United States sanitary commission became a very large body and had inexhaustible means at its disposal, all voluntary contributions. I connected myself with it, and with Dr. Howe went to many battle-fields, hospitals and prisons, diffusing help with no stinted hand. This association was the precursor of the Red Cross society of the present.

Later, a like association was organized in St. Louis, under the name of the western sanitary commission, under the presidency of our friend the late Mr. Yeatman, to which I became attached, and for four years we devoted all our time, attention and labor to it.

I never saw Dr. Howe any more after that war. I met twice his brilliant wife, known as the poetess Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the sweet authoress of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. She also made a brief visit to this school.

She will hear with grateful emotion of the oration tendered by



Dr. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.
From a photograph about 1858.



this school to the memory of her husband, the great friend of the blind, whose title to imperishable fame was mainly due to disinterested good works to his fellowmen.

NORTH CAROLINA INSTITUTION FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB AND THE BLIND.

In the south, as in the north, the name and memory of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe are treasured, and his whole-hearted, whole-souled ministrations to suffering humanity are gratefully recognized. Mr. JOHN E. RAY, the principal of the North Carolina School for Deaf and Blind at Raleigh, has kindly furnished the programme of the commemorative exercises, held in that institution, accompanied by the following descriptive letter: —

RALEIGH, Nov. 12, 1901.

MISS JULIA E. BURNHAM.

My Dear Madam, — It affords me great pleasure to inform you and, through you, your committee in charge of the exercises relative to the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, that upon Monday afternoon, Nov. 11th, at three o'clock, very pleasing exercises were held in this Institution, at which addresses were made by Mr. John A. Simpson upon "Lessons from the Life of Dr. Howe;" by Mr. William Royall upon the life of Laura Bridgman (for whom our new institution library has recently been named); and by the principal of the institution upon the education of the deaf-blind and of Helen Keller in particular.

Yours sincerely, JOHN E. RAY.

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES.

1. CHORUS, *America*.
2. PRAYER, Rev. Dr. T. E. SKINNER.
3. ADDRESS, *Lessons from the Life of Dr. HOWE*, JOHN A. SIMPSON.
4. SELECTION, "Hail to the Spirit of Liberty."
BY THE BAND.
5. READING, Whittier's poem, "The Hero," NORA NORRIS.
6. ADDRESS, *Laura Bridgman*, WILLIAM ROYALL.
7. CHORUS, "O'er the Pall of the Hero."
8. REMARKS UPON THE LIFE OF HELEN
KELLER, JOHN E. RAY.

The following eloquent, thoughtful address was given by Mr. JOHN A. SIMPSON, a member of the faculty, and held the closest attention of the audience:—

SOME LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF DR. HOWE.

Fellow teachers, pupils and friends of the Institution:

Those of you who are familiar with the educational history of the last two generations need not be told why the people of this country, and especially those interested in the well-being of the blind, honor the memory of Dr. Samuel Howe. You will recall the fact that he was the first in this country to undertake the education of the blind and that he was for a long time the life, the heart, the hand and the brain of that enterprise. His labors in this particular field, however, though continued through more than forty years, and though sufficient of themselves to give him a distinguished place among the benefactors of mankind, are by no means his only claim to the admiration and the gratitude of his fellowmen. A hurried sketch of his life, all that we shall have time for on the present occasion, will make this clear.

But first, let me say to you teachers, that when the task you have undertaken seems beyond your strength, and the results obtained seem of little value, when you forget what are the real rewards of your labor, then you will do well to study the life of

this true follower of him who went about doing good. You will find in it comfort, guidance and inspiration. The history of the nineteenth century, indeed, does not furnish a more inspiring example of unselfish devotion, heroic courage, lofty aims and noble achievement; and to the young people present, some of whom hear of him now for the first time perhaps, let me say, you can learn no better lesson, no truer wisdom, than to know and to love the great and good man in whose honor we have met today.

Samuel Gridley Howe was born in the city of Boston, Nov. 10, 1801. He inherited from his mother, we are told, remarkable personal beauty, quick intelligence and a nature easily moved to pity. He learned from her, too, no doubt, the refinement of manner and genuine courtesy that distinguished him through life. As a pupil of the Boston Latin School and a student of Brown University, he was noted rather for his love of fun and the ingenuity of his practical jokes than for application to his books. Still he managed to keep well up with his classes and to take his bachelor degree at the age of twenty.

He used frequently in later life to regret what he called his waste of time and opportunity, and to complain that none of his teachers ever tried to awaken in him the love of things great and beautiful. But in view of his long career of usefulness and unselfishness, we cannot doubt that, whether aware of it or not, he was constantly under the best influences; or shall we say that the hand of the Almighty was upon him, leading him in the way that he knew not? Be that as it may, we who owe him so much can but rejoice that he was not led to devote his tireless energy and powerful intellect to some restricted area of scientific or learned research, but was left free to look out over the whole field of human need and hasten now to Greece, now to Poland, now to Crete, and again and again to the suffering and needy of his own country, helping ever gladly and ever wisely the oppressed, the destitute, the sightless, the deaf, the feeble-minded, the insane, the prisoner and the outcast.

After his graduation, he applied himself to the study of medicine under well known Boston physicians. While thus engaged he became greatly interested in the struggle of the Greeks for independence. The example and writings of Lord Byron had filled

many hearts in England and in America with the burning desire to aid the land so dear to generous hearts everywhere. It was characteristic of young Howe that he did not hurry away as so many did to join the Greek army, and thus only to add one more fighting man to their ranks; he waited to complete his medical studies so that he could offer himself as a surgeon, knowing that such services would be greatly needed. When fully prepared, he turned his back on the tempting prospects then opening before him, both socially and professionally, and made his way to Greece, where he remained six years, taking more than his share in the dangers and hardships in the struggle against the powerful and relentless enemy. He says of himself, at the time when the Turks had scattered the Greek forces and were ravaging the country with fire and sword:

I could be of little or no use as surgeon, and was expected to divide my attention between killing Turks, helping Greeks, and taking care of myself. I was naturally very handy, active, and tough, and soon became equal to any of the mountain soldiery in capacity for endurance of fatigue, hunger, and watchfulness. I could carry my gun and heavy belt with yatagan and pistols all day long, clambering among the mountain passes, could eat sorrel and snails, or go without anything, and at night lie down on the ground with only my shaggy capote, and sleep like a log.

When the Greeks were in greater danger from starvation than from the Turkish army, Dr. Howe returned to America and collected more than \$60,000 in money, besides a large quantity of clothing. The money was invested in food, and these supplies he himself distributed where they were most needed. He found employment for thousands of refugees, and established and maintained, with the help of American friends, a colony on the isthmus of Corinth.

The war in Greece having come to an end, Dr. Howe returned to his native city and was induced by Dr. John D. Fisher to go again to Europe for the purpose of visiting the schools for the blind in France and Germany, established by Valentin Haüy, and for studying his methods for the education of the blind. He reached Paris just in time to take part in the revolution which

placed Louis Philippe on the throne of France. Hardly had he settled down to his appointed task, when he was requested by General Lafayette, who was strongly attracted by the character and career of Dr. Howe, to undertake the delivery of certain supplies of money and clothing sent from America and intended for the people of Poland, who were then engaged in a desperate struggle with Russia. This undertaking was one of great difficulty and danger but was accomplished successfully. Dr. Howe then went to Berlin to continue his study of educational work for the blind. On the very night of his arrival in that city, he was arrested and thrown into prison because of what he had done in Poland. After some weeks of painful experience in prison, he was released and soon after he returned to America.

Dr. Howe now began his life work in behalf of the blind. The school was opened in 1832 with only six pupils who were taught in the house of Dr. Howe's father.

Besides the work of teaching, which included the invention and the making of all books, maps and whatever else was required in the way of special apparatus, it was found necessary to keep the objects and needs of the school constantly before the public in order that people of means might be sufficiently interested to contribute to its support. All this Dr. Howe accomplished with his usual tact and energy.

Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who visited the school after its opening in company with Mr. Horace Mann, says of what she saw, "I shall not in all time forget the impression made upon me by seeing the hero of the Greek revolution, who so narrowly missed being that of the Polish revolution also, wholly absorbed in this apparently humble work, and doing it without money and without price."

Soon after this Colonel Perkins, a wealthy philanthropist, gave his large dwelling-house and spacious grounds to furnish much needed accommodations for the growing institution. To secure this donation, it was necessary for the people of Boston to contribute fifty thousand dollars as an endowment fund. The required amount was raised by the ladies of the city in a few weeks and the school has since been known as the Perkins Institution. It was not long, however, before even these new quarters were outgrown and Dr. Howe was again called upon to procure funds for

the purchase of a much larger building. I cannot speak here of the admirable cottage system by which the institution was later on still further enlarged.

Thus for many years he was kept busy, at one time with the finances of the school, at another with efforts to keep the public informed and interested, now with the selection or composition of books to be printed, now with the invention or the construction of apparatus, teaching classes himself and training his assistants in methods which he himself had devised and tested, always careful of the discipline of the school and always deeply interested in the well being of his pupils, both before and after graduation. In spite of all this he found time to think out a way to teach those who were both blind and deaf and to devote many months to the education of Laura Bridgman; but you will hear that marvellous story from another.

The printing of the Bible in raised letters was an achievement of which Dr. Howe might well have felt proud, if he ever took time to think of himself at all. After numberless experiments to determine the size and shape of the letters to be used, the kind of paper, the form of press, etc., etc., superintending every detail of the work in person, he printed the New Testament in 1837, and the Old, six years later. He reduced the size of the book one-half as compared with the books published at the time in Europe. He also diminished the cost, though the plates alone for the printing of the Bible cost some \$13,000. Dr. Howe, of course, received no pay for his extra work. Let me say in passing that I find the old double-leaf Bible, prepared by Dr. Howe, more agreeable to the touch than any embossed book since published.

Mrs. Howe writes in her memoir of her husband, "From the first, his rules were simple but strict: Early hours, cold bathing, careful diet, exercise in the open air and gymnasium. . . . He was always an early riser, awake and up at five in the morning. He accompanied his pupils in the morning walk which they took in winter, before the sun was up."

Busy as he was Dr. Howe still found time to pity and to help a class commonly looked upon with contempt or even with positive dislike. I speak of the feeble-minded and idiotic. In the face of public ridicule, indifference and actual opposition he founded

and in part conducted a school for this class, which is today one of the noblest public institutions in Massachusetts. The articulation method of teaching the deaf owes its introduction into this country largely to the sagacity and executive ability of the same tireless worker. The state of Massachusetts has long been a model to other states and countries as regards the treatment of prisoners, the insane and the needy classes generally. This they owe mainly to Dr. Howe who was for nine years chairman of the board of public charities and who reorganized and greatly enlarged the work of that body. His reports on the treatment of the classes mentioned, as well as on the education of the blind and the deaf, are regarded by those best capable of judging as masterpieces of practical wisdom and as guides to the many enlightened philanthropists of the age.

I have left myself no time to speak of his important services to the people of Crete in 1867, or of his labors in behalf of the negroes of the south, both before and after their emancipation, or of his work on various important government commissions. You can read all of this and much more in the memoir of her husband written by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. She says of his work for the blind:—

In Dr. Howe's management of the school for the blind, two points especially deserve notice. The first of these is his earnest desire, already spoken of, that the blind, as a class, should become self-supporting. His belief in the value of labor to the individual was such that he considered a useless life the greatest of calamities for a human being. In order that the blind should reach the full human standard of efficiency and of service, despite the drawback of the wanting sense, he felt it to be necessary that they should live, not by charity, but by well-earned wages. In view of this object, a department of manual labor was created at the institution, in which the blind were taught such trades as they can pursue with profit.

The second point to which we would call attention is the tact which Dr. Howe displayed in discovering both the tendencies and capacities of the blind, and the gifts and deficiencies of individuals among them. In studying these, he soon perceived that, of all intellectual and artistic pursuits, music was that which would afford to the blind the greatest opportunities of labor and remuneration. . . . He was careful to give his blind pupils every advantage in musical instruction, including the tuning of pianofortes and the hearing of music.

The Royal Normal College, at Upper Norwood near London, is an offshoot of the Boston school, its principal, Dr. F. Joseph Campbell, having been formerly musical director of the latter institution, in which he himself and some of his ablest assistants were trained.

I would like to add to this estimate of Dr. Howe's work what I regard as his most valuable service to the blind; I mean, his recognition of the truth that trained intelligence is the best substitute for sight. It is this conception, as worked out by Dr. Howe, that distinguished the American from the European system of training. In Europe the chief aim has been to teach some handicraft, mental training being made secondary; while in this country, the first place is given to intellectual training, and for the reason that it is the mind which controls and guides and energizes the hand. Manual training, it is true, reacts beneficially upon the brain and is therefore of very great educational importance; and this I believe to be its chief value in a school like ours.

The American system is gradually finding favor in Europe chiefly through the efforts of Dr. Campbell, who has already been mentioned and whose magnificent institution, conducted along lines originally laid down by Dr. Howe, is second to no institution of its kind in the world.

Some of our graduates are successful teachers in the public schools of our state. Without a thorough mental training this, of course, would be impossible. Much larger numbers support themselves by employments connected in some way with music, that is, as teachers, organists, public performers, tuners, dealers in musical instruments and the like. To all these trained intelligence is indispensable. Still there are many who must depend upon the labor of their own hands; but these are much the better for the training given in the schoolroom. But this training should be real and thorough, not a mere cramming of the memory with rules and dates. We should cultivate self-activity and independence of thought. Since Francis Huber could study the habits of bees through the eyes of others and his own intelligence, since Metcalf of England could build road-ways and bridges by directing the labors of others, and Herreshoff in this country could in the same

way build war vessels, there seems to be no good reason for limiting the field of possible employment through the education of the blind.

The value of mental training is coming to be felt among seeing workmen also, though their need is not so imperative as ours. In the struggle of life, which is daily growing fiercer and more relentless, it is ever the thinker that wins.

Dr. Howe saw all this clearly more than sixty years ago, and endeavored to give his pupils the training that would best fit them for life, that would enable them to live "as men among men," that is, a sound and liberal education. The wisdom of such a course is now more than ever manifest. Indeed, in face of the merciless competitions of the times, it may well be doubted whether an ignorant, untrained blind man has any chance at all.

This, then, is Dr. Howe's great lesson to us, that we should seek to train our pupils to think clearly and for themselves, to act with energy and decision, to think their way rather than grope their way through life. For the rest, I trust that Dr. Howe's life speaks for itself. You cannot fail to see the beauty of his unselfish labors for others, or to be impressed by his energy and force of will, his courage and his marvellous insight. The poem by Whittier now to be recited gives a true picture of one side of the many-sided, but all-wise, attractive character of this truly great man. Dr. Howe died in January, 1876, mourned by the good and the wise everywhere.

TENNESSEE SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.

From another quarter of the south comes an interesting account of commemorative exercises in honor of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, held on the eleventh of November in the Tennessee School for the Blind at Nashville. This report is accompanied by the following note from Mr. JOHN V. ARMSTRONG, the superintendent of the school:—

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, Dec. 31, 1901.

MISS GAZELLA BENNETT.

Dear Madam,—In reply to your request of recent date for programme of our exercises in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Howe I enclose clippings from state papers which will give the data desired. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to show my appreciation even in so small a way of the great service Dr. Howe has done the blind. The movement to preserve this expression from so many grateful hearts seems a very happy one and I am sure the monograph will be a continual blessing.

Yours respectfully, J. V. ARMSTRONG.

ARTICLE FROM THE NASHVILLE BANNER, NOVEMBER 12, 1901.

Yesterday was an epoch in the history of the Tennessee School for the Blind. It was a dual celebration—first, the dedication of a new addition to this magnificent public institution, and the observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the founder of the first school for the blind in America. This great benefactor and philanthropist was a native of Boston, and after graduation in medicine he went to Greece and rendered valiant service to that country in its struggle for independence. On his return home, through Dr. John D. Fisher, he became interested in the education of the blind. He visited foreign lands in search of information and, returning in 1832, began teaching six blind children in his father's house, then afterwards in a rented house. In the speeches yesterday in the chapel of the school this distinguished philanthropist was frequently referred to in terms of reverential respect.

A little more than a decade after schools for the blind were established in Boston and New York, a similar school was founded in Nashville by Rev. James Champlin, a native of Bean's Station, Grainger County, who was superintendent, and through whose energy and ability the legislature in 1844 adopted the school as a state institution and made appropriations for its support.

Yesterday afternoon the exercises were held in the chapel, and Mr. W. C. Collier, a member of the board of trust, acted as master of ceremonies. When the guests had assembled, to a

march played by one of the teachers the pupils filed into the room, most of them taking seats on the platform.

The exercises were opened with the singing of a hymn, *Holy, Holy, Holy*, by the pupils, and prayer by Dr. John Matthews, pastor of McKendree Church, after which the pupils sang the hymn, *And Will the Great Eternal God*, with organ accompaniment by one of the pupils.

Mr. L. R. Campbell, one of the trustees, read a paper prepared by Prof. J. V. Armstrong, in which he reviewed at length the history of the education of the blind and gave a detailed statement of the work done in Tennessee. In the paper Mr. Armstrong paid a high tribute to the worth and merit of Dr. Howe. He spoke of the rise of the methods of education, and the paper will be a valuable one on this subject. He paid a tribute to Judge Lea's munificence. In reviewing the history of the school, Mr. Armstrong said, among other things:

Seventy years ago six children constituted the first school for the blind, but today nearly 5,000 children are being trained and educated in thirty-six schools, with 383 teachers, provided by the various states, costing over \$1,000,000 annually for their support and maintenance. These schools are equipped with libraries containing 89,641 volumes and scientific apparatus worth \$83,815. Their properties amount to \$6,060,090.

The pupil band then rendered a national air.

The following paper, written by the superintendent, Mr. J. V. ARMSTRONG, and read by one of the trustees, Mr. L. R. Campbell, forms an important contribution to the tributes to the memory of Dr. Howe and gives an interesting *résumé* of the work in behalf of the blind in this country: —

PAPER BY MR. ARMSTRONG.

Today it is the pleasant privilege of all here assembled to witness the dedication of this beautiful new addition to our school building and to do honor to a man whom men should delight to

honor, — a man whose monument is not an imposing shaft of marble, but, grander far, it consists of the thirty-six schools for the blind, which dot these United States, and the glorious memory that it was he, with his tireless energy and courage, who gave this great work its first impulse.

About seventy years ago a young and enthusiastic physician, a lover of liberty and of humanity, on his way home from Greece, where his services in the patriot army as physician, diplomat and soldier aided in no small degree to win independence and freedom for the land where Homer sang, stopped at Paris, saw the far-famed Haüy school for the blind, and so strongly did it appeal to his kindly nature that on reaching his home in Boston, he met with some gentlemen who were previously impressed with what had been accomplished for the blind in France, and with their advice and assistance founded the first school for the blind in this country.

The fact that blind persons could read by the sense of touch excited great interest. People came from far and near to behold the wonder. Soon other schools were founded, and the kind-hearted people generously contributed to their support, but they were charities, pure and simple, possessing many of the asylum features. They were looked upon by the general public much in the same way as menageries or circuses. People visited them with a morbid curiosity to see the children go through the strange performance of reading raised letters with their fingers, exclaiming: "Poor things! Isn't it wonderful?" dropped a small coin in the donation box and departed. The blind were treated as a peculiar class to be pitied and petted, spoiled or neglected, as the case might be. Some were phenomenally bright and were remarkable for their success, notwithstanding the few crude appliances of that day, while others seemed sadly deficient in the qualities which insure success.

Schools for the blind have been, like all other enterprises, forced to pass through a process of development or evolution before they could attain full growth or perfection. Many of our earlier instructors were men of ability and entered this new unexplored field of endeavor with zeal and enthusiasm, but as there were no lines laid down to be followed, and as the data were very meager, with only a few isolated facts to prove that the enterprise was at

all feasible, each one adopted the course which seemed to him most practicable and most likely to yield good results. Appliances and contrivances too numerous to mention were invented. Many alphabets of more or less merit were constructed, and the superiority of each to all others was warmly advocated by its inventor. The eagle was very much in evidence. However strange it may seem, these men, who were beyond doubt philanthropists, clung to their own methods and systems with all the tenacity and narrowness of the bigot, and, although some of that same intolerant spirit still exists among us, yet on the whole we have made much progress.

In those early days when the only books we had were the Bible and the *Dairyman's Daughter*, instruction was given orally, and while much may be said in its favor, it has one very serious and objectionable feature. For a child with a reflective habit, a good memory and a quick apprehension, it is excellent; but for one of slow thought, with a poor memory, and who has little power of concentration, it will not answer. It discourages, degrades and humiliates; a phrase forgotten, a problem misunderstood, spoils the whole lesson; the time is wasted and lost. Nothing could be done. The schools were poor and could not incur the extraordinary expense of printing embossed books.

At that time, as well as the present, schools could not agree upon one system of print. There existed a spirit of jealousy and intolerance which rendered unanimity of thought and action impossible. Unsuccessful doctors, retired clergymen and impecunious politicians were poor stuff to make superintendents of, yet that was the kind we had in a number of our schools. They would not, or could not, profit by the experience of others: they condemned without examination whatever emanated from other schools; they would not compromise their little dignity by accepting advice or suggestions from men infinitely superior.

Dr. Howe, the founder of the Boston school for the blind and for nearly half a century its distinguished superintendent, was by far the ablest instructor of the blind in America. After much careful thought and numerous experiments and two journeys to Europe to examine the books in relief brought out in Edinburgh and Paris, the Doctor published the Bible in embossed print, 1843,

just three years after Alston's Bible was issued in Glasgow. Alston used the capitals exclusively, while Howe, with better judgment, used the small letters, or what is known as the lower case type. These letters are still used with few changes. The capitals, however, take their legitimate place as in print for the seeing.

When we consider the marvellous growth and popularity of our country, its rapid increase in population, its enormous wealth, its vast commercial interests, reaching every point in the world, its splendid mercantile marine, traversing the seas of every clime, freighted with the rich products of our fields and mines, of our shops and factories, bound for the world's great marts where American workmanship and skill have won recognition and have borne off the prizes from most of the European expositions, our progress is wonderful. In the arts, in science, in the application of chemistry and mechanics to the everyday business life, we are unequalled. Wherever you turn your gaze in the onward sweep of civilization, America, with her indomitable pluck and energy, leads the van. She feeds the starving and famished people of Russia and India; she protects the weak and helpless from tyranny and oppression, and wherever her flag floats on the breeze there is peace and safety.

We ask what has brought this about? What are the agents, the motive power, of this amazing greatness and grandeur?

The early part of the nineteenth century was very conservative, slow to adopt new ways and new ideas. It was to the latter part as a zephyr to a hurricane, as a ripple on a placid lake to the thunder of a tempest-driven wave upon a trembling shore.

The answer is not hard to find. The press and the convention deserve the credit for the magnificent results. But while the newspaper chronicles the transactions and achievements of the world each day, the convention gathers together representative men from all sections of the country, who are interested in the purpose for which the convention is called. The political parties meet to discuss the vital questions of the day and to nominate our rulers, giving opportunity to every man to display his eloquence, wisdom and learning. Every denomination, every syndicate, the capitalist and the laborer, find the convention a place where interests may

be harmonized, disputed questions settled, and concert of action secured.

In 1853 it was proposed by Dr. Howe of Boston and Mr. William Chapin of Philadelphia to hold a convention of superintendents and teachers of schools for the blind in the United States. The proposition was favorably received and the first convention was held in the Institution for the Blind, New York city, 1854. This was a step in the right direction. It brought in touch with the wealthy and more progressive schools those poorly equipped and poorly conducted. It was decided to meet biennially in alternate schools for the blind throughout the country, and that a report of the proceedings be published and distributed among those schools. Of course some good resulted from these meetings. They quickened thought and compelled preparation and study. The objector and the faultfinder were well represented, as was also the critic who is generally regarded as a disagreeable fellow, — yet he has his place, and sometimes a very important one, for though he does not create, it is he who oftenest detects the faults and flaws in the creations of others and frequently is able to offer valuable suggestions.

Gradually improvements were made in methods and appliances, and a few modifications in the print used at that time, which was the raised letter. However, early in the 70's the Braille, or point system of reading and writing, began to excite considerable interest. The fact that only certain parts of the letters were felt by the reader gave ground for the opinion that only those parts or points giving character to the letter need be printed. This indisputable fact gained many supporters for the Braille system. Other cogent reasons have been advanced in its favor. One of these is that the adult and aged blind learn to read it with ease and fluency, which is rarely ever accomplished with the raised letter; another is that it is the only system that can be employed in both reading and writing by the blind, which to us is of the utmost importance and outweighs all arguments that may be urged in opposition to it.

About this time, 1875, the instructors of the blind began to realize the imperative need of text books and that without them

a complete and thorough education could not be given—a few children will learn in spite of all difficulties, but the generality of them must have every help that can be provided.

While all men were of one mind as to the need, the way to meet that need was another matter. A number of plans were proposed and rejected as impracticable, but a final decision resulted in superintendent and teachers petitioning the general government for aid.

This was by no means the first time congress was solicited for help. In 1845 Dr. Howe, Mr. William Chapin of Philadelphia and Mr. William Boggs of New York, accompanied by several of their most talented pupils, went to Washington and gave an exhibition before congress and two or three before the public in general. This produced a profound impression; much wonder and astonishment were expressed, but no material benefit was derived therefrom, for the education of the blind was still in its incipiency—still in the experimental state. Always people must be convinced by actual demonstration that any new scheme or enterprise, whatever it may be, will be beneficial or profitable before they will contribute to its support.

Hon. Albert S. Willis of Kentucky took charge of the bill; all the great men of that day gave it their unqualified approval, and it became a law in 1879. The bill provided that \$250,000 in bonds be set aside and the interest be used in printing books in raised characters for the blind. The superintendents of all the schools for the blind in the United States were to constitute the board of management, whose province would be to control and conduct the proper expenditure of the interest accruing from the aforesaid bonds. The American Printing House for the Blind was the result and was established in Louisville, Ky. The books selected to be printed by the committee appointed for that purpose are submitted to the board at large for approval or rejection, those receiving the greatest number of votes being printed and distributed among the various schools in proportion to the number of pupils enrolled in each. Many of the standard works in prose and poetry have been printed, as well as a large number of up-to-date text-books, without either abridgment or mutilation.

Thus schools for the blind are placed exactly on the same plane with schools for the seeing. The pupils are classified and graded

just as in other schools, and the curriculum embraces the usual grammar and high school branches. They are no longer charities; they no longer rest their claim for recognition or existence upon the pity and commiseration of the public. They are part of the public school system, and the children with defective vision who cannot attend the ordinary schools are received and educated in them. It is time to speak and think intelligently about this matter. Don't call your blind child a beggar or a pauper; don't call the school where he receives his education an asylum or a charity. It is an insult to spirited boys and girls to be classed with vagrants and criminals, and their schools with insane hospitals, asylums and penitentiaries.

Seventy years ago six children constituted the first school for the blind, but today nearly 5,000 children are being trained and educated in thirty-six schools, with 383 teachers, provided by the various states, costing over \$1,000,000 annually for their support and maintenance. These schools are equipped with libraries containing 89,641 volumes and scientific apparatus worth \$83,815. Their properties amount to \$6,060,090. Surely this is a magnificent showing. It is something for humanity to be proud of; it is a mile-stone, a monolith marking the onward march of the nineteenth century's civilization.

OHIO INSTITUTION FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

In the Ohio Institution for the Education of the Blind the senior class arranged exercises in memory of Dr. Howe, which were held on the fourteenth of November, 1901, in the chapel of the school. The programme was well planned and carried out. It is here given, but owing to the subsequent illness of the superintendent, the Rev. George L. Smead, it has been impossible to secure his address for publication in this connection.

EXERCISES IN MEMORY OF DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE.

PROGRAMME.

PIANO SOLO—Novelette,	. . .	NELLIE WRIGHT.
HISTORY OF EDUCATION FOR THE BLIND,	LILLIE YEARLING.
BIOGRAPHY OF DR. HOWE,	{ CATHERINE FLAMMER and MARIE CUTTING.
SELECTIONS from Charles T. Brooks' poem in Memory of Dr. Howe,	FRANK SWADENER.
SELECTIONS from Orations given in Memory of Dr. Howe,	NELLIE WRIGHT.
SONG,	LILLIE YEARLING.
DR. HOWE AND THE BIBLE FOR THE BLIND,	WILLIAM C. HURT.
SELECTIONS from Resolutions on the Death of Dr. Howe,	JAMES F. FLAHERTY.
POEM by Dr. O. W. Holmes,	NELLIE KINNEY.
ORATION, Some Estimates of Dr. Howe's Character,	PARLEY S. BRECKENRIDGE.
ADDRESS,	G. L. SMEAD.
CHORUS, America.		

BY THE SCHOOL.

 ONTARIO INSTITUTION FOR THE EDUCATION OF
THE BLIND.

A brief notice of the tributes paid at the Ontario Institution for the Blind, in Brantford, to the memory of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, in recognition of his wonderful achievements for the blind, is afforded by the following letter from the principal of the school, Mr. A. H. DYMOND:—

BRANTFORD, November 19th, 1901.

MISS JULIA E. BURNHAM.

Dear Madam, — I have to thank you for so kindly sending me reports and programme of the Howe centenary celebration.

On the same evening I took the opportunity of our pupils being assembled in our music hall to do honor to the birthday of King Edward, to give them a short account of the late Dr. S. G. Howe's life and works. I was commissioned to convey to you and your committee an expression of the grateful recognition of all present of the grand and benevolent work Dr. Howe has accomplished for the blind everywhere, and of sympathy with the desire evidenced by your action to show due admiration for those traits of a noble character which mark him as one of the most illustrious philanthropists of the past century.

Believe me, dear Madam, very sincerely yours,

A. H. DYMOND.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The leading newspapers of New England took a deep interest in the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Howe, and from the numerous notices, editorial articles and reports of the commemorative exercises at Tremont Temple published in their columns the following selections have been made.

THE SPRINGFIELD DAILY REPUBLICAN, OCTOBER 26, 1901.

When Dr. Howe, whose centenary we are to celebrate in Boston November 11, was a young chevalier in Paris, he undertook to carry money to the insurgent Poles in Prussia from a committee of which Lafayette was president. He did so, — delivered his message and turned his horse's head from the frontier of Prussian Poland toward Berlin. Presently he perceived that he was followed by Prussian spies, and at his hotel in Berlin he had barely time to hide his incriminating papers in the hollow head of a bust of Frederick the Great before the police arrested him and took him off to a secret dungeon. Out of this he came at the end of five weeks, through the intervention of Mr. Rives of Virginia, then our minister at Paris; but the Prussian police escorted him 600 miles to the farthest Prussian frontier, and advised him never to cross it again. This was in 1832; 11 years after, being in Europe, he desired to visit Berlin, but could get no permission from the Prussian government. Upon which his friend, Horace Mann, writing from Berlin to Dr. Howe in London, said: —

I consider this a compliment, though an inconvenient one. The king of Prussia has about 200,000 men constantly under arms, and, if necessary, he can increase his force to 2,000,000. This shows the estimation

in which he holds your single self; it is highly honorable to you and creditable to your country. If he is so afraid of one American citizen, how much must he respect the whole country! But you are no common citizen; and probably you have occupied his thought more than Gen. Jackson or John Tyler.

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, OCTOBER 31, 1901.

The centennial exercises in memory of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, who was born Nov. 10, 1801, will be presided over by Senator George F. Hoar, who writes to the committee that, while he has refused hundreds of invitations to attend public meetings this season, he has "too great an admiration for Dr. Howe's memory" to refuse to attend this one. Dr. Howe died about twenty-five years ago, so there is a generation still in active life that knew him personally, and many, many generations must come and go before the fame of his life and service can be lost. In fact, it deserves to remain bright and inspiring as long as the history of American philanthropy endures. He was our Abou Ben Adhem in both theory and practice. He united love for his fellow-men with rare ability to serve them and that, too, with exhaustless patience. He demonstrated new psychological possibilities in the human mind, and as the result of his discoveries thousands of unfortunates have been enabled to lead happy and useful, and many of them distinguished lives. His sympathies and service were limited to no people or condition. He was equally the friend of the slave toiling under the lash or the Greek struggling for his independence, though better known to the people of Boston by the great work of his life in this city. Not alone those to whom he has revealed a new world and new sources of mental and spiritual illumination owe him gratitude, but all humanity is his debtor. No man has reflected greater honor upon his city or his generation than he, and no tribute paid to his life-work and to its influence that has lived after him can do adequate justice to the merits of this noble and truly great man.

KINDERGARTEN REVIEW, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1901.

Editorial.

The centennial of the birthday of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, noted philanthropist and educator, occurs on the tenth of November of this year. That this centennial should be publicly commemorated, as it is to be in Boston, is very fitting; but a wider recognition is due. Comparatively few of Dr. Howe's appreciators can be present at the memorial meeting in Tremont Temple; but many people throughout the land will pay the tribute of gratitude and ardent admiration as they think of this wonderfully beneficent life.

There is much to recall about Dr. Howe. His sympathies were so broad, his activities so great, that his work extended into many fields; and in each field he proved himself such a leader, such a power, that what he did in any one field alone was enough to set his name high in our heroic annals.

He was an apostle of freedom: freedom for the struggling Greek nation, in whose war for independence he was a volunteer and served bravely; freedom for the poverty-bound or sin-bound people for whom he labored so assiduously and wisely in the Massachusetts State Board of Charities; freedom for the blind from the ignorance and pauperism, which most people thought to be the inevitable bondage resulting from blindness; freedom for the feeble-minded in whatever measure possible; freedom, in fact, for the human soul from all removable chains.

The unique, the paramount deliverance with which Dr. Howe's name will always be associated, however, is that of the blind deaf-mutes, Laura D. Bridgman being the chief example. Her education was all pioneer work,— a work conceived by Dr. Howe and executed principally by him. When we rejoice in the happy, active lives of the educated blind-deaf-mutes of today, we should remember Dr. Howe's "patient study and costly toil" in the discovery that even if shut in by a triple barrier, the mind could be reached and freed.

More valuable educational reading is scarcely to be found than is contained in Dr. Howe's published reports of the Perkins Insti-

tution, South Boston, Mass. Perusing them, the reader is often led to marvel at the penetrative wisdom of their author; for he set forth many of the "newest" pedagogical truths, and put many of them in practice in his school.

The fact that the memorial meeting (Tremont Temple, Monday, Nov. 11, 3 P.M.) was originated and planned by blind people is in itself a beautiful testimony to the efficacy of his work for their uplifting.

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, NOVEMBER 2, 1901.

WHOLLY THE WORK OF THE BLIND.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

In relation to the exercises commemorative of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe to be held at Tremont Temple on the afternoon of November 11, I should like to call the attention of your readers to one fact of which otherwise they may remain in ignorance. It is that the idea, the contribution of the necessary funds and the general plan of arrangements have all originated and been carried to completion almost entirely by the blind themselves. These anniversary exercises are the expression of their earnest desire to show what Dr. Howe did for them as individuals and as a class; how he made it possible for their minds to be trained to clear thinking and their hands to do honest labor, so that now indeed they are able to stand forth in their independence and say to the world: He it was who gave us our freedom, and to his memory we this day bring ourselves and our contributions and ask you to join with us in loving remembrance of our great benefactor.

To this end they have worked earnestly, contributed generously, asked no one to do what they could do themselves, and they will welcome you gladly when the afternoon of November 11 arrives. They have placed tickets in distribution in the manner indicated by the various newspaper notices. It should be understood also that all who do not obtain tickets in advance will be admitted to the hall at three o'clock.

Because they are too modest themselves to make it quite clear

that it is they, and not the Perkins Institution, who are responsible for these exercises, I would ask of you the space necessary for the insertion of this brief statement.

ALBERT MARSHALL JONES.

THE SPRINGFIELD DAILY REPUBLICAN, NOVEMBER 2, 1901.

Dr. Howe's centenary on the 11th of November attracts much notice as the day draws near and the arrangements for its celebration are made public. Dr. Hale, Col. Higginson, Mrs. Howe, Mr. Anagnos and other well-known persons will take part, and the occasion will be taken to point out the distinctive features of Chevalier Howe's comprehensive philanthropy, which did not avoid any of the questions that advancing civilization brings forward. The error of a recent correspondent in speaking of his South Boston blind school as a "deaf and dumb asylum" was natural, in view of the fact that he did solve there some of the hardest problems which deafness imposes on the benevolent. Not so excusable was that remark of a legislative committeeman many years ago, after going through the school and witnessing the exercises, "well, Dr. Howe, I don't see how you can teach them poor dumb creatures so much." Surprise at the later successes of Mr. Anagnos is more natural; but the chief credit must go to the inventor and pioneer in a work so novel. Howe's methods in education and public charity may be improved, but hardly his principles of action; and it will be many years yet before those are fully developed into general practices.

BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER, NOVEMBER 5, 1901.

A MEMORY OF DR. HOWE.

Dr. S. G. Howe (to whose memory a tribute of gratitude is to be paid on Nov. 11 in Tremont Temple) was a frequent contributor to The Advertiser. Through its columns he did much to interest the public in the causes for which he labored. The following personal notes about him were written by a lady who was a pupil at the Perkins Institution in Dr. Howe's time, and an intimate friend of Laura Bridgman:—

When Dr. Howe died in 1876, much was written in regard to his life and work, but nothing was more pathetic than the grief of Laura Bridgman, who went about from friend to friend spelling out the words with her fingers, "I have lost my best friend."

We had a fancy in our childhood that we were governed by two codes of law, and we spent much time and ingenuity in determining which of the codes was laid down by the Doctor, for that must not be broken with impunity. We might run the risk of the other and escape with a lecture. Now and then we came to grief.

We children had a wholesome awe of Dr. Howe, and it was a great relief to shake it off when we came to know him, and the more we knew him the better we loved him. There was that about him which to know went to the heart of all.

When he said "good morning," it made us feel that we had had a long talk with him, and the memory of it went down with us all day. He was a magnificent reader, and those who heard him read aloud can never forget the pleasure.

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, NOVEMBER 7, 1901.

DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.

Nearly three generations have passed since Dr. John D. Fisher met Dr. Howe on one of our Boston streets and asked him if he would be willing to take charge of a school for the blind. A full generation has lived since he finished his forty-three years of service as director of that institution, then under consideration, standing today as the visible monument of his earnest labors, though not bearing his name. It is very significant of the strength and endurance of his work that on this one hundredth anniversary of his birth there should be so spontaneous and general an expression of devotion on the part of the blind.

His great contention was not pity or favoritism for the blind, but fair play; not to give them money and thereby pauperize them, but to train them to do something, and then give them work to do. In short, treat them as "men among men." He had seen the weaknesses of the continental-asylum idea, wherein there is direct encouragement to inactivity and charity dependence, and he insisted that we should not incorporate such mistakes into our work. He established a school, not an asylum; when will that fact be generally recognized? All his life he fought fearlessly for recognition of the blind as piano-tuners, music-teachers, artisans,

professional men; wherever in fact their ability gave them the right to go. In twelve different States he appeared before assemblies and legislatures and urged the establishment of institutions for their education.

His so-called Boston line-letter was the first practical system of embossed letters that could be printed within reasonable compass, known to either continent. It is the system in use at the Perkins Institution today. Everyone has heard of his work with Laura Bridgman, an achievement which made him known the world over; perhaps the most difficult concrete educational problem ever solved by one man; solved, too, so definitely that his methods have been followed ever since in reaching and developing imprisoned intellects of similarly afflicted people.

Dr. Howe was a man of broad catholicity of feeling, of abounding enthusiasm and of exceptional intelligence. A clear and ready writer, he contributed invaluable reports on a variety of important subjects; reports to this day pregnant with suggestions and pedagogical principles of the utmost importance to all who have at heart the interest of those who walk in the darkness of sorrow, sin, or physical defect. He stands, par excellence, the great educator of the blind in this country. Many devoted men have done and still are doing noble work in this direction and to them all honor is due, but for keen analysis of conditions, quick inventive power and inflexible determination of purpose in philanthropic work of the truest sort, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe deserves and has a position of unrivalled eminence as the apostle of freedom of the hitherto neglected blind of America.

WORCESTER EVENING GAZETTE, NOVEMBER 7, 1901.

The centennial of the birth of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe will be observed in Tremont Temple on Monday next, Nov. 11, at 3 o'clock. The graduates and pupils of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind rejoice at this opportunity of rendering a fitting tribute to the memory of their honored benefactor. There is not an educated blind person in the country who does not owe something to the work of Dr. Howe.

The following extract will serve to show the way in which he

met the difficulties of a pioneer in the work of educating the blind :
 “ When we first became acquainted with Mr. Mann he took Mary (afterward Mrs. Mann) and me to a small brick house in Pleasant street, where in the simplest surroundings we found Dr. Howe with the half-dozen first pupils he had picked up in the highways and byways. He had then been about six months at work and had invented and laboriously executed some books with raised letters to teach them to read. Also some maps and diagrams necessary for instruction in geography and mathematics. He had gummed twine, I think, upon cardboard, an enormous labor, to form the letters of the alphabet. I shall not, in all time, forget the impression made upon me by seeing the hero of the Greek revolution wholly absorbed and applying all the energies of his genius to this apparently humble work, and doing it as Christ did, ‘ without money and without price.’ ”

The work of Dr. Howe was as varied as it was forceful, and perhaps this would be a fitting time to call attention to the beautiful lines written by Dr. Holmes shortly after his death : —

No trustier service claimed the wreath
 For Sparta's bravest son ;
 No truer soldier sleeps beneath
 The mound of Marathon ;

Yet not for him the warrior's grave
 In front of angry foes ;
 To lift, to shield, to help, to save,
 The holler task he chose.

He touched the eyelids of the blind,
 And lo ! the veil withdrawn,
 As o'er the midnight of the mind
 He led the light of dawn.

What prayers have reached the sapphire throne,
 By silent fingers spelt,
 For him who first through depths unknown
 His doubtful pathway felt.

No labored line, no sculptor's art
 Such hallowed memory needs ;
 His tablet is the human heart,
 His record, loving deeds.

THE SPRINGFIELD DAILY REPUBLICAN, NOVEMBER 9, 1901.

Hamlet's bitter exclamation, "O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year," does not hold good in Dr. Howe's case; for here is Boston getting ready to commemorate his hundredth birthday next Monday at Tremont temple, and Brown university, where he graduated in 1821 (the same year that Emerson graduated at Harvard), will hold a service the next day in his honor. No Bostonian ever deserved it more, or valued less the praise of men.

An account of the exercises which were held soon after Howe's death in 1876 was printed immediately in book form, and afterward reproduced in raised letters for the blind. Perhaps the services of next week may be placed on record in the same way.

Mrs. Howe, who has returned to Boston from Rhode Island, will be at the temple, with her family, and doubtless will be called on for some words, in prose or verse.

BOSTON COURIER, NOVEMBER 9, 1901.

HOWE MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

During the many years that Dr. Howe was the revered director of the institution, he always conducted morning devotions, unless prevented by some extraordinary circumstances. His impressive voice and manner as he read the Scriptures, gave out the morning hymn and led in the Lord's Prayer, are often spoken of by those who knew him. Doubtless this impressiveness did much toward securing the reputation given him in the following incident.

Dr. Howe was in religious, as in other matters, an independent thinker, and was considered by his more sectarian brethren an "atheist." One morning, a Baptist minister, who was associated with him in some city business, called and asked if the doctor were in. "Yes," said the steward who opened the door, "he is in, but he is busy." The minister explained that his errand was urgent and his time limited and said that if the doctor were in, he wished to see him at once. The shrewd steward, who knew



Dr. HOWE'S HOME AT SOUTH BOSTON.

From an oil painting by George L. Brown.

how the doctor's liberal views were looked upon, said, "he is in, but he is busy at prayers." "Prayers!" exclaimed the minister. "Yes, yes," said the steward, "right up there, you can go up," and pointed to the stairs which led to the assembly room. The astounded divine went mechanically up the stairs and into the room, where, with his own eyes and ears he saw and heard Dr. Howe read and conduct morning devotions with his household. After the service, the minister went away, and the report went forth that "Howe was a pious and a praying man."

THE WOMAN'S JOURNAL, NOVEMBER 9, 1901.

DR. S. G. HOWE.

Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the 100th anniversary of whose birth will be celebrated in Tremont Temple, Boston, on November 11, has never been more charmingly described than by his daughter, Mrs. Laura E. Richards, in the book that she wrote for her own children, entitled *When I was Your Age*. The five gifted children born to Dr. Samuel G. Howe and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe had a rarely happy childhood, which is graphically painted by Mrs. Richards. In the chapter entitled *Our Father*, she says in part:

He was tall and very erect, with the carriage and walk of a soldier. His hair was black, with silver threads in it; his eyes were of the deepest and brightest blue I ever saw. They were eyes full of light; to us it was the soft, beaming light of love and tenderness, but sometimes to others it was the flash of a sword. He was very handsome; in his youth he had been thought one of the handsomest men of his day. It was a gallant time, this youth of our father. When hardly more than a lad, he went out to help the brave Greeks, who were fighting to free their country from the cruel yoke of the Turks. At an age when most young men were thinking how they could make money, and how they could best advance themselves in the world, our father thought only how he could do most good, be of most help to others. So he went out

to Greece, and fought in many a battle beside the brave mountaineers. Dressed like them in the "snowy chemise and the shaggy capote," he shared their toils and their hardships; slept, rolled in his cloak, under the open stars, or sat over the camp-fire, roasting wasps strung on a stick like dried cherries. The old Greek chieftains called him "the beautiful youth" and loved him. Once he saved the life of a wounded Greek at the risk of his own, as you will read in Whittier's beautiful poem, *The Hero*; and the rescued man followed him afterwards like a dog, not wishing to lose sight of him for an hour, and would even sleep at his feet at night.

His letters and journals give vivid pictures of the wild life among the rugged Greek mountains. . . . He gives a pleasant account of his visit to a good old Greek priest, who lived with his family in a tiny cottage, the best house in the village. He found the good old man just sitting down to supper with his wife and children, and was invited most cordially to join them. The supper consisted of a huge beet, boiled, and served with butter and black bread. This was enough for the whole family, and the guest, too; and after describing the perfect contentment and cheerfulness which reigned in the humble dwelling, our father makes some reflections on the different things which go to make up a pleasant meal, and decided that the old "Papa" (as a Greek priest is called) had a much better supper than many rich people he remembered at home, who feasted three times a day on all that money could furnish in the way of good cheer, and found neither joy nor comfort in their victuals.

Once our father and his comrades lay hidden for hours in the hollow of an ancient wall (built thousands of years ago, perhaps in Homer's day) while the Turks, scimitar in hand, scoured the fields in search of them. Many years after, he showed this hollow to his daughters, Julia and Laura, who accompanied him on his fourth journey to Greece, and told them the story.

When our father saw the terrible sufferings of the Greek women and children, who were starving while their husbands and fathers were fighting for life and freedom, he thought that he could help best by helping them. So he came back to this country and told all that he had seen, and asked for money and clothes and food

for the perishing wives and mothers and children. He told the story well, and put his whole heart into it; and people listen to a story so told. Many hearts beat in answer to his, and in a short time he sailed for Greece again, with a good ship full of rice and flour, and cloth to make into garments, and money to buy whatever else might be needed. When he landed in Greece, the women came flocking about him by thousands, crying for bread, and praying God to bless him. He felt blessed enough when he saw the children eating bread, and saw the naked backs covered, and the sad, hungry faces smiling again. So he went about doing good, and helping wherever he saw need. Perhaps many a poor woman may have thought that the beautiful youth was almost like an angel sent by God to relieve her, and she may not have been far wrong.

When the war was over and Greece was a free country, our father came home, and looked about him again to see what he could do to help others. He talked with a friend of his, Dr. Fisher, and they decided that they would give their time to helping the blind, who needed help greatly. There were no schools for them in those days; and if a child was blind, it must sit with folded hands and learn nothing.

Our father found several blind children, and took them to his home and taught them. By-and-by some kind friends gave money, and one—Colonel Perkins—gave a fine house to be a school for these children and others; and that was the beginning of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, now a great school where many blind boys and girls learn to read and study, and to play on various instruments, and to help themselves and others in the world.

Our father always said, "help people to help themselves; don't accustom them to being helped by others." Another saying of his, perhaps his favorite one, next to the familiar "let justice be done though the heavens fall!" was this: "Obstacles are things to be overcome." Indeed, this was one of the governing principles of his life; and there were few obstacles that did not go down before that keen lance of his, always in rest and ready for a charge.

When our father first began his work in philanthropy, some

of his friends used to laugh at him, and call him Don Quixote. Especially was this the case when he took up the cause of the idiotic and weak-minded, and vowed that, instead of being condemned to live like animals, and be treated as such, they should have their rights as human beings, and should be taught all the more carefully and tenderly because their minds were weak and helpless.

“What do you think Howe is going to do now?” cried one gentleman to another, merrily. “He is going to teach the idiots, ha, ha, ha!” and they both laughed heartily, and thought it a very good joke. But people soon ceased to laugh when they saw the helpless creatures beginning to help themselves; saw the girls learning to sew and the boys to work; saw light gradually come into the vacant eyes (dim and uncertain light it might be, but how much better than blank darkness!), and strength and purpose to the nerveless fingers.

So the School for Feeble-Minded Children was founded, and has been ever since a pleasant place, full of hope and cheer; and when people found that this Don Quixote knew very well the difference between a giant and a windmill, and that he always brought down his giants, they soon ceased to laugh, and began to wonder and admire.

All my readers have probably heard about Laura Bridgman, whom he found a little child, deaf, dumb and blind, knowing no more than an animal, and how he taught her to read and write, to talk with her fingers, and to become an earnest, thoughtful, industrious woman. It is a wonderful story, but it has already been told. I hope you will all read, some day, a Life of our father, and learn about all the things he did, for it needs a whole volume to tell them.

But it is especially as our father that I want to describe this great and good man. I suppose there never was a tenderer or kinder father. He liked to make companions of his children, and was never weary of having us “tagging” at his heels. We followed him about the garden like so many little dogs, watching the pruning or grafting which were his special tasks. We followed him up into the wonderful pear-room, where were many chests of drawers, every drawer full of pears lying on cotton wool. Our

father watched their ripening with careful heed, and told us many things about their growth and habits. Then there was his own room, where we could examine the wonderful drawers of his great bureau, and play with the "picknickles" and "bucknickles." I believe our father invented these words. They were — well, all kinds of pleasant little things, — amber mouthpieces and buckles and bits of enamel, and a wonderful Turkish pipe, and seals and wax, and some large pins two inches long, which were great treasures.

I cannot remember that our father was ever out of patience when we pulled his things about. He had many delightful stories, — one of "Jacky Nory," which had no end, and went on and on, through many a walk and garden prow. Often, too, he would tell us of his own pranks when he was a little boy, — how they used to tease an old Portuguese sailor with a wooden leg, and how the old man would get very angry and cry out, "Calabash me rompe you!" meaning "I'll break your head!" How when he was a student in college, and ought to have known better, he led the president's old horse upstairs and left him in an upper room of one of the college buildings, where the poor beast astonished the passers-by by putting his head out of the windows and neighing. And then our father would shake his head and say he was a very naughty boy; and Harry must never do such things. (But Harry did!)

He loved to play and romp with us. Sometimes he would put on his great fur-coat and come into the dining-room at dancing-time on all-fours, growling horribly, and pursue us into corners, we shrieking with delighted terror. Or he would sing for us, sending us into fits of laughter, for he had absolutely no ear for music. "Hail to the Chief!" was his favorite song, and he sang it with great spirit and fervor, though the air was strictly original and very peculiar. When he was tired of romping or carrying us on his shoulders, he would say, "No! no more! I have a bone in my leg!" which excuse was accepted by us little ones in perfect good faith, as we thought it some mysterious but painful malady.

If our father had no ear for music, he had a fine one for metre and read poetry aloud very beautifully. His voice was melodious and ringing, and we were thrilled with his own enthusiasm as he

read to us from Scott or Byron, his favorite poets. I can never read "The Assyrian came down," without hearing the ring of his voice and seeing the flash of his blue eyes as he recited the splendid lines. He had a great liking for Pope, too, and for Butler's *Hudibras*, which he was constantly quoting. He commonly, when riding, wore but one spur, giving *Hudibras'* reason, that if one side of the horse went, the other must perforce go with it; and how often on some early morning walk or ride have I heard him say:

And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.

Or if war or fighting were mentioned, he would often cry:

Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!

His reading of the Bible was most impressive. No one who heard him read morning prayers at the institution (which he always did until his health failed in later years) can have forgotten the grave, melodious voice, the reverent tone, the majestic head bent above the sacred book. Nor was it less impressive when on Sunday afternoons he read to us, his children. He would have us read, too, allowing us to choose our favorite psalms or other passages.

He was an early riser and often shared our morning walks. Each child, as soon as it was old enough, was taught to ride; and the rides before breakfast with him are things never to be forgotten. He took one child at a time, so that all in turn might have the pleasure. It seems hardly longer ago than yesterday, — the coming downstairs in the cool, dewy morning, nibbling a cracker for fear of hunger, springing into the saddle, the little black mare shaking her head, impatient to be off; the canter through the quiet streets, where only an early milkman or baker was to be seen, though on our return we should find them full of boys, who pointed the finger and shouted:

Lady on a hossback,
Row, row, row!

then out into the pleasant country, galloping over the smooth road, or pacing quietly under shady trees. Our father was a superb

rider; indeed, he never seemed so absolutely at home as in the saddle. He was very particular about our holding whip and reins in the right way.

Speaking of his riding reminds me of a story our mother used to tell us. When Julia was a baby, they were travelling in Italy, driving in an old-fashioned travelling carriage. One day they stopped at the door of an inn, and our father went in to make some inquiries. While he was gone, the rascally driver thought it a good opportunity for him to slip in at a side door to get a draught of wine; and, the driver gone, the horses saw that here was *their* opportunity; so they took it, and ran away with our mother, the baby and nurse in the carriage.

Our father, hearing the sound of wheels, came out, caught sight of the driver's guilty face peering around the corner in affright, and at once saw what had happened. He ran at full speed along the road in the direction in which the horses were headed. Rounding a corner of the mountain which the road skirted, he saw at a little distance a country wagon coming slowly toward him, drawn by a stout horse, the wagoner half asleep on the seat. Instantly our father's resolve was taken. He ran up, stopped the horse, unhitched him in the twinkling of an eye, leaped upon his back, and was off like a flash, before the astonished driver, who was not used to two-legged whirlwinds, could utter a word.

Probably the horse was equally astonished, but he felt a master on his back, and, urged by hand and voice, he sprang to his topmost speed, galloped bravely on, and soon overtook the lumbering carriage-horses, which were easily stopped. No one was hurt, though our mother and the nurse had of course been sadly frightened. The horses were turned, and soon they came in sight of the unhappy countryman, still sitting on his wagon, petrified with astonishment. He received a liberal reward and probably regretted that there were no more "mad Americans" to steal a ride and pay for it.

This presence of mind, this power of acting on the instant, was one of our father's great qualities. It was this that made him, when the wounded Greek sank down before him,

. . . fling him from the saddle
And place the stranger there.

It was this, when arrested and imprisoned by the Prussian government on suspicion of befriending unhappy Poland, that taught him what to do with the important papers he carried. In the minute during which he was left alone, before the official came to search him, he thrust the documents up into the hollow head of a bust of the king of Prussia which stood on a shelf; then tore some unimportant papers into the smallest possible fragments, and threw them into a basin of water which stood close at hand.

Next day, the fragments carefully pasted together were shown to him, hours having been spent in the painful and laborious task; but nobody thought of looking for more papers in the head of King Friedrich Wilhelm.

Our father, though nothing could be proved against him, might have languished long in that Prussian prison had it not been for the exertions of a fellow-countryman. This gentleman had met him in the street the day before, had asked his address, and promised to call on him. Inquiring for him next day at the hotel, he was told that no such person was or had been there. Instantly suspecting foul play, this good friend wrote to the American minister in Paris, and told his story. The minister took up the matter warmly, and demanded of the Prussian officials to give up his countryman. This, after repeated denials of any knowledge of the affair, they at length reluctantly consented to do. Our father was taken out of prison at night, placed in a carriage, and driven across the border into France, where he was dismissed with a warning never to set foot in Prussia again.

One day, I remember, we were sitting at the dinner-table, when a messenger came flying, "all wild with haste and fear," to say that a fire had broken out at the institution.

Now in those days there lay between Green Peace and the institution a remnant of the famous Washington Heights, where Washington and his staff had once made their camp.

Much of the higher ground had already been dug away, but there still remained a great hill sloping back and up from the garden wall, and terminating, on the side toward the institution, in an abrupt precipice, some forty feet high. The bearer of the bad news had been forced to come round by way of several streets, thus losing precious minutes; but the Doctor did not know what it was

to lose a minute. Before any one could speak or ask what he would do he was out of the house, ran through the garden, climbed the slope at the back, rushed like a flame across the hill-top, and slid down the almost perpendicular face of the precipice! Bruised and panting, he reached the institution and saw at a glance that the fire was in the upper story. Take time to go round to the door and up the stairs? Not he! He "swarmed" up the gutter-spout, and in less time than it takes to tell it was on the roof, and cutting away at the burning timbers with an axe, which he had got hold of no one knows how. That fire was put out, as were several others at which our father assisted.

Fire is swift, but it could not get ahead of the Doctor.

These are a few of the stories; but, as I said, it needs a volume to tell all about our father's life. I cannot tell in this short space how he worked with the friends of liberty to free the slaves; how he raised the poor and needy, and "helped them to help themselves;" how he was a light to the blind, and to all who walked in darkness, whether of sorrow, sin or suffering. Most men, absorbed in such high works as these, would have found scant leisure for family life and communion, but no finger-ache of our father's smallest child ever escaped his loving care, no childish thought or wish ever failed to win his sympathy. We who had this high privilege of being his children love to think of him as the brave soldier, the wise physician, the great philanthropist; but dearest of all is the thought of him as our loving and tender father.

DR. HOWE IN SAN DOMINGO.

In next Monday's celebration of the memory of the great philanthropist and champion of liberty, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, a personal reminiscence of his course on the proposed annexation of San Domingo, thirty years ago, may be of interest.

While walking along Mount Vernon street one morning in 1871, I witnessed a meeting between Dr. Howe and Governor William Claflin. "Doctor," said the governor, "is it true that you have accepted an appointment by President Grant as member of a commission of three deputed by congress to visit the Dominican republic and report upon the treaty for its annexation?"

“It is true,” replied Dr. Howe, “I have accepted the appointment.”

“In that case,” said the governor, “we shall learn the truth in regard to the affair, for we can rely on your giving us the facts.”

A few days later, accepting Dr. Howe’s cordial invitation to join the commission on its arrival in San Domingo, I took passage on the steamer *Tybee*, was kindly welcomed by the commissioners in Santo Domingo City, and was quartered with other newspaper correspondents in the “palace,” a large government building with a wide piazza looking east and south, over the broad expanse of the Caribbean Sea. Soon afterwards the three commissioners made a series of individual excursions into the interior of the island. Dr. Howe invited me to accompany him in an expedition to the “Llanos,” or prairies, which extend eastward from the Ozama River. Our journey was on horseback, of course, the Camino Real, or high road, being impassable for wheeled vehicles, had there been any.

At the close of a two days’ journey through a lovely wilderness, almost without inhabitants, riding through natural pastures, with the grass in some cases as high as our horses’ backs, we reached a small village with a church built of native mahogany, carefully whitewashed. We were hospitably entertained by the village “padre” at his home. The house was of one story, very plainly furnished, with earthen floors. In each corner of the room was a fighting-cock, attached to the wall by a string, and our host expatiated with gusto upon their belligerent qualities, inviting us to remain and be present at a trial of their prowess, which would take place next Sunday afternoon. The padre was an intelligent man of middle age. He had been educated in Europe, and although he could not speak English, nor Dr. Howe Spanish, they were able to converse in Latin.

While reposing in hammocks near the house, we were startled by shouts and a discharge of firearms. Dr. Howe sprang to his feet with the agility of a boy, prepared to meet an attack. But it proved to be only a salute in honor of “los Americanos.”

On our return to Boston we held a public meeting together in Tremont Temple, at which Dr. Howe presided and spoke. I gave a description of the island, illustrated by a large map made

for the occasion. But it was of no avail. Mr. Sumner's resolute and impassioned opposition had defeated the measure in advance of our return, and the commissioners' favorable report could not change the result.

About two years later I again accompanied Dr. Howe, when, with Mrs. Howe and his daughter Maud and another young Boston lady, he went as governor to Samana Bay, during its brief possession by the ill-fated Samana Bay Company. I shall never forget the beautiful promontory near Santa Barbara, clothed with tropical foliage and commanding a magnificent view of bay and islands and a gorgeous tropical landscape, which was the site of the cottage occupied by Governor and Mrs. Howe during their stay there. It was like a dream of fairyland! Nor shall I forget the sensation created in the sleepy old mediæval city of Santo Domingo by the arrival of Mrs. Howe and the young and beautiful American ladies, with their charming vivacity and frank American manners, which captivated the young people of the city.

During these two expeditions I became well acquainted with Dr. Howe, and had reason to admire his shrewd diplomacy and admirable common sense. His independence was shown in his advocacy of the annexation of San Domingo subsequent to his first visit, in opposition to his life-long friend, Charles Sumner, and many of his most intimate associates.

It is pleasant to add that in his later years Dr. Howe expressed himself as heartily in favor of equal suffrage for women.

H. B. B.

THE BOSTON BUDGET, NOVEMBER 10, 1901.

The World Beautiful.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

“ Oh, for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear!
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love knot on his spear!”

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
 To the time her proud pulse beat,
 " Life hath its regal natures yet,—
 True, tender, brave and sweet !
 " Smile not, fair unbeliever !
 One man at least, I know,
 Who might wear the crest of Bayard
 Or Sidney's plume of snow."

— WHITTIER.

Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe is the modern Bayard to whom Mr. Whittier referred in the stanzas quoted above taken from his poem entitled *The Hero*. It is wonderful to discover the degree to which the biographies of the great men of New England are written in the hearts of the poets. In all the literature of the world there is nothing to compare, in extent, to the way in which this group of American poets — Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier and Dr. Holmes — have celebrated each other, and also such of their friends and neighbors as inspired such tribute in their poems. This poem of Whittier to Doctor Howe is one of peculiar interest today, as we stand on the eve of the celebration of the centenary of this remarkable man, who united in himself the power to bring great qualities to bear on the most diverse human events and human needs. The gallant daring defender of the Greeks in their conflict for liberty against the Turks became the teacher and consoler of the blind, — the wise leader who was to inaugurate for them a new place in life, and again it was he who enlisted the psychological and scientific interest of the world in his successful methods of unlocking the prison house of Laura Bridgman, who was blind, deaf and dumb and yet who became able through Doctor Howe's methods to come into communication with the world in which she lived. Well does Mr. Whittier say: —

Peace hath higher tests of manhood
 Than battle ever knew.

The celebration tomorrow will be a beautiful tribute to one of humanity's great benefactors, but it may well be an event to inspire anew all noble and earnest effort toward that only true ideal of life, — that which comes not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Dr. Howe was one of the wisest and most beneficent of philanthropists, whose judgment kept the fine balance between true

sympathy and unavailing sacrifice. He inaugurated a new method of humane care for the blind. He saw the innate weakness of demanding for them the sacrifice of other lives in attempts to care for them as subjects only for aid, and he constructed and applied that system of wise philanthropy which makes opportunity for the afflicted, and helps them to help themselves.

The development of faculties and the training that gives to each a special occupation confer a happiness which no external aid or care can inspire, and it is this wise purpose that Dr. Howe conceived and embodied in his work that Boston will celebrate in Tremont Temple tomorrow. It is they who, like Dr. Howe, work with constructive methods, — with heart and hope and belief, — who are contributing to the general well being, and not those who conceive of life as sacrifice, and of sacrifice as some negation of denial. Instead of denial we want affirmation and enthusiasm and vitality. It is he who goes forward into achievement who contributes to the wealth of life, rather than he who in a mistaken reading of sacrifice throws his life away.

There is something to be said for taking life naturally, within the relations that develop for us by virtue of the natural selection and elective affinities of temperament, rather than to stake out all one's territory in right angles, and to hold the conviction that because a given thing is difficult and disagreeable it must, therefore, be desirable. Sacrifice is a word involving such profound and mystic meaning that it is not unfrequently dislocated from its true significance, and made to do duty in ways wholly foreign to its meaning. As a matter of fact, the good befalls, and circumstances are more largely beneficent than we always give them the credit of being. A very great part of one's individual life is the life that he does not himself personally live, but in which he shares. The great events of the world are a part of the personal interest of each and every one. The entire texture of American life is exalted and ennobled as well as enlarged by the splendid moral victory in New York last week, and the defeat and downfall of that phase of corruption under the general name of Tammany. It is a great victory for the cause of good government and good citizenship, and it radiates its tide of new energy over the country.

Another great event that has its relation of significance to the

civilized world is the completion of the Trans-Siberian railway, opening vast plains to colonization and civilization, and at once making itself a new factor to affect the markets and immigration. Constantly are great events, of which these two are typical, occurring, which enlarge and exalt the general life, and in which each individual life has its share. There is an enormous waste of energy and misdirected endeavor in charities and sacrifices which benefit no one. Maurice Maeterlinck has well said :

In this world there are thousands of weak, noble creatures who fancy that sacrifice always must be the last word of duty ; thousands of beautiful souls that know not what should be done, and seek only to yield up their life, holding that to be virtue supreme. They are wrong ; supreme virtue consists in the knowledge of what should be done, in the power to decide for ourselves whereto we should offer our life. The duty each holds to be his is by no means his permanent duty. The paramount duty of all is to throw our conception of duty into clearest possible light. The word duty itself will often contain far more error and moral indifference than virtue. And meanwhile there are certain ideas that prevail on renouncement, resignation and sacrifice, that are far more destructive to the most beautiful moral forces of man than great vices, or even than crimes.

Dr. Howe's achievements in his generous and humane work owed much to his ability to discern these leading currents and events in his own time, and to work in harmony with them ; as the philanthropist of today may find the events—such as the defeat of Tammany or the completion of an intercontinental railroad—to be factors in his scheme for the betterment of humanity. This is to say that the progress of life is of a two-fold nature, — that which results from individual effort and that from the general onward trend of events, and it is he who shall clearly see these forces and be able to write them, who will be the most potent aid in advancement. Mr. Whittier calls Dr. Howe “the Cadmus of the blind,” and the serene exaltation and power of Dr. Howe is imaged in this stanza :

As waves in stillest waters,
As stars in noonday skies,
All that wakes to noble action,
In his noon of calmness lies.

THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, NOVEMBER 10, 1901.

What Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe meant to his age and his country some of his illustrious contemporaries and coadjutors will tell tomorrow, but none of them will utter a finer eulogy than did the blind, deaf mute, Laura Bridgman, his most famous pupil, when, after the doctor's death, in 1876, she went about among her friends and teachers in the institution at South Boston spelling into their hands: "I have lost my best friend."

It was Mrs. Julia Ward Howe herself who characterized the peninsular district as a "distinctly unfashionable suburb." Probably she did not stop to think that her famous husband had done more than any one else to make it so. South Boston became the refuge for the commonwealth's defective citizens. There were the prisoners, the insane, the "feeble-minded" and the blind, and for the two latter the doctor was responsible. These institutions brought South Boston a distinct measure of fame and a decided sprinkling of famous visitors, but did not tend to make it a centre of fashion, a circumstance which all its true-hearted residents do not lament. Dr. Howe's own residence, even apart from its ownership, was perhaps the most noteworthy.

Many an old resident of South Boston can recall the white house standing in extensive grounds and facing what is now 6th street. The estate extended to 7th street on the south, to what is now Storey on the north, and almost to G on the west. "Green Peace" Mrs. Howe called it. Many an old pupil of the school for the blind can recall delightful days spent there, playing with the Howe children and with the "doctor" himself, who was always an excellent playmate.

Boston, where his greatest monuments exist, was Dr. Howe's birthplace. His father, a ropemaker, lived on Pleasant street, near where the old Providence station now stands, and Samuel Gridley Howe was born in this house, Nov. 10, 1801. He was sent to the Boston Latin school and later to Brown University, where he graduated in 1821. He returned to Boston and took up the study of medicine and earned the title of doctor.

During his long life there was scarcely a revolutionary movement in which Dr. Howe did not figure. He began his career by

throwing up his practice as a physician in 1823 and setting out for Greece to aid the Greeks in their struggle against the Turks, and this act is an excellent illustration of the restless, active, generous and adventurous spirit of the man. After six years of warfare in the Greek ranks he returned to America, where he raised \$60,000 for the Hellenic cause, and with this money set out once more for Greece, where, besides bringing much-needed supplies to the struggling Greeks, he established a colony for refugees on the isthmus of Corinth.

The Polish revolution in 1832 next attracted him and he was instrumental in smuggling supplies over the Prussian frontier to the Poles, for which act he was afterward arrested in Berlin and only released after much effort on the part of the American minister.

When Dr. Howe, who was escorted out of Prussia by gendarmes and emphatically told never to return, came back to Boston, he became the coadjutor of Dr. John Fisher in the founding of the school for the blind, which has made his name so memorable. So often and so well has the story been told that one dares not repeat it here.

No school that ever existed is such a splendid monument to the patience and skill of its founders, but Dr. Howe's part in the founding is rather apt to overshadow Dr. Fisher's. Dr. Howe's use of the Roman type in printing embossed books for the blind is perhaps the best beginning of his fame, because it opened up to the blind children the literature of the world by making the printing of the books a profitable rather than an expensive undertaking. The Howe memorial press is one of the finest tributes to Dr. Howe's genius.

Dr. Howe became an ideal schoolmaster. The old pupils love to recall many an incident of the "Doctor's" leniency. Said one of them: "We always considered that there were two laws, — the doctor's and another. If we transgressed the doctor's we caught it, but we did not care much about the other one. Only sometimes we could not distinguish between them."

The doctor never forgot his own youth and had a degree of leniency about honest mischief, but could be severe on occasions. He once suspended a pupil and told the unlucky youth to go home. The latter did not go, however, but having friends in

South Boston went and boarded with them for the time. So it happened that the doctor met him one day on Broadway.

“Didn’t I send you home?” he inquired severely, whereupon the delinquent informed the doctor that his rule might be absolute within, but did not extend beyond the institution. Instead of being angry, Dr. Howe was amused, and being himself a well-known champion of independence, received the youth into his good graces again.

But the doctor’s own remembrance of boyhood pranks led him to discover mischief with an unerring instinct. Once, during the period when the boys and girls all lived in the large building, some adventurous spirits among the boys bored a hole through the partition separating the two portions of the school, and night after night a youth named Graham was accustomed to enact *Pyramus and Thisbe* with a young lady named Dora. One night a long conversation was held through the partition, during which the young lady was a trifle monosyllabic in her replies, and at the end of which the youth named Graham was a little startled by the remark: “And now, Graham, as I think we have conversed here long enough, let’s finish the talk in my study.” The unfortunate Graham had been talking to the doctor all the time!

Dr. Howe was never a good orator, having a high pitched, penetrating voice, but he was an excellent reader and one of the chief impressions of him recalled by his old pupils was his impressive rendition of morning prayers in the school hall.

To many people he appeared austere at first. It was only on acquaintance that his geniality came out. He had a brusque way that rather frightened his pupils.

It goes without saying that Dr. Howe was a strong abolitionist, the friend and coadjutor of the antislavery party. A negro came once to the doctor with a petition asking for money for the purchase of his daughter from slavery. Among the names signed to the petition were those of Edward Everett Hale, Frank Sanborn and other noted men of Boston. Dr. Howe read the appeal and calmly handed it back remarking: “Not a cent, not a cent.”

The negro urged the noted men who had seconded the appeal, to which the doctor answered, “I tell you you don’t get a cent of my money. If they’re fools, I’m not. But (in a whisper) I tell

you what, my friend, if you'll get six people to go down there and capture your daughter I'll pay all expenses." There is, unfortunately, no record of the end of the story, but it is eminently typical of the man, who was a great friend of John Brown, and an active agent of the underground railway, and who would attack slavery in every way, but would not compromise with it.

Dr. Howe went to Crete in 1867, when that island rebelled against Turkey. Of this expedition one hears little today, but it is of interest to Bostonians, because Mr. Michael Anagnos, the present director of the institution, became the doctor's secretary on that occasion and came with him on his return to America.

Dr. Howe, who was married in 1843 to the "pretty little blue-stocking," Miss Julia Ward of New York, had, as every one knows, a most gifted family. Not the least in gifts was the eldest child, Julia Romana, so called because she had been born in Rome. She seems to have been the household saint, and the one of all others who took the greatest interest in her father's noble work for the blind. She became the wife of Mr. Anagnos, and it is to her memory that the kindergarten at Jamaica Plain stands.

One act of Dr. Howe's life, which scarcely gets its due credit, was the establishment of the school for the feeble-minded. Among the blind children at the institution there sometimes were found some whom even Dr. Howe could not teach, but for whom he yearned to do something. The story of the founding of the school, though it has never been regarded as such, is a much more worthy one than the beginning of the blind school, for while the latter always had a certain measure of sympathy from the public, the former had to struggle against a mighty barrier of ridicule.

"They are going to educate the idiots next," was the popular sneer, and after Howe succeeded in getting an inquiry commission appointed, their report was characterized as not only about idiots but for idiots.

Nothing daunted, Dr. Howe established an experimental school in the Perkins Institution, and when the blind pupils objected to the companionship of "feeble-minded," removed the "experiment" to his own home on 6th street. Later, when the "experiment" was a success, a building on the corner of M street and Broadway was

purchased, and this building was removed in the course of years to the site on the corner of 8th and N streets, which the school has since vacated.

Dr. Howe's last "revolutionary" journey was to Santo Domingo, but this was perhaps the least glorious, and need not be dwelt upon.

To look at the life of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe is like looking into a kaleidoscope of shifting experiences blended into one harmonious whole, and one recalls the half-humorous, half-serious epitaph composed for him in Latin by Theodore Parker, of which the following is a translation :

Awaiting the resurrection of the just,
Here lies all that was mortal
Of that illustrious man,
Samuel Gridley Howe, M.D.
As a youth he disported in
Brown University,
Looking toward education,
And much he offended
Its reverent and famous President Messer.
Yet he became well versed
In the difficult dialect of
Brown University,
Its Arts, Letters, its Philosophy.
He studied the medical art ;
As a pupil, with force of arms,
He disinterred many subjects and cut them in bits ;
As a master in the art
He sent to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain ;
A true Æsculapius among doctors,
He slew many Turks by medical art
Or by the sword,
Than which
A better never did sustain itself
Upon a soldier's thigh.
He fought for Poland, the unconquered,
Visited those in prison,
Made the blind see, the dumb speak,
The foolish understand
As well as he could.

He restored the insane to their right mind,
 He freed the slave.
 He made his garden yield the choicest pears.
 He lived about 77 years.
 Prisoners bewail him, blind men weep for him,
 The dumb lament, idiots mourn,
 And the insane cry out for him ;
 And the slaves sit down in the dust.

BOSTON TIMES, NOVEMBER 10, 1901.

That Dr. Howe who founded the Perkins Institution always enjoyed a good joke, that he possessed a remarkable faculty for coming in when and where he was least expected, and that he was quick to appreciate a situation are shown by the following incident.

Some years ago there was a boy, whom we will call Jack, at the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind, where Dr. Howe was the highly respected and somewhat feared director.

Jack, be it known, possessed a remarkable gift for imitating the human voice. One day on going to the library, Jack found several of his schoolmates making more noise than was usually allowed. Quick as thought, he spoke to the boys in a voice so exactly like Dr. Howe's that no one detected the deception. After reprimanding the boys for being so disorderly, he called each by name and told him that he might "go to bed."

The boys all filed out past him in solemn procession, without a suspicion of the truth.

When the last one had left the room, Dr. Howe, who had come in unobserved, and had apparently witnessed the entire scene, exclaimed: "Very well done, Jack, now you may go to bed."

THE BOSTON HERALD, NOVEMBER 11, 1901.

IN HONOR OF DR. S. G. HOWE.

Meeting at the Barnard Memorial as a Mark of Respect to the Husband of Julia Ward Howe — Account by Mr. McDaniel of his part in the Grecian War.

Pupils of the Perkins Institution for the Blind joined with an audience of children yesterday afternoon at the Barnard Memorial

building on Warrenton street to do honor to the memory of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, on the 100th anniversary of his birth. The boys present from the Perkins Institution were Clarence A. Jackson, W. T. Clenon and C. H. Amadon, who contributed an excellent programme of music, vocal and instrumental.

The chief feature of the proceedings was an address by the Rev. B. F. McDaniel. Dr. Howe, said the speaker, was one of the most wonderful men ever born in this or in any other community. The story goes that the father of Dr. Howe, wishing to send one of his three boys to college, called them to him one Sunday, and addressing them, said, "I want each of you to read a passage of scripture in my hearing, and the boy who reads the passage best goes to college." The boys did as they were desired, but it was Samuel G. Howe who, in the opinion of the father, deserved to go to college. He went through his course and became a physician.

By and by, news came of the efforts being made by the Greeks to throw off the yoke of the Turks. This gave Samuel Gridley Howe the opportunity he desired. At once he gave himself to the cause of Greece. The speaker here repeated the well known story of how the self-sacrificing philanthropist took charge of the work of organizing important divisions of the struggle, especially undertaking the superintendence of surgical aid for Greek soldiers and sailors who needed it. Then followed the account of Dr. Howe's splendid services in 1832 in aid of the Polish revolutionists — a work which led to his arrest by the Prussian authorities as a "dangerous person," though after five weeks spent by him in prison, he was liberated at the instance of the United States minister, but told never to show his face again on German soil.

Mr. McDaniel finally described Dr. Howe's services for the blind, and told of the trouble which he took to acquaint himself with everything which could be of help to this class of sufferers. Mention was made of his invention of a method of printing in raised letters which enabled the blind to read with their fingers, and the audience was shown a poem by Whittier, in which the poet eulogized Dr. Howe, printed in embossed letters.

THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL, NOVEMBER 11, 1901.

SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.

One cannot read the barest record of the life and service of Samuel Gridley Howe, the one hundredth anniversary of whose birth is to be observed at Boston today, without a feeling that here was a man who thought more of others than of himself, whose first impulse was to help some one in distress or lend his aid to some weak cause. His whole life is a record of noble charity and unselfish labor. Graduated at Brown University in the class of 1821 and at the Harvard Medical School in 1823, he espoused the cause of Greek freedom, organized the medical service of the struggling nation and became surgeon-in-chief of its fleet. Returning to this country he directed the sending of stores to the patriots and inspired his fellow-countrymen with practical sympathy for the Hellenic cause. But his service to Greece was not the only labor of the kind that he performed, though it is better known than any other. He served as president of the Polish relief committee at Paris, and throughout his life his efforts were exerted to lift the southern negro to a higher plane of living and thinking.

Dr. Howe's connection with the Greek war for independence, important as it was, was supplemented by a more valuable labor in this country. He became superintendent of the Perkins Institution for the Blind and for forty-three years continued in that office. He was the teacher of Laura Bridgman, the Helen Keller of an earlier day, and by his intelligent persistence enabled her and through her many other unfortunates to enjoy something of the delights of the external world from which an adverse fate had separated them. His raised letters for the blind were the forerunners of the present successful reading system, and many of his ideas remain today practically unimproved upon. The Boston Transcript, reviewing his great work at the Perkins Institution, says:

He stands, par excellence, the great educator of the blind in this country. Many devoted men have done and still are doing noble work in this direction and to them all honor is due, but for keen analysis of

conditions, quick inventive power and inflexible determination of purpose in philanthropic work of the truest sort, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe deserves and has a position of unrivalled eminence as the apostle of freedom of the hitherto neglected blind of America.

In addition to his labors for the sightless, Dr. Howe established a school for the feeble-minded, and served as a member of the United States sanitary commission, the United States commission to inspect the condition of freedmen, the School Board of Boston, the Massachusetts Board of Charities (of which he was president), and as a trustee of the McLean Asylum for the Insane and the Massachusetts General Hospital. In the anti-slavery agitation, he and his accomplished wife, Julia Ward Howe, edited the *Commonwealth*; and after revisiting Greece with supplies in 1867 he published, at Boston, the *Cretan*. What a noble example the life of a man like this may be! Surely, his works live after him, and Boston does well to honor his memory in his centennial year. Mrs. Howe, whose warm patriotism and unflagging zeal must have been a constant inspiration to him, still lives in Boston. To her this day of memorial observance must be one of renewed rejoicing and tender recollections.

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, NOVEMBER 12, 1901.

DR. SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE.

One Hundredth Anniversary of his Birth commemorated in Tremont Temple —
Interesting Exercises under the Auspices of the Graduate Associations of the
Perkins Institution for the Blind.

It was a notable audience that met in Tremont Temple late yesterday afternoon to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the late Samuel Gridley Howe, "the Cadmus of the blind." Conspicuous among the distinguished people on the platform was Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, keenly appreciative of the honor paid her husband. Next her were seated her son, Professor Henry Marion Howe, who is head of the department of metallurgy at Columbia University, and his wife. Others on the platform were Senator George F. Hoar, Mr. M. Anagnos, Mr. and Mrs. John Elliott, Mrs. Laura E. Richards, Miss Julia Ward

Richards, Henry Howe Richards, Mrs. Florence Howe Hall and her son, John Howe Hall, Harvard, '93; Mr. William Endicott; Miss Agnes Irwin, dean of Radcliffe College; President Pritchett of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Hon. Frank Hill, secretary of the State Board of Education; Dr. Walter Fernald; Edward E. Allen, principal of the Pennsylvania School for the Blind; General Francis H. Appleton, president of the corporation of the Perkins Institution; S. Lothrop Thorndike, Edward Jackson, Horatio Stebbins, Mr. George H. Richards, Miss Lydia Hayes and Miss Bessie Wood of the Howe memorial committee.

An excellent picture of Dr. Howe, framed in ivy, fronted the chancel, while in the galleries to right and left of the organ sat some thirty pupils, boys and girls, from the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind. The band of the Perkins Institution was also present, and helped to provide a musical programme, which included a chorus for treble voices with the words from Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*, a touching reading of Whittier's *The Hero*, by Miss Mary Eunice French, and an organ performance, entitled *Marche Religieuse*, by Clarence Addison Jackson. A souvenir in raised letters, containing a poem by Whittier, with an event in the life of Dr. Howe, was given to each person attending the meeting. The exercises were under the auspices of the graduate associations of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind.

Senator Hoar presided and opened the exercises with an allusion to the delight which any man would experience at the thought that a hundred years after his birth he would be remembered by a gathering of the blind children whose life he had lightened up and whose intellectual darkness he had dissipated — that his children would rise up and call him blessed, and that the companion of his life, still in the honored and vigorous age of intellectual power, would be present and know what was being done and said. "Today," continued the speaker, "Dr. Howe is one of the great figures in American history. I don't think of another who so combines as he does the character of a great reformer, of a great moral champion, of a great administrator of great enterprises requiring business sagacity and wisdom as well as courage. He was always in the van. He had the character of the knight errant who crosses the sea; he was like the Red Cross knight of old who made him-

self the champion of the cause of liberty in a distant nation. I can almost think of him as if he were clad in the very armor of Spenser's knight, bearing on his breast 'the dear remembrance of his dying Lord.' There was never on the soil of Massachusetts, fertile as that soil has been of patriots and heroes, a more patriotic, a more heroic, a more loving nature."

Senator Hoar concluded by introducing Rev. E. E. Hale, D.D., who carried the audience back to the time of the great fair held in Faneuil Hall for the benefit of the institution for the blind, when the power of Dr. Howe's personality and fame rallied everybody—from the simple stevedore on the wharf to John B. Cushing, the great merchant—to the support of the new institution. Dr. Hale read a letter from Helen Keller. "Sitting here in my own study," she wrote, "surrounded by my books, enjoying the sweet, familiar companionship of the great and the wise, I am trying to realize what my life might have been if Dr. Howe had failed in the great task which God gave him to perform—if he had not taken upon himself the responsibility of Laura Bridgman's education, and led her out of the pit of Acheron to the possession of her human nature." Miss Keller then expressed her own gratitude and the gratitude of thousands of those who had similarly "escaped from the pit of Acheron through the ministry of Dr. Howe."

Miss Emilie Poulsson, a graduate of the institution, read through darkened glasses a paper on some of the methods of education for the blind. Facts, she said, are Dr. Howe's best eulogy. She touched upon Laura Bridgman's deliverance and said that to liberate a soul, to redeem a life, is surely a deed beyond praise, however ringing our plaudits might be. Dr. Howe's wise, devoted work in the education of the blind and deaf-blind was not enlightenment for his own time merely, but will long outlast even the cherished memory of his name, "as a star's travelling light survives its star."

Richard C. Humphreys followed, speaking on the establishment of the school for feeble-minded children. He said in part:

It is a very pleasant task I have this afternoon, that of reminding you of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe's connection with the Massachusetts School for the Feeble-minded, or what was originally the Massachusetts

School for Idiotic and Feeble-minded Youth, incorporated in 1850. Think for a moment of what this noble philanthropist did for humanity in those twenty-nine years of self-sacrificing devotion to this work. Working without remuneration, and for the first twenty years paying his own travelling and personal expenses. Think what he accomplished by his indomitable perseverance and unselfish consecration to the work of improving the condition of this unfortunate class of his fellow-beings, which he designated as "broken fragments of humanity, which should be carefully gathered up, that nothing be lost."

We are gathered here this afternoon to do honor to the memory of Dr. Howe. How can we best pay the respect due to one who devoted his life to uplifting his unfortunate fellowmen? I answer without hesitation, it is by taking up the work which he loved and to which his life was consecrated. This memorial service will not have been held in vain if we are moved by the inspiration of his life to follow his example. Time does not dim the lustre of his fame as a self-sacrificing philanthropist. His was the spirit of Christ. In the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man and the leadership of Jesus he believed, and I trust he has realized the truth of these words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Frank B. Sanborn here described Dr. Howe as "chairman of the State Board of Charities"—a position subsequently held by the speaker—emphasizing the fact that almost every principle enunciated by Dr. Howe in his report of the year 1866 had been acted upon, not only in New England, but to a considerable extent throughout the world. The system of putting out the poor children into families instead of crowding them into institutions was suggested by him; at the present moment there are 4,000 children thus cared for in this state, 1,500 of them probably from Boston.

Dr. J. Irving Manatt finally told of Dr. Howe's achievements as an alumnus of Brown University, and as a champion of Greek independence. Dr. Howe, said he, was born in a heroic age, and he measured up to its full height. He was an apostle of humanity. In the darkest hour of Hellenic history, like a young knight errant, he threw himself into the cause of Greece. In that struggle he became the foremost of the Philhellenes. He possessed qualities which Byron lacked. His genius was constructive. He gave to the Greeks object lessons which the Turks

had never taught them. He formed colonies, organized public works, opened hospitals; working sometimes as a simple soldier, he shared all the hardships and perils of the war, and was absolutely devoted to the cause.

Senator Hoar then led forward Mrs. Julia Ward Howe by the hand, the audience rising and greeting her with cheers and waving handkerchiefs. Her voice at first broke with tears. "We have listened," she said, "to very heroic memories. It is wonderful to think that such great things have been done. I wish to express my gratitude to the graduate associations who have devised this sweet service in honor of my beloved husband, to show what can be done for humanity by a man with the love of humanity in his heart." She then likened the work for the blind that began with six children to the parable of the mustard seed, concluding, "what encouragement this is to the doing of good deeds. I thank you for the chance to point this lesson, not in the name of a handful of dust, holy and revered, that lies in Mt. Auburn cemetery, but in the name of the great heart that is with us today, and will abide with those that work in his spirit."

A moment of profound silence followed her closing words, spoken in a clear, ringing voice that carried to every corner of the hall, and the exercises were brought to a close with an organ selection, *Marche Religieuse*, by Mr. Jackson.

THE BOSTON HERALD, NOVEMBER 12, 1901. — EDITORIAL.

THE DR. HOWE MEMORIAL.

The exercises in commemoration of Dr. S. G. Howe's centennial anniversary yesterday were interesting. Dr. Howe is truly an historic character. There was a chivalry in him which reached the romantic, as evinced in his youthful volunteering to join the army of the modern Greeks in their struggle for independence. He showed rare practical philanthropy in making a life-work of his service for the blind. He was naturally one of the earliest men to enlist in the anti-slavery movement. He was an anti-slavery candidate for congress from Boston before the free soil party was formed, and he held with the republican party throughout his

life. Dr. Howe had something of a tropical temperament, and in his later life he was attracted to the climate of the tropics. He thus became interested in the movement of President Grant for the annexation of San Domingo to this country, and was appointed by the president one of the commissioners to forward that project. He differed with most of his early anti-slavery associates, as well as with the more important public men of the nation generally, in his advocacy of this annexation.

THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, NOVEMBER 12, 1901.

Perhaps one of the largest and most representative gatherings that has ever assembled in this city was at Tremont Temple yesterday afternoon for the commemorative exercises of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe.

The exercises commenced at 3, and were under the auspices of the graduate associations of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind.

Just before the appointed hour for the opening exercises, Hon. George F. Hoar, who presided, appeared upon the platform, where seats were reserved for the distinguished guests and speakers, and a few minutes later, when the opening selection from Gounod's *Faust* was played by the band of the Perkins Institution, the great auditorium of the temple and balconies were filled to overflowing with men, women and children.

The platform was decorated with potted plants, and a fine portrait of Dr. Howe, wreathed with asparagus vine, was placed conspicuously in the centre. The seat of honor, at the right of Mr. Hoar, was of course given to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who is so often called our "American queen," and who shares the honor of her distinguished husband.

Mrs. Howe was very appreciative of the great honor paid the memory of her distinguished husband, and her gracious presence will long remain a pleasant memory of the occasion. She wore a black and white gown and a black bonnet trimmed with violets. She wore ermine furs and held in her hand a big bouquet of violets. Next her were seated her son, Prof. Henry Marion Howe, who is head of the department of metallurgy at Columbia

University, and his wife. Others on the platform were Mr. M. Anagnos, Mr. and Mrs. John Elliott, Mrs. Laura E. Richards, Miss Julia Ward Richards, Mr. Henry Howe Richards, Mrs. Florence Howe Hall and her son, Mr. John Howe Hall, Harvard '93; Mr. William Endicott; Miss Agnes Irwin, dean of Radcliffe College; President Pritchett of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Hon. Frank Hill, secretary of the State Board of Education; Dr. Walter Fernald; Mr. Edward E. Allen, principal of the Pennsylvania School for the Blind; Gen. Francis Appleton, president of the corporation of the Perkins Institution; Mr. S. Lothrop Thorndike, Mr. George H. Richards, Mr. Edward Jackson, Mr. Horatio Stebbins, Miss Lydia Hayes and Miss Bessie Wood of the Howe memorial committee.

A very cordial greeting was extended by a young blind girl, Miss Lydia Hayes, chairman of the Howe memorial committee, who also presented Hon. George F. Hoar as the presiding officer of the occasion. After the storm of applause that greeted him had subsided, Senator Hoar responded with great feeling.

He introduced Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who gave some personal reminiscences of Dr. Howe, telling especially of the first great charity fair held in Faneuil Hall for the benefit of the institution for the blind, where he first saw Dr. Howe. Dr. Hale read a beautiful letter from Helen Keller, now a sophomore at Radcliffe.

The education of the blind was the subject assigned Miss Emilie Poulsson, who touched upon Laura Bridgman's deliverance (familiar the world over). To liberate a soul, to redeem a life, is surely a deed beyond praise, however ringing our plaudits might be.

Mr. Richard C. Humphreys followed, speaking on the establishment of the school for feeble-minded children.

At the conclusion of his remarks a chorus sang Longfellow's poem, *A Psalm of Life*, after which Mr. Frank B. Sanborn spoke of Dr. Howe as chairman of the state board of charities. Then came a reading by touch, *The Hero*, by Miss Mary Eunice French.

J. Irving Manatt, Ph.D., eulogized Dr. Howe as an alumnus of Brown University and champion of Greek independence, and then Mr. Hoar introduced Mrs. Howe.

She referred to his great and resolute faith in humanity and to his work, which proved, like the tiny mustard seed, how good multiplies itself.

The exercises were brought to a close with an organ selection, *Marche Religieuse*, by Mr. Clarence Addison Jackson.

THE BOSTON DAILY JOURNAL, NOVEMBER 12, 1901.

No more remarkable audience has gathered in Boston for many years, or will gather for many more, than the audience which filled Tremont Temple yesterday afternoon, to do honor to the memory of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, "the Cadmus of the blind," on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of his birth. Senator George F. Hoar presided at the meeting, and at his side on the platform sat the widow of Dr. Howe, her hair as white as her ermine collar, but her voice still strong, ringing, eloquent, her faculties as keen as when she wrote *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. On the platform, too, were Edward Everett Hale and Horatio Stebbins and William Endicott. In the audience were men who walked slowly with stout canes and listened with hands behind their ears; and bent old ladies who bowed to other old ladies, their neighbors once, perhaps, on North street, when the governor of the commonwealth trimmed there his garden plot. One witnessed in this audience the passing of a generation, the last of a fast disappearing Boston.

And with these old Bostonians, in the choir loft and throughout the audience, were scores of boys and girls, men and women, wearing darkened glasses or staring straight ahead with sightless eyes. They were the present pupils of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, or members of the alumni association. A strangely appealing audience, an audience historic in character and a present object lesson as well, more eloquent than the spoken eulogies of Dr. Howe's great work; an audience that visibly affected the white-haired widow on the platform, as she sat with her children and grandchildren, moving her almost to tears as she addressed it.

Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, who gave the best of his life and splendid intellect to the relief of suffering and especially to the

training of the blind, who, before his pioneer work, were helpless and hopeless, was born in Boston, Nov. 10, 1801. He died in 1876, leaving behind not only new books but new power to read books. As a result, the meeting yesterday told much about him that is unknown to many of the present generation, even brought his name for the first time to some ears. It is proposed hereafter to make the observance of his birthday an annual event.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale told of the first fair, held in Faneuil Hall, for the benefit of the Perkins Institution, of which Dr. Howe was for 43 years the principal. Every class of people in Boston, Dr. Hale said, from society women to stevedores on the docks, contributed something to that fair, such was the magnetism of the man. Dr. Howe will be remembered, with Horace Mann, as one of the great educators of the century. He closed by reading a letter from Helen Keller, which visibly touched the audience, and drew their long applause.

Miss Emilie Poulsson, a graduate of the institution, read through darkened glasses a paper on some of the methods of education for the blind. Facts, she said, are Dr. Howe's best eulogy. And Mr. Richard C. Humphreys told of Dr. Howe's work in founding the school for feeble-minded children.

Mr. Frank B. Sanborn then told of Dr. Howe's work as chairman of the state board of charities, to which he was appointed by Gov. Andrew.

Miss Mary Eunice French read fluently and well, by touch alone, Whittier's poem on Dr. Howe, *The Hero*.

Prof. J. Irving Manatt of Brown University told of Dr. Howe's student days in Providence and his chivalric work with the Greeks in their war for freedom, just after graduating.

Then Senator Hoar led forward Mrs. Julia Ward Howe by the hand, the audience rising to their feet and greeting her with cheers and waving handkerchiefs.

A moment of profound silence followed her closing words, spoken in a clear, ringing voice that carried to every corner of the hall.

THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER, NOVEMBER 14, 1901.

EDITORIAL.

Samuel G. Howe, had he lived until last Sunday, would have been one hundred years of age. Few men of any rank or station are so dear to their fellows as to be remembered and celebrated in public long after they have passed away. Few among the presidents of the United States, or among our generals, statesmen, admirals, or other public men, have had such honor paid to them. Wealth, station and fame, that which men call success, do not win from posterity the tribute of reverence and love, which is paid to a simple-minded, clean-hearted lover of his fellow-men, who is willing to work with them and for them without reference to personal rewards and honors. Patriots and freemen everywhere honor Dr. Howe. The blind and all those who love them rise up and call him blessed. His wonder-working power has released souls that were in prison, opened the eyes of the blind, and set at liberty them that are bruised. The multitude that gathered in Tremont Temple, Boston, last Monday, under the leadership of Senator Hoar and Dr. Hale, honored themselves while they paid their tribute of reverence to Dr. Howe and his beloved wife.

DR. HOWE.

Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe was born in Boston, Nov. 10, 1801. His life covered three-quarters of the nineteenth century. Much that is commonplace now was, in his early manhood, either in its inception or had not been thought of.

The time of his life and work was aptly chosen. The soil was virgin, and the people of Boston were ready for whatever was new and promised future good.

Dr. Capron of Providence, R. I., a college classmate, who was graduated in the year 1821, used to say with pride, "we all knew that Howe was made of better stuff than the rest of us, and that he would in time make his mark, when mankind would keep his memory green."

Dr. Howe took for his motto early in life, "obstacles are things to be overcome." He not only lived up to this, but inspired others to do so.

When Dr. John D. Fisher proposed that he should take charge of the new movement for the blind, he hesitated until he was sure that he was the man for the work; but, having put his hand to the plough, he never swerved or failed to guide the cause he loved.

Dr. Howe was a born teacher and was always ready to suggest ways and means to overcome all difficulties. He overflowed with originality. He scattered his thoughts about and allowed others to work out the details. He himself preferred to grapple with the thoughts that crystallized into action at their birth.

Dr. Howe had nothing of the preacher in him, was radical in his theology, but *constructive in spirit*. His life was a gospel of hope, and no living man since the days of the great Master has done more to spread it. For, like the Saviour of mankind, "he went about doing good."

When, talking over plans and employments for the blind, a friend remarked that such and such avenues are already more than full, Dr. Howe answered cheerfully, "there is always room at the top."

For many years Dr. Howe conducted the devotional exercises in the hall of the Perkins Institution. First came the Scripture reading, and then a hymn was sung by the pupils, while one of their number played the organ. On the occasion of my first appearance, I sat down when the singing ended to wait for the exhortation, which, I thought, must come next; but, to my surprise, the Lord's Prayer followed, and all joined in it. The simple but impressive form which Dr. Howe gave the devotional services is retained in the school to this day.

"Miss Julia," as we called Dr. Howe's eldest daughter (afterward Mrs. Anagnos) possessed her father's spirit and shared his work. She was the angel of the household, and we were sure of her sympathy if we had any justice in our cause. Just before her last illness, Mrs. Anagnos finished reading aloud to the pupils Tennyson's *Princess*, and her last thoughts were of the blind. Dr. Campbell of the Royal Normal College was in Boston at the time, and came from the city to hear her read. When Mrs. Anagnos thanked him, he said he could take a much longer journey for such a pleasure. Mrs. Anagnos died on the 10th of March, 1886. "And, oh, the difference to me."

School opened on Monday, Jan. 3, 1876, just after the Christmas recess. The doctor was suffering very much. He was most affectionate and made an effort to be cheerful. His home was not far from the school at that time, and on Tuesday he tried to visit us again, but only reached the piazza of his own house where his daughter was to join him. He must have changed his mind, for he retraced his steps and the long-looked-for shock of apoplexy came. He died on Sunday, Jan. 9, 1876. J. A. B.

THE WOMAN'S JOURNAL, NOVEMBER 16, 1901.

DR. HOWE'S 100TH BIRTHDAY.

A great audience filled Tremont Temple on November 11, to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the birth of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe. Over the platform, wreathed in delicate green, was a portrait of Dr. Howe as an old man, the misty white hair and beard framing his fine face like the aura of myth and tradition that already begins to surround his romantic career as it recedes into the past.

Above the platform and beneath the great organ were grouped the boys and girls from the Perkins Institution for the Blind — the boys at the right, with their brass instruments, forming an orchestra that played harmonious strains; the girls at the left, picturesque in their bright dresses, ready to rise and sing in sweet unison when their turn came.

On the platform sat the distinguished speakers, a group of Dr. Howe's brilliant children and grandchildren, Dr. Michael Anagnos, head of the Perkins Institution; Dean Irwin of Radcliffe; President Pritchett of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Hon. Frank A. Hill, secretary of the State Board of Education; Dr. Walter E. Fernald; Mr. Edward E. Allen of the Pennsylvania School for the Blind; General Francis H. Appleton, president of the corporation of the Perkins Institution; Mr. S. Lothrop Thorndike, Mr. Edward Jackson, Mr. Horatio Stebbins, Mr. William Endicott, Mr. George H. Richards, Miss Lydia Y. Hayes and Miss Bessie Wood, of the Howe memorial committee, and other dignitaries. In the centre of all sat Mrs. Julia Ward Howe

and the presiding officer, the beloved senior Senator of Massachusetts.

Miss Lydia Hayes, the blind president of the graduates' association, after a few graceful words of welcome, called Senator Hoar to the chair.

Dr. E. E. Hale told of the first great charity fair held in Faneuil Hall for the benefit of the institution for the blind, to which he himself as a little boy had contributed, together with almost all the rest of the community, great or small. Dr. Howe's personality and fame rallied everybody to help.

Dr. Hale read a remarkable letter from Helen Keller, who expressed her own gratitude and the gratitude of thousands of those who had similarly "escaped from the pit of Acheron through the ministry of Dr. Howe."

Miss Emilie Poulsson told of Dr. Howe's work as an educator of the blind. For 43 years he was at the head of the Perkins Institution. It was opened in 1832 with six pupils. Now there are schools for the education of the blind in thirty-six states, and legislative provision has been made in nearly all of the remaining states and territories for the instruction of their pupils in neighboring schools already established. She emphasized the pioneer quality of Dr. Howe's work. He invented a way of printing books for the blind in half the bulk and at one-fourth of the expense of the previous method, and he got out the first New Testament for them. The pupils of the Perkins Institution are still urged to courage and strenuous endeavor by the gallant motto that Dr. Howe gave them: "Obstacles are things to be overcome." The influence of his work will outlast even the cherished memory of his name, "as a star's travelling light outlives its star."

Mr. Richard C. Humphreys spoke on Dr. Howe's connection with the Massachusetts School for the Feeble-Minded, incorporated in 1850. He organized and conducted it almost alone, in addition to his work for the blind, until, after years of unceasing labor, he called to his aid his friend, Dr. Edward Jarvis.

The blind girls sang Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*, and then Mr. F. B. Sanborn told of Dr. Howe's work as chairman of the state board of charities. It was an illustration of his modesty that when the governor appointed him on the board and its members

wanted to elect him chairman, it was not till after a year's service that he would accept this position, "for which the governor and nature had designated him." Mr. Sanborn said the spirited but defiant portrait of Dr. Howe on the programmes did not give a true idea of him. It might be said of him as of Wolsey that he was

Lofty and sour to those that loved him not,
But, to the souls that loved him, sweet as summer.

Miss Mary Eunice French then read by touch from raised type Whittier's poem *The Hero*.

Prof. J. Irving Manatt, of Brown University, spoke of Dr. Howe as an alumnus of Brown and a champion of Greek independence. He drew a graphic picture of Dr. Howe as a college boy. He believed that Dr. Howe did good solid work as a student, though he did not graduate *summa cum laude*. Two of Howe's fellow students were Horace Mann and George B. Prentiss, the wit of the *Courier-Journal*.

Senator Hoar said: "It is only the older ones among us who have seen Dr. Howe, but there are hundreds here who will want to tell their children that they have seen the author of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*." As he led forward Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the great audience rose, greeting her with waving handkerchiefs, and remained standing while she spoke.

Dr. Howe was born Nov. 10, 1801, and died in 1876. The celebration was held on November 11 because November 10 fell on Sunday.

DR. HOWE AND THE IRISH.

A characteristic story of Dr. Samuel G. Howe was told by Mr. F. B. Sanborn at the celebration of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's birthday, three years ago. He said:

Dr. Howe always represented to me a class small among men, the knightly class. There was no need to ask in advance where he would be found; he was always to be found where generosity and courage and the interests of the weak required him to be. This was illustrated by his first interview with Charles Sumner. It was on the occasion of the Broad street mob. In those days the Irish were much disliked by industrial Americans, and an American mob tried to exterminate the Irish inhabitants of Broad street. Dr. Howe early made his appearance

on the scene, long before the soldiers got there; and while doing what was necessary for the protection of the poor Irish, he found himself supported by a tall young man whom he had never seen before. After the riot was put down, he found that the young man was Charles Sumner.

There are some really "superior" persons, and they always have a feeling that there are certain things which they must do, and, whatever the difficulties in the way, they are found doing them. Despite the difference of sex and of latitude (for in those days Boston was in a very different latitude from New York), Julia Ward felt this same disposition to protect the poor. I have no doubt it was this feeling that drew them together. Although their occupations were different, Dr. Howe and Mrs. Howe were united in their purpose to leave the world better than they found it, and to give the down-trodden their fair chance in life. Dr. Howe was the most romantic character that ever appeared in this country. It was a happy thought of the divine powers to unite two such romantic careers as his and that of his wife, who is still with us today in her golden youth.

THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER, NOVEMBER 21, 1901.

SAMUEL G. HOWE.

Dr. Samuel G. Howe's birthday was fitly observed in Boston. Few men are remembered with such tenderness and such thankfulness a hundred years after they were born. The century, one might say, when it began, sent him forth into life, that the fresh stamp on this new-minted coin might tell, once for all, what it could do, what it would do, as God lives, and because God lives. Courage and chivalry, constancy, wisdom and enterprise, daring and prudence, all these are to be read in his character. Courage, chivalry, and constancy, wisdom and enterprise, daring and prudence, all these, I believe, will be found by the philosophical historian to be leading characteristics of the century which was born when Dr. Howe was born. Close to him here in our little New England circle were George Bancroft, born in 1800; Horace Bushnell, born in 1802; Waldo Emerson, born in 1803 — no mean contribution for two little states to make as the century began, for their gift to the spiritual resources of their country and the world.

Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
And souls are ripened in our Northern sky.

Mrs. Howe has written the story of his life only too briefly, but with all the charm of her light and easy pen, — a life wonderful for its romance, wonderful in its range, wonderful in its importance. Born where King Agur would have wished, trained in a Boston school and at Brown College, he had just such an outfit as the old-fashioned New Englander asks for his sons. Mr. George William Curtis, prejudiced perhaps by the tenderness of his own *alma mater*, has sung that the “best bred men were Brown-bred boys.” We may not all of us give the full force to his superlative “best”; but we will ask nowhere for better training than young Howe got, somehow, in these first twenty years, when, as Saint Paul says, he was in the hands of tutors and governors. It is in nearly threescore years which followed, in which he had himself to train, that we follow the ripening history of the man.

He prepared himself to serve Greece by careful and intelligent study of medicine. And, while I have heard many men blamed for offering their swords to a country not their own, I never heard of any one but a Philistine of the meanest grade, who saw anything but the highest loyalty to Christian principle when man or woman gives life and skill to the sick and wounded of any nation in the world, though it be under the farthest star. Trace along his biography, and see how its different chapters record each his giving his life to somebody: Chapter I. to the Greeks; Chapter II. to the blind; Chapter III. to the insane; Chapter IV. to John Brown and the slaves; Chapter V. to the idiot; Chapter VI. to the scientific classification of all the charities of Massachusetts. In all this he “makes himself of no reputation.” Dr. Hedge has given to him a noble tribute of praise, in which he says that Howe was the only “philanthropist” who was a professed reformer, whom he had ever known who was at all tolerant. I do not wonder that Dr. Hedge said so.

For myself, I said in 1876, when I was speaking in a public meeting, that he had redeemed the great word “philanthropist,” — that in public esteem in England and in America it had come to mean a man with long hair, who talked of something of which he knew nothing. I had endless letters from people of just this stamp, begging me to withdraw the sneer. No! Not I! It was, alas! only too true.

I should not dare to try to describe the change wrought upon those who had lost, not the sense of sight only, but the sister sense of hearing. Raised from death unto life, indeed!

We printed in last week's *Register* an eloquent letter from dear Helen Keller, whom every one loves, which describes that resurrection.

It was the fashion of one or two past generations to explain the work of heart and soul and mind as the finer results of our physical conformation. Dr. Howe and I had to read such books in our younger days. We were told that man could make a better steam-engine than an oyster could, because the fingers of a man's hand were better fitted to handle a file or a screw-driver than the tentacles of a star-fish were, or the mantle of an oyster. "You see how a bird flies, because he has wings." Just so, we were told, Newton thinks out the laws of heaven, "because" he has a brain so highly organized with so many lobes, all so conveniently grouped together. Our venerated teacher, James Walker, brushed away this physical theory about thought and faith and the affections, a good deal insisted on by D'Holbach and the other Frenchmen of the encyclopædia, by this funny epigram: "We are told," he said, "that the ingenuity of the human hand gives men high supremacy over lions and tigers. I have never known why the quadrumanous animals, the animals with four hands, make so poor a shewing when they take their places in the hierarchy of being."

This hand-and-fingers-and-thumb theory is ingenious, and has a certain plausibility. It is quite certain that Mr. Pope wrote his translation of the *Iliad* more handily, because he had a hand. All the same, Mr. Lowell tells us squarely that Homer composed the *Iliad* better because he lived in the open air and could neither read nor write. With such argument or detail, with argument from epigrams, we can puzzle each other backward and forward. But what we want, what somehow we shall get, is wider range for observation; for it is well for us to have new points of view.

Now, such a new point of view is given us when the life we study has not all these "five senses," as we called them in the infancy of science. We have a Helen Keller or an Edith Thomas, who has no eyes with which to see the glory of the heavens. She has no sense of hearing with which to listen either to the music of

the spheres or the trill of the song-sparrow, "no speech, nor language, and their voice is not heard." She cannot, therefore, even form the words which shall ask those central questions on which all the great answers depend, — no, not the trivial request for the water or the bread of her daily food. She has the deft touch of the finger, and this is all. For she has not, perhaps, even the flavor on the tongue. Yes, and how do the affections come out from this havoc of the machinery? I think you told me that tenderness and art and fancy and faith and invention alike are all specially strong in man because man can see so clearly and hear so precisely, because his hand can clasp so closely and his fingers discriminate so nicely. Now here is a being who cannot see, nor hear, nor taste, nor smell. With her the eye does not guide the finger, for it cannot see. The ear does not carry to her the song or the thunder-clap, for she cannot hear. How will her affections flourish, how her faculty of invention, her fancy, or her faith? Can she "geometrize with God," can she "think his thoughts," and "go about his business"? How about that tenderness and the charms of fancy? How about faith, about hope, and about love?

And all these questions are answered in lives where two or three senses do not exist, but which are quick with faith, eager in hope, all electric with the fire of love. And we meet and see, yes, and hear such apostles who tell us, as an earlier apostle told us, that faith and hope and love are wholly outside the pivots and cogs and axles of your invention. They have nothing to ask from the gamut of your music or the spectrum's prism. They are the whole, they are the foundation of what is, they are the life of what controls. These three abide! These are the eternities! They make their own tools, and are not made. Faith, hope, love!

Perhaps there are still some memoranda, more precise than have been printed, of Howe's personal work as a teacher in the little school-room, of the beginning in his father's house. To me it was always interesting to see his careful attention to detail. Thus I remember his describing, with great fun, one day, his success in introducing a new system of paring potatoes in the kitchen of the institution at South Boston.

He certainly exhibited that definite sign of a great man that he

arranged from top to bottom, from right to left, and managed the detail with the same interest with which he would have managed an empire. So, I say, I should like to know more detail of the personal habit with a pupil. Something of that detail has appeared in what he has written regarding the training of Laura Bridgman. Perhaps some day we shall see the full record which he kept of the progress made from hour to hour in the development of her latent powers.

I suppose that it is in his work as an educator that he is to be recollected most often in the history of the century. The truth is that from his work here has been built up a new school of education, a school new in the science of education, new in the philosophical studies of the world. To be the centre and founder of such a school of education is to stand among the first leaders of the century.

Some one called Howe the Bayard of the century. This is to give the Chevalier Bayard quite too much honor.

No trustier service claimed the wreath
For Sparta's bravest son;
No truer soldier sleeps beneath
The mound of Marathon.
No labored line, no sculptor's art,
Such hallowed memory needs.
His tablet is the human heart;
His record, loving deeds.

EDWARD E. HALE.

GREEK NEWSPAPERS.

In its issue of the twenty-second of November, 1901, THERMOPYLAE, the leading Greek newspaper of New York, published an extensive account of the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Dr. Howe's birth, written by the editor, Mr. Constantine D. Phassoularides. This article was afterwards copied by two of the best Hellenic journals, the NEA HEMERA of Trieste and the PATRIS of Bucharest. On the great annual festival of the national independence of Greece, which occurs on the twenty-fifth of March, the THERMOPYLAE issued a fine number especially prepared for that day, in which the account of the commemorative exercises at Tremont Temple was reprinted with some corrections made by its author, who added to it an excellent biographical sketch of Dr. Howe, headed by a good likeness of him. Both the article on the celebration of the centennial and the biographical sketch are reprinted here, taken from the columns of the THERMOPYLAE.

 Η ΕΚΑΤΟΝΤΑΕΤΗΡΙΣ ΤΗΣ ΓΕΝΝΗΣΕΩΣ

 ΤΟΤ ΣΑΜΟΤΗΛ Γ. ΧΑΟΥ

Ἐν μέσῳ ἐπιβλητικότητος καὶ μεγαλοπρεπείας ἐτελέσθη τὴν προπαρελθοῦσαν δευτέραν ἐπιμνημόσυτος τελετὴ ἐν τῷ ἐν Βοστώνῃ καλλιπρεπεστάτῳ ναῶ, TREMONT TEMPLE, ἐπὶ τῇ συμπληρώσει ἑκατονταετηρίδος ἀπὸ τῆς γεννήσεως τοῦ πρὸ εἴκοσι καὶ ἕξ περίπου ἐτῶν ἀποβιώσαντος μεγάλου καὶ ἀειμνήστου ἀμερικανοῦ φιλέλλητος Σαμουήλ Γ. Χάου. Ἄπας ὁ

ἐκλεκτὸς καὶ ὑπέροχος κόσμος τῆς Βοστώνης παρέστη ἐν τῇ τελετῇ ταύτῃ, ἐν ᾗ ὑπὸ ἐπιφανῶν ῥητόρων ἐξυμνήθησαν αἱ ἀρεταὶ τοῦ μεγάλου ἀνδρός, τοῦ ἐμπνευσμένου ἀποστολοῦ τῆς ἐλευθερίας καὶ τοῦ νεαροῦ καὶ σφριγῶντος στρατιώτου τῆς Ἑλλάδος τοῦ 1821. Ἄλλοι ἦσαν οἱ φιλέλληες τῆς ἐποχῆς ἐκείνης. Οὐ μόνον ἀπεδείκνυντο διαπρύσιοι κήρυκες καὶ διάπυροι συνήγοροι τῆς ἐλληνικῆς παλιγγενεσίας, ἀλλὰ μετέβαινον καὶ εἰς τὸ πεδίου τοῦ μεγάλου καὶ ἡρωϊκοῦ ἀγῶνος, ἵνα χύσωσι τὸ αἷμα των ὑπὲρ τῆς ὑπερλάμπρου ἐκείνης ἰδέας, τῆς ἀναγεννήσεως τῆς Ἑλλάδος. Ὁ Βύρων, ὁ Χάου, ὁ Γόρδων, ὁ Μίλλερσ, ὁ Ἄστυγξ, ὁ Γυϊλφόρδος, ὁ Στάνωπος, ὁ Φαβιέρος, ὁ Μαρζέφσκης, ὁ Δάνια καὶ ἄλλοι τῆς ἐλευθερίας πρόμαχοι κατήλθον εἰς τὴν Ἑλλάδα, ἀψηφίσαντες πάντα κίνδυνον, μόνη δὲ ἡ ἐλπίς, ὅτι αἱ προσπάθειαι καὶ θυσίαι των θὰ συνετέλουν εἰς τὴν ἐλευθερίαν της, ἐξέκαיע πάντοτε εἰς τὰ στήθη αὐτῶν ἄγιον ἐνθουσιασμόν.

Ὁ ἀείμνηστος Χάου, ὁ ἔνθεμος τοῦ Βύρωνος θιασώτης, μόλις ἀποπερατώσας τὰς ἱατρικὰς σπουδὰς του, ἔσπευσε πρὸς τὴν Ἑλλάδα ἅμα ὡς ἠγγεληθῆ, ὅτι ὁ ἔνθεος ἀοιδὸς τοῦ Τσαϊλδ Χάρολδ ἔλαβε τὴν πρὸς αὐτὴν ἄγουσαν. Ὁ ἐντεύθεν ἀπόπλους τοῦ ἐξήγειρε παρὰ τοῖς συμπατριώταις αὐτοῦ μέγιστον ὑπὲρ τοῦ ἐλληνικοῦ ἀγῶνος ἐνδιαφέρον, ὅπερ ηὔξηθη καὶ ἐκρατύνθη διὰ τῶν δραματικῶν αὐτοῦ περιγραφῶν καὶ συγκινητικῶν ἐπικλήσεων, τὰς ὁποίας ἔπεμπεν ἐκ τοῦ πεδίου τῆς μάχης πρὸς τὸν ἀμερικανικὸν τύπον. Χάρις εἰς τὰς ἐνδεδεχεῖς προσπάθειαι καὶ ἀκαμάτους ἐνεργείαις τοῦ εὐγενοῦς τούτου ἀνδρός, πλείστα βοηθήματα ἐστάλησαν εἰς τὴν Ἑλλάδα, ἥτις κατόπιν αἱματηροῦ καὶ ἀπαραμίλλου ἡρωϊκοῦ ἀγῶνος ἀνεκτήσατο τὴν ἐλευθερίαν της.

Ἐπῆλθεν ἡ κρητικὴ ἐπανάστασις τοῦ 1866 καὶ ὁ Χάου πάλιν ἐτέθη εἰς ἐνέργειαν, συλλέξας δὲ μεγάλην ποσότητα χρημάτων πρὸς ἀγορὰν τροφῶν καὶ ἐνδυμάτων, ἔσπευσε εἰς τὸν τόπον τῶν οἰμωγῶν καὶ τῶν ἠρώων, ὅπως ἰδίᾳ χειρὶ δια-

νείμη αὐτὰ τοῖς ἀγωνιζομένοις καὶ ταῖς οἰκογενείαις των.

Τὰ ὑπὲρ τῆς ἐν γένει φιλανθρωπίας, τῆς Ἑλλάδος καὶ τῶν γραμμάτων ἔργα τοῦ Χάου εἰσὶ τόσον γνωστά, ὥστε εἶναι πᾶντη περιττὸν νὰ διατρίψωμεν περὶ αὐτῶν ἐνταῦθα διὰ μακρῶν. Ἡ ἐν Βοστώνῃ ὑπ' αὐτοῦ ἰδρυθεῖσα λαμπρὰ σχολὴ τῶν τυφλῶν θὰ ἴσταται πάντοτε ὡς αἰώνιον μνημεῖον τῆς μεγαλοφυΐας του, τῆς τρυφερότητος τῆς καρδίας του καὶ τῶν ὑψηλῶν καὶ εὐγενῶν αὐτοῦ αἰσθημάτων. Πολὺ δικαίως ὁ νῦν ἰκανώτατος διευθυντῆς τοῦ καθιδρύματος τούτου καὶ γαμβρὸς ἐπὶ θυγατρὶ τοῦ ἀειμνήστου ἀνδρός, κ. Μιχ. Ἀναγνωστόπουλος, εἶπε τὰ ἐξῆς πρὸς τοὺς ὑπὸ τὸν κ. Π. Κουντουριώτην ἀξιωματικούς τοῦ Μι α ο ὑ λ η, ἐν τῇ προσφωνήσει του κατὰ τὴν εἰς τὸ ἐν λόγῳ σχολεῖον ἐπισκεψί των. "Δὲν προσεκάλεσα ὑμᾶς ἐνταῦθα, ὅπως ὁμιλήσω ὑμῖν περὶ τῆς ἱστορίας τοῦ ἔθνους ἡμῶν, ἀλλ' ἵνα ἴδητε τὸ θαυμάσιον ἔργον, ὅπερ ἴδρυσεν ὁ μεγαλόνοτος τῆς Ἀμερικῆς φιλόανθρωπος ἄμα τῇ ἐπανόδῳ του ἐξ Ἑλλάδος, ἔνθα ἐπὶ ἕξ περίπου ἔτη συνηγωνίσθη καὶ συνεκακούχησε μετὰ τῶν πατέρων ἡμῶν πρὸς σύντριψιν τοῦ ζυγοῦ τῆς ἀποτροπαιοτέρας τῶν τυραννιῶν, ἃς ἔγνω ἡ ἀνθρωπότης." Ὡς φιλόανθρωπος ὁ Χάου ὑπῆρξε τῷ ὄντι μέγας, διότι πανταχοῦ ἐξετείνετο ἡ ἀγαθοεργία αὐτοῦ.

Ἐν τῇ ἐπιμνημοσύνῳ τελετῇ προήδρευσεν ὁ γερουσιαστῆς τῶν Ἠνωμένων Πολιτειῶν καὶ ἔξοχος ἑλληνιστῆς κ. Γεώργιος Φ. Χόαρ, ὅστις διὰ μακρῶν ἐξύμνησε τὰ ἔργα καὶ τὰς ἀρετὰς τοῦ Χάου. Μετ' αὐτὸν ὠμίλησαν πολλοὶ ἄλλοι διακεκριμένοι ῥήτορες, ἐν οἷς καὶ ὁ τέως ἐν Ἀθήναις πρόξενος τῶν Ἠνωμένων Πολιτειῶν καὶ νῦν καθηγητῆς τῶν ἑλληνικῶν γραμμάτων ἐν τῷ ἐν PROVIDENCE πανεπιστημίῳ BROWN, κ. MANATT, ὅστις περὶ τῶν ὑπὲρ τῆς Ἑλλάδος προσπαθειῶν τοῦ Χάου εἶπε τὰ ἐξῆς: "Ὁ Χάου ἐγεννήθη ἐν ἠρωϊκῇ ἐποχῇ, πρὸς τὰς ἀκριβεῖς ἀπαιτήσεις τῆς ὁποίας ἀνταπεκρίθη προσηκόοντως. Ἐπῆρξεν

ἀπόστολος τῆς φιλανθρωπίας, καὶ ἐν τῇ ζοφερᾷ ὄρᾳ τῆς ἐλληρικῆς ἱστορίας ἐβρίθθη ὡς νεαρὸς ἱππότης εἰς τὸν ἀγῶνα τῆς Ἑλλάδος, ἐν τῷ ὁποίῳ ἀπέβη εἰς τῶν πρωτίστων φιλελλήνων, διότι ἐκέκτητο προτερήματα ὁμολογουμένως σπάνια. Ἡ μεγαλοφυΐα του ἦτον ἐποικοδομητικὴ. Ἔδωκε μαθήματα τοῖς Ἕλλησιν, τὰ ὁποῖα οἱ τοῦρκοι ὡς βάρβαροι δὲν ἠδύναντο νὰ διδάξωσιν αὐτούς. Διωργάνωσεν ἐν Ἑλλάδι κοινότητας καὶ δημόσια ἔργα. Ἰδρυσε νοσοκομεία, πολλάκις δ' ἐργαζόμενος ὡς ἀπλοῦς στρατιώτης ὑπεβλήθη εἰς πάσας τὰς δοκιμασίας καὶ τοὺς κινδύνους τοῦ πολέμου καὶ ἀφωσιώθη ἀποκλειστικῶς εἰς τὸν ἀγῶνα."

Ὁμιλῶν περὶ τοῦ Βύρωνος ὁ Χάου ἐν τῇ ἐπιτομῇ τῆς ἱστορίας τῆς ἐλληνικῆς ἐπαναστάσεως, τῇ ὑπ' αὐτοῦ ἐκδοθείσῃ τῷ 1828, λέγει ὅτι ἡ Ἑλλὰς οὐδὲν ἐπιθυμεί νὰ γινώσκη περὶ τῶν σφαλμάτων τοῦ ἰδιωτικοῦ βίου τοῦ διασήμου ποιητοῦ, διότι τὸ ἐπ' αὐτῇ ὁ Βύρων εἶναι μόνον "ὁ μέγας καὶ καλός". "Ταξειδεύων, λέγει ὁ Χάου, ἐπὶ ἐλληνικοῦ πλοιαρίου, ἔλαβον ἐκ τοῦ ὀδοιπορικοῦ μου σάκκου ἔργον τοῦ Βύρωνος, ὅπως ἀναγνώσω ὀλίγον, ἐπὶ τοῦ ἐξωφύλλου δὲ αὐτοῦ ἦτον ἡ εἰκὼν τοῦ μεγάλου ποιητοῦ. Ὁ πλοίαρχος μὲ ἠρώτησε περὶ τῆς εἰκόνας, εἶπον δ' αὐτῷ ὅτι ἦν ἡ τοῦ Βύρωνος. Ἄμα ὡς ἤκουσε τοῦτο ἔλαβε τὸ βιβλίον ἐκ τῶν χειρῶν μου καὶ ἠσπάσατο τὴν εἰκόνα, τὸ αὐτὸ δ' ἔπραξαν ἐν συγκινήσει καὶ οἱ ναῦται, λέγοντες ὁμοῦ, "ἦτο μέγας καὶ καλός". Ταῦτα λέγει ὁ Χάου περὶ τοῦ σεβασμοῦ καὶ τῆς εὐγνωμοσύνης τῶν ἐλλήνων πρὸς τὸν ἄνδρα, δὲν ἐθαύμασε καὶ ἠκολούθησεν εἰς τὴν Ἑλλάδα ἄς ἐπιτραπῇ δ' ἡμῖν νὰ εἴπωμεν, ὅτι καὶ ὁ Χάου ὑπῆρξε δι' αὐτὴν "μέγας καὶ καλός".

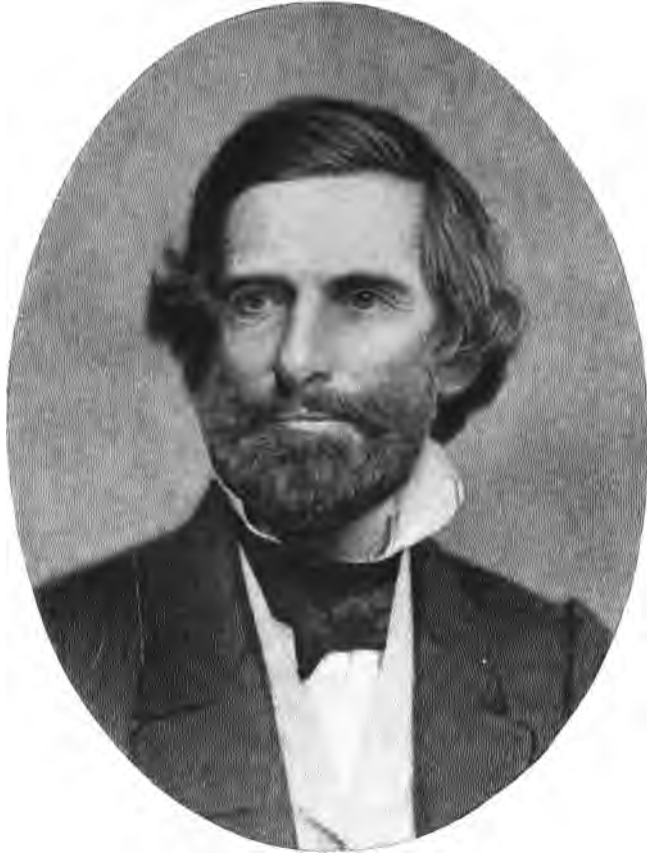
Ὅσοι ἀνέγνωσαν τὸν Κρητὰ, τὴν μηνιαίαν ἐφημερίδα, ἣν ἐξέδιδεν ὁ Χάου ἐν Βοστώνῃ τῷ 1867 καὶ 1868 κατὰ τὴν διάρκειαν τῆς κρητικῆς ἐπαναστάσεως, ἵνα ἐξάπτη τὸ ἐνδια-

φέρουν τῶν ἀμερικανῶν, καὶ ἐν ἧ ἔνθερος συνεργάτις αὐτοῦ ὑπῆρξεν ἡ πρωτότοκος αὐτοῦ θυγάτηρ Ἰουλία Ῥωμάννα, ἡ πρὸ δέκα καὶ πέντε ἐτῶν ἀποβιώσασα σύμβιος τοῦ κ. Ἀναγνωστοπούλου, δὲν ἠδυνήθησαν νὰ κρατήσωσι τὰ δάκρυά των. Ὁ Χάου καθ' ὄλον τὸν βίον του πράγματι ἀφοσιώθη εἰς τὴν πραγματοποίησιν τῆς μεγάλης ἐλληνικῆς ιδέας καὶ οὐδέποτε ἐπαύσατο συνηγορῶν μετὰ νεανικῆς τῷ ὄντι ζέσεως ὑπὲρ τῶν ἀπαραγράπτων δικαιωμάτων τοῦ ἔθνους ἡμῶν.

Ἐν τῇ ἐπιμνημοσύνῃ τελετῇ παρίστατο ὀλόκληρος ἡ οἰκογένεια τοῦ Χάου. Ἡ ἐπιζῶσα γηραιὰ αὐτοῦ σύμβιος, ἡ συγγραφεὺς τοῦ ὕμνου τῆς ἀμερικανικῆς δημοκρατίας καὶ ἡ ποθοῦσα πάντοτε τὴν ἐλευθερίαν ὀλοκλήρου τῆς ἐλληνικῆς φυλῆς, ὡς εἶπεν ἐν τῷ λόγῳ της κατὰ τὴν ἐν τῷ ἐν Βοστώνῃ FANEUIL HALL ὑποδοχὴν τῶν ἀξιωματικῶν τοῦ Μιαούλη, ἐφαίνετο λίαν συγκεκινημένη. Ἐπίσης συγκεκινημένοι ἦσαν καὶ ὁ υἱὸς αὐτῆς κ. Ἐρρίκος Μ. Χάου, καθηγητῆς τῆς μεταλλουργίας ἐν τῷ κολομβιανῷ πανεπιστημίῳ τῆς Νέας Ὑόρκης, καὶ ὁ γαμβρὸς αὐτῆς κ. Μ. Ἀναγνωστόπουλος. Αἱ ἀναμνήσεις τῶν ἀρετῶν καὶ τοῦ ἱπποτικῆς χαρακτῆρος τοῦ εὐγενοῦς ἀνδρὸς δὲν ἠδύναντο ἢ νὰ προκαλέσωσι συντριβὴν καρδίας.

Ἐπὶ τῇ εὐκαιρίᾳ τῆς ἐπιμνημοσύνου τελετῆς ὁ Κήρυξ τῆς Βοστώνης ἔγραψεν ἐν κυρίῳ ἄρθρῳ τ' ἀκόλουθα. “Ὁ δόκτωρ Χάου ὑπῆρξεν ἀληθῶς ἱστορικὸς χαρκτήρ, ἐν αὐτῷ δ' ἐνεκρύπτετο ἱπποτισμὸς, ὅστις ἤγγιζε τὸ ρωμαντικόν, ὡς γίνεται δῆλον ἐκ τῆς ἐν νεαρῇ ἡλικίᾳ κατατάξεώς του εἰς τὸν στρατὸν τῶν ἐλλήνων κατὰ τὸν ὑπὲρ τῆς ἐλευθερίας αὐτῶν ἀγῶνα. Ἀπέδειξε σπανίαν καὶ πραγματικὴν φιλανθρωπίαν διὰ τῆς καθ' ὄλον τὸν βίον του ἀφοσιώσεως εἰς τοὺς τυφλοὺς, ἧτο δ' ὡσαύτως εἰς τῶν πρώτων καταταχθέντων εἰς τὸ κατὰ τῆς δουλείας ἐν Ἀμερικῇ κίνημα. Ἐξετέθη ὡς ὑποψήφιος βουλευτῆς τῆς συμπολιτείας μετὰ προγράμματος κατὰ τῆς δου-





Yours Faithfully.
Sam^l G. Howe

λείας πολὺ πρὶν σχηματισθῆ ἡ μερὶς τοῦ "ἐλευθέρου ἐδάφους" καὶ ὑπῆρξε συμπολιτειακὸς καθ' ὅλον τὸν βίον του. Κατὰ τὰ τελευταῖα ἔτη τῆς ζωῆς του ἔστρεψε τὴν προσοχὴν αὐτοῦ πρὸς τὰς τροπικὰς χώρας. Οὕτω δ' ἀπέδειξε μέγιστον ἐνδιαφέρον εἰς τὸ περὶ προσαρτήσεως τοῦ Ἁγίου Δομνίκου εἰς τὰς Ἡνωμένας Πολιτείας σχέδιον τοῦ στρατηγοῦ Γράντ, παρ' οὗ εἶχε διορισθῆ μέλος τῆς τριμελοῦς ἐπιτροπείας τῆς καταρτισθείσης πρὸς εὐόδωσιν τοῦ σκοποῦ ἐκείνου."

Τὸ ἀνωτέρω ἄρθρον, προῖόν τοῦ καλάμου τοῦ συντάχτου τῶν ΘΕΡΜΟ-ΠΥΛΩΝ κυρίου Κωνσταντίνου Δ. Φασουλαρίδου, μετετυπώθη ἐν δυσι τῶν ἐγκριτοτέρων ἐφημερίδων, τῶν τιμωσῶν τὸν ἑλληνικὸν τύπον ἐν τῇ ἀλλοδαπῇ, ἐν τῇ ΝΕΑΙ ΗΜΕΡΑΙ τῆς Τεργέστης, τῇ ἐκδιδομένῃ ὑπὸ τοῦ κυρίου Ἰωάννου Α. Χαλκοκονδύλη, ἀνεψιοῦ ἐξ ἀδελφῆς τοῦ κορυφαίου τῶν ἑλλήνων δημοσιογράφων, τοῦ ἀειμνήστου Ἀλεξάνδρου Σ. Βουζαντίου, καὶ ἐν τῇ ΠΑΤΡΙΔΙ τοῦ Βουκουρεστίου, ἧς διευθυντῆς καὶ ἰδιοκτῆτης εἶναι ὁ ἐξ Ἡπείρου ἔλκων τὸ γένος κύριος Σπυρίδων Μ. Σίμος.

Ἐν τῷ φύλλῳ τῆς εἰκοστῆς πέμτης μαρτίου ὁ κύριος Φασουλαρίδης μετετύπωσε τὸ ἀνωτέρω ἄρθρον μετ' ὀλίγων συμπληρώσεων ὑπ' αὐτοῦ γενομένων, προσέθετε δὲ καὶ τὴν ἐξῆς βιογραφίαν, ἣτις εἶναι ἡ πρώτη δημοσιευθεῖσα ἐν τῇ ἑλληνικῇ γλώσσῃ.

ΣΑΜΟΘΗ Γ. ΧΑΟΥ

Ἀνωτέρω παραθέτομεν τὴν εἰκόνα τοῦ ἐξόχου τῆς Ἀμερικῆς ἀνδρός, τοῦ ἀφιερῶσαντος ὀλόκληρον τὸν βίον αὐτοῦ εἰς ἔργα φιλανθρωπικά, τοῦ πατριάρχου τῶν ἐν τῷ νέῳ κόσμῳ φιλελλήνων, Σαμουήλ Γρίδλεϋ Χάου. Εἶναι τῷ ὄντι λίαν δυσχερῆς ἡ ἐκ τοῦ προχείρου εὔρεσις ἀρμοδίων λέξεων πρὸς ἐξύμνησιν τοῦ περικλύτου τούτου στρατιώτου τῆς ἐλευθερίας καὶ τοῦ ἐλέους, τοῦ ἐν νεαρωτάτῃ ἡλικίᾳ κατελθόντος εἰς τὴν Ἑλλάδα, ἵνα ἀγωνισθῆ μετὰ τῶν πατέρων ἡμῶν πρὸς ἀποτίναξιν τοῦ σκληροτέρου καὶ φρικτοτέρου τῶν ζυγῶν, ὧν ποτε ἐγένετο μάρτυς ἡ ἀνθρωπότης. Σελίδες ὀλόκληροι δὲν ἤθελον ἐξαρκέσει, ἵνα περιγράψῃ τις τὰς

ὑπὲρ τῆς Ἑλλάδος προσπαθείας τοῦ Σαμουήλ Χάου καὶ τοὺς πολυετεῖς αὐτοῦ ἀγῶνας πρὸς ἀπελευθέρωσιν, κραταίωσιν καὶ ἀνύψωσιν τοῦ ἑλληνισμοῦ καὶ πρὸς πραγμάτων τῆς μεγάλης ἡμῶν ἐθνικῆς ιδέας, τοῦ διακαοῦς καὶ εὐγενοῦς τούτου πόθου παντὸς Ἕλληνος καὶ παντὸς ἀκραιφνοῦς φιλέλληνος. Ἡ ἐπανάστασις τοῦ 1821 εἶχεν ἀναφλέξει ζωηρὸν τὸν ἐνθουσιασμὸν εἰς τὰ στήθη τοῦ νεαροῦ τότε ἱππότου, ὅστις τὴν Ἑλλάδα κατὰ τὴν ἐποχὴν ἐκείνην ἐγίνωσκε μόνον ἐκ τῶν ἐπῶν τοῦ Ὀμήρου καὶ τῶν δημηγοριῶν τοῦ Δημοσθένους. Ἡ ἐξέγερσις τοῦ γένους ἡμῶν ἀφήρπασεν οὕτως εἰπεῖν αὐτὸν ἐκ τῶν κόλπων τῆς οἰκογενείας του καὶ μετήγαγεν αὐτὸν παρὰ τὸν κρατῆρα τοῦ ἠφαιστείου. Ὁ Σαμουήλ Χάου ἐγεννήθη ἐν ἐποχῇ καθ' ἣν ἡ Ἑλλάς ἐστέναζεν ὑπὸ τὴν δουλείαν, εἶχε δὲ σχηματίσει τὴν πεποιθήσιν ἐκ νεαρᾶς ἡλικίας, ὅτι ἡ χώρα αὕτη ἦτον ἀξία κρείσσονος τύχης, καὶ ἐν τῇ πεποιθήσει ταύτῃ ἀφιέρωσεν ὑπὲρ αὐτῆς πᾶσαν τὴν ἐνέργειαν καὶ τὴν ἀκατάσχετον δραστηριότητα τῆς σφριγώσης νεότητός του ἅμα ὡς ἀνέτειλεν ἡ ἡμέρα τῆς ἐθνικῆς ἡμῶν παλιγγενεσίας.

Ὁ Σαμουήλ Γ. Χάου ἐγεννήθη ἐν Βοστώνῃ τῇ δεκάτῃ νοεμβρίου τοῦ 1801, ἦν δὲ ὁ τρίτος υἱὸς τοῦ Ἰωσήφ Ν. Χάου. Ὁ πατὴρ αὐτοῦ ἦτον ἐφοπλιστὴς πλοίων καὶ ἐργοστασιάρχης σχοινίων καὶ ἄλλων εἰδῶν πρὸς χρήσιν αὐτῶν, ὑπήρξε δὲ ὁ μέγιστος τῶν προμηθευτῶν τῆς ἀμερικανικῆς κυβερνήσεως κατὰ τὸν πόλεμον τοῦ 1812. Πρὸς τελείαν ἐκπαίδευσιν τοῦ Σαμουήλ Χάου ὁ πατὴρ αὐτοῦ οὐδεμιᾶς ἐφείσθη θυσίας, ἀφοῦ δὲ ὁ υἱὸς αὐτοῦ ἐπεράτωσε τὰς ἐν τῷ γυμνασίῳ τῆς Βοστώνης ἐγκυκλίους σπουδὰς του, ἐν αἷς διεκρίθη ὡς ὁ κορυφαῖος τῆς τάξεώς του, εἰσήχθη ἐν ἡλικίᾳ 17 ἐτῶν εἰς τὸ ἐν PROVIDENCE πανεπιστήμιον BROWN, ἐξ οὗ ἀπεφοίτησε τῷ 1821, ἀκριβῶς καθ' ὃ ἔτος ἐξεβράγη ἡ ἑλληνικὴ ἐπανάστασις. Ἐν ταῖς πανεπιστημιακαῖς αὐτοῦ σπουδαῖς ἐνέκυψεν εἰς τὴν μελέτην τῶν ἐλλήμων συγγρα-

φέων, ἐθεωρείτο δὲ ὁ κρᾶτιστος τῶν ἐν αὐτῷ σπουδαστῶν τῆς ἑλληνικῆς γλώσσης καὶ φιλολογίας. Ἐπανακάμφας εἰς Βοστώνην ἅμα τῇ ἐκ τοῦ πανεπιστημίου ἀποφοιτήσῃ του, ἐπέδότη εἰς τὴν σπουδὴν τῆς ἰατρικῆς, ἐν ἣ ἔσχεν ὡς καθηγητὰς τοὺς διασημοτέρους ἰατροὺς τῆς ἐποχῆς ἐκείνης. Ἀφοῦ δὲ ἀπέκτησε τὸ ἰατρικὸν δίπλωμα ἐσκόπει νὰ διαμείνῃ ἐν τῇ πόλει τῆς γεννήσεως του μετερχόμενος τὸ ἐπάγγελμά του, ὅτε τὸ ῥωμαντικὸν τοῦ χαρακτῆρός του παρώρμησεν αὐτὸν πρὸς ἄλλην διεύθυνσιν.

Ἡ ἀγγελία τῆς ἐν Ἑλλάδι ἐθνικῆς ἐξεγέρσεως, διελθούσα ἀστραπηδὸν πᾶσαν τὴν δυτικὴν Εὐρώπην, ἐξηκοντίσθη πέραν τοῦ Ἀτλαντικοῦ, ἤναψε δὲ κυριολεκτικῶς εἰπεῖν ἐν τῇ καρδίᾳ τοῦ νεαροῦ Χάου πυρκαϊὰν ἀγίου, ἱεροῦ καὶ ἀκατασχέτου ἐνθουσιασμοῦ. Ἐξάσιον, γενναῖον καὶ ὑπεράνθρωπον αἶσθημα ὤθει τὸν νεαρὸν ἀσκληπιάδην πρὸς τὴν Ἑλλάδα, τὸ αἶσθημα δὲ τοῦτο παρώτρυνεν αὐτὸν ν' ἀπαρνηθῇ εὐτυχίαν, μέλλον καὶ τὰς ἐν τῇ πατρίδι του ἀναπαύσεις. Ἡ ἐξ Ἰταλίας εἰς τὴν Ἑλλάδα μετάβασις τοῦ τρισημῆστου καὶ περιβλέπτου τῆς Ἀγγλίας φιλέλληνος λόρδου Βύρωνος εἶχε διασαλπισθῆ καθ' ὅλην τὴν Ἀμερικὴν, τὸ παράδειγμα δὲ τοῦ εὐγενοῦς ἐκείνου ἀνδρός, " τ ο ὕ μ ε γ ἄ λ ο υ κ α λ ἰ κ α λ ο ὕ, " ἐμιμήθη καὶ ὁ ἐνθερμος αὐτοῦ θιασώτης Σαμουήλ Χάου, ὅστις ἀπὸ τῆς στιγμῆς ταύτης ἐθεώρησε καθήκον αὐτοῦ ν' ἀφιερῶσθ ὅλας τὰς δυνάμεις του πρὸς ἀπελευθέρωσιν τῆς δεσμίου μητρὸς τῶν φώτων καὶ τῆς ἡμερώσεως καὶ νὰ ριφθῇ εἰς τὸν ἀγῶνα αὐτῆς. Ἐνθουσιῶν δὲ καὶ πολλὰ "κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν" ἔχων ὑπὲρ τῆς Ἑλλάδος, τῆς μεγάλης Ἑλλάδος ὡς τὴν ὠνειρεύθη, ἀπέπλευσεν ἐκ Βοστώνης διευθυνόμενος πρὸς τὴν Μεσόγειον. Φθάσας εἰς Μελίτην ἐπεβιβάσθη μετὰ βραχυχρόνιον αὐτόθι διατριβὴν ἐπὶ αὐστριακοῦ ἱστιοφόρου πλοίου καὶ μετὰ παρελευσιν ὀλίγων ἡμερῶν ἀφίκετο εἰς Μονεμβασίαν.

Ἄμα τῇ αὐτόθι ἀποβάσει του μετέβη πρὸς ἐπίσκεψιν τῆς

προσωρινῆς κυβερνήσεως, φέρων μεθ' ἑαυτοῦ συστατικὴν ἐπιστολὴν πρὸς ἕν τῶν μελῶν αὐτῆς, τὸν Γλαράκην, δοθείσαν αὐτῷ ὑπὸ τοῦ Ἐδουάρδου Ἐβερεττ, τοῦ συνάψαντος σχέσεις πρὸς τὸν ληπτήρα τοῦ γράμματος ἐν Γερμανίᾳ πρὸ τῆς ἐνάρξεως τοῦ ἀγῶνος. Οὕτω δύο τῶν διαπρεπεστέρων καὶ κρατίστων ὑπερμάχων καὶ συνηγόρων τῆς ἐλληνικῆς ἀνεξαρτησίας, ὁ Βύρων καὶ ὁ Χάου, εὐρέθησαν ταῦτοχρόνως ἐπὶ τοῦ πεδίου τῆς μάχης. Ἀμφότεροι κατήλθον εἰς τὴν ἡμετέραν πατρίδα, ἵνα διακινδυνεύσωσι τὰ πάντα ὑπὲρ τῆς ἀπελευθερώσεως αὐτῆς. Ἀξιολάτρευτε, γλυκύτατε καὶ ἔξοχε Βύρων! δὲν ἐπέζησας νὰ ἴδῃς τὴν Ἑλλάδα ἀνασταῆσαι ἐκ τοῦ ζοφεροῦ τῆς δουλείας τάφου καὶ τοὺς ὑπὲρ αὐτῆς ἡρωϊκοὺς ἀγῶνάς σου στεφθέντας δι' ἐντελοῦς ἐπιτυχίας! Ὁ Χάου ἠτύχησε νὰ γενῆ αὐτόπτης μάρτυς τοῦ λαμπροῦ τούτου θαύματος καὶ συνάμα νὰ συνεχίσῃ τὰς ὑπὲρ τοῦ ἐλληνισμοῦ εὐεργεσίας του, μεταβὰς μετὰ τριακοσιεταεῖαν ἐπίκουρος εἰς τὴν ἐκ νέου ἐγείρασαν πόλεμον κατὰ τῆς τυραννίας πολυτλήμονα Κρήτην.

Ὁ Χάου συνήντησε τὰ μέλη τῆς ἐλληνικῆς κυβερνήσεως, ἀλλὰ κατὰ τὴν ἐποχὴν τῆς μετ' αὐτῶν συνεντεύξεώς του ἐπήλθον αἱ ζοφεραὶ τῆς Ἑλλάδος ἡμέραι. Περὶ τῆς περιόδου ταύτης αὐτὸς ὁ Χάου γράφει τὰ ἀκόλουθα: "Κατὰ τὸν χειμῶνα ἐγένετο ἡ περιλάλητος ἐκστρατεία τοῦ Ἰβραήμ πασᾶ, ὅστις ἀπεβιβάσθη εἰς Μεθώνην ἐπὶ κεφαλῆς τῶν αἰγυπτιακῶν στρατευμάτων. Ἡ ἐλληνικὴ κυβέρνησις ἐπειράθη ν' ἀθροίσῃ στρατόν, ὅπως ἀντιστῇ κατὰ τῶν αἰγυπτιακῶν δυνάμεων, ὁ δὲ Μαυροκορδάτος ἐδέξατο τὴν προσφορὰν μου, ἵνα ὑπηρετήσω ὡς χειροῦγος ἐν τῷ ἐλληνικῷ στρατῷ. Ὁ πρόεδρος καὶ ὁ Μαυροκορδάτος ἀφίκουτο πρὸς νότον τῆς Πελοποννήσου μεθ' ὄλου τοῦ στρατοῦ, ὃν ἠδυνήθησαν νὰ συλλέξωσιν. Καταβληθείσης δ' ἐκεῖ πρῶτον προσπιθείας εἰς ὀργάνωσιν τοῦ στρατοῦ τούτου, ἐγὼ ἀπεπειράθην νὰ ἰδρῶσω νοσοκομεῖον καὶ νὰ παρασκευάσω φορεῖα διὰ τοὺς

τραυματίας· ἀλλὰ μετὰ τὴν κατάληψιν τοῦ Ναυαρίνου ὑπὸ τῶν τούρκων πᾶσα περὶ τῶν ἐν λόγῳ ἐγχειρημάτων ἀπόπειρα ἐματαιώθη. Ὁ Μαυροκορδάτος εἶχεν ὑποχωρήσῃ πρὸς τὸ Ναύπλιον, ζοφεραὶ δὲ τῇ Ἑλλάδι ἡμέραι ἀφίκοντο. Ἄπασαι αἱ τακτικαὶ αὐτῆς δυνάμεις εἶχον καταβληθῆ, οἱ δὲ τούρκοι προήλαυνον μετὰ ταχύτητος πρὸς βορρᾶν, ποιοῦντες μεγάλην φθορὰν εἰς τὰ μέρη, δι' ὧν διήρχοντο. Τότε συνετάχθη πρὸς τι τῶν μικρῶν σωμάτων, τὰ ὅποια περιήρχοντο ἐπιτιθέμενα κατὰ τοῦ ἐχθροῦ καὶ προξενούντα αὐτῷ μεγάλην ζημίαν. Μὴ δυνάμενος πλέον νὰ χρησιμεύσω ὡς χειροῦργος ἔστρεψα κατ' ἀνάγκην τὴν προσοχὴν μου εἰς τὸ νὰ φονεύω τούρκους, νὰ βοηθῶ τοὺς Ἕλληνας καὶ νὰ φροντίζω περὶ τῆς συντηρήσεώς μου. Φυσικῶς εἶχον ἰσχυροὺς βραχίονας, ἤμην δὲ πεπροικισμένος δι' ἀντοχῆς καὶ δραστηριότητος καὶ λίαν ταχέως κατέστην ἴσος πρὸς τοὺς ὀρεινοὺς πολεμιστὰς ἐν τῇ ἐπιμονῇ εἰς τὰς κακουχίας, εἰς τὰ τῆς πείνης δεινὰ καὶ εἰς τὰς αἰφνηδίας κατὰ τῶν ἐχθρῶν ἐπιδρομὰς. Ἡδυνάμην νὰ φέρω ἐπιτυχῶς τὸ τουφέκιόν μου καὶ βαρὺν ζωστήρα μετὰ γιαταγανίου καὶ πιστολίων καὶ ἀναρρίχῶμενος μεταξὺ τῶν στενῶν τῶν ὀρέων νὰ συλλέγω καὶ τρώγω ὄξαλίδας καὶ κοχλίας, συνείθισα δὲ νὰ μένω πολλάκις καὶ ἄνευ τροφῆς, ὡσάκις δὲν ἤδυνάμην νὰ εὔρω αὐτήν. Τὰς νύκτας περιετυλισσόμην ἐντὸς τῆς καπότας μου καὶ ἐκοιμώμην ἐπὶ τοῦ ἐδάφους ἀκίνητος ὡς κορμὸς δένδρου ἔνεκα τῆς κοπώσεως.”

Τίς τῶν ἀναγνωστῶν ἡμῶν δὲν θὰ συγκινηθῆ μέχρι δακρύων ἀναγινώσκων τὴν περιγραφὴν ταύτην; Ποῖος Ἕλλην δὲν θὰ διατηρήσῃ ἐν τῇ μνήμῃ του ἀνεξάλειπτον τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ ἀνδρός, τοῦ ὁποίου ἡ εὐρεία καρδιά δικαίως ἐγείρει τὸν θαυμασμόν τοῦ πεπολιτισμένου κόσμου; Αἰωνία ἡ μνήμη σου, ἀείμνηστε Σαμουήλ Χάου! Οἱ ἀγῶνες καὶ αἱ κακοπάθειαι σοῦ τε καὶ τῶν ἄλλων φιλελλήνων δὲν ἀπέβησαν εἰς μάτην, διότι ἡ ἡρωϊκὴ ἐπανάστασις κατέληξεν ἐπὶ τέλους εἰς τὴν ναυμαχίαν τοῦ Ναυα-

ρίνου, ἣτις ἐπεσφράγισε τὴν ἀνεξαρτησίαν τῆς Ἑλλάδος.

Ὁ Σαμουήλ Χάου ἦν ὡς εἴρηται κάτοχος τῆς ἀρχαίας ἐλληνικῆς, ἀλλ' αὕτη οὐδεμίαν τῷ παρέσχε βοήθειαν κατ' ἀρχάς, ὅπως συνεννοῖται μετὰ τῶν πατέρων ἡμῶν, συνέζησε δὲ μετ' αὐτῶν ἐπὶ μῆνας χωρὶς νὰ ἐννοῇ μίαν κὰν λέξιν τῶν λόγων αὐτῶν· ἀλλὰ κατὰ τὸ δεύτερον ἔτος τῆς ἐν Ἑλλάδι διαμονῆς του ἠδύνατο ἄριστα νὰ συνεννοῖται μεθ' οἰουδήποτε Ἕλλημος. Ὁ δόκτωρ Χάου δὲν ἦτο κατὰ τὴν ἀμερικανικὴν ρῆσιν "στρατιώτης τῶν ἑορτῶν", ἀλλὰ μαχητῆς τοῦ καθήκοντος καὶ τῆς σκληραγωγίας, διότι εἶχε λάβῃ ὑπ' ὄψιν, ὅτι ἀποδυνάμειος εἰς τὸν ἐλληνικὸν ἀγῶνα θὰ ὑφίστατο τὰ πάνδεινα. Ὑπέστη αὐτὰ ἀγογγύστως ὡς τὰ ὑπέσχον οἱ πλείστοι τῶν φιλελλήνων. Ἀκολουθῶν βῆμα πρὸς βῆμα τὴν ἡρωϊκὴν πάλιν τῆς Ἑλλάδος ἀπέβη ἀληθῆς ἥρωος αὐτῆς καὶ διεκῆρυξεν εἰς ἅπαντα τὸν κόσμον τὰ δίκαια, τὰ ὅποια εἶχε περὶ τῆς ὑπάρξεώς του τὸ ἐλληνικὸν ἔθνος.

Ὁ εὐγενὴς ἀνὴρ ὑπέστη ὄλας τὰς τοῦ πολέμου ταλαιπωρίας ἐπὶ τετραετίαν, μετὰ τὸ πέρασ τῆς ὁποίας ἤσθάνθη, ὅτι ἡ ἐρήμωσις, ἣν εἶχεν ἐπενέγκῃ ἐν Πελοποννήσῳ ὁ Ἰμβραήμ, καὶ ἡ ἐκ τοῦ πολέμου γενικὴ ἐξάντλησις ἤθελον περιαιγάγῃ τοὺς Ἕλληνας εἰς λιμοκτονίαν. Τὸ φάσμα τοῦ λιμοῦ ἐπεφαίνετο καὶ κατὰ συνέπειαν ὑπῆρχεν ἀπαραίτητος ἀνάγκη ἀνακουφίσεως. Ὁ γενναῖος ἀνὴρ παρήτησε τὸ ὄπλον ἐπὶ τινὰς ἡμέρας καὶ ἔλαβεν ἀνὰ χεῖρας τὸν κάλαμον, δι' οὗ ἐξ Ἑλλάδος ἐπλήρου τὰς στήλας τοῦ ἀμερικανικοῦ τύπου διὰ συγκινητικῶν ἐπικλήσεων, ἐξαιτούμενος βοήθειαν ὑπὲρ τῶν πατέρων ἡμῶν καὶ τῶν οἰκογενειῶν αὐτῶν. Ἀφοῦ παρεσκευάσεν, οὕτως εἰπεῖν, τὸ ἔδαφος διὰ τῶν φλογερῶν ἄρθρων του, ἐπανῆλθεν εἰς Ἀμερικὴν, ἐν ἣ ἤρξατο, ὡς ἔλεγε, γενικῆς σταυροφορίας ὑπὲρ τῶν ἑλλήνων, οὐ μόνον δὲ ὠμίλει αὐτὸς ἀπὸ τῶν βημάτων τῶν συλλαλητηρίων, ἀτινα εἶχε παρασκευάσῃ, ἀλλ' εἶχε συγκεντρῶσῃ περίξ αὐτοῦ

τοὺς εὐγλωττοτέρους, δεινότερους καὶ φιλανθρωπικωτέρους ῥήτορας τῆς ἐποχῆς ἐκείνης. Εἶχε πράγματι συγκινήσῃ ὀλόκληρον τὴν Νέαν Ἀγγλίαν καὶ τὴν πολιτείαν τῆς Νέας Ὑόρκης διὰ τῶν δραστηρίων ἐνεργειῶν του κατὰ τὴν ἐποχὴν ἐκείνην. Αἱ ἐπικλήσεις του εὖρον ἀνάλογον ἤχῳ ἐν ταῖς καρδίαις τῶν συμπολιτῶν του, ἐξήγειραν δὲ τὸ αἶσθημα ὀλοκλήρου τῆς Ἀμερικῆς ὑπὲρ τῆς Ἑλλάδος. Οἱ εὐποροὶ ἔπεμπον αὐτῷ χρήματα, οἱ ἄποροὶ προσέφερον μέρος τοῦ ἡμερομισθίου των, αἱ γυναῖκες ἔδιδον ἐנדύματα, πλείεσται δὲ αὐτῶν, σχηματίσασαι ἐταιρίας, ἔβραπτον τοιαῦτα, δι' ὧν ἔμελλον νὰ καλυφθῶσι τὰ γυμνητεύοντα μέλη τῶν γενναίων ἀγωνιστῶν καὶ τῶν γυναικοπαίδων τῆς Ἑλλάδος. Ὁλόκληρος ἡ φιλανθρωπία εἶχε τεθῆ εἰς κίνησιν. Τὰ συλλεγέντα χρήματα εἶχον ἀνέλθῃ εἰς ἐξήκοντα χιλιάδας δολλαρίων, ποσὸν οὐκ εὐκαταφρόνητον κατὰ τὴν ἐποχὴν ἐκείνην, ἴσου δὲ ποσὸν κατὰ πᾶσαν πιθανότητα εἶχε δοθῆ εἰς εἶδη. Οὕτω δὲ ὁ Χάου ἐφοδιασθεὶς διὰ τῶν ἐν λόγῳ βοηθημάτων ἐπέστρεψεν εἰς τὴν Ἑλλάδα καὶ ἤρξατο διανέμων αὐτὰ μεταξὺ τῶν ἀγωνιζομένων καὶ τῶν οἰκογενειῶν αὐτῶν. Τοσαύτην δὲ κατέβαλεν ἐπιμέλειαν περὶ τὴν διανομὴν, ὥστε οὔτε ἐν δολλάριον ἢ ἔνδυμα διετέθη ἀσκόπως. Ἡμέραν τινα εἶδεν ἓνα τῶν πρακτόρων του φέροντα ἐנדύματα, ἅτινα τῷ εἶχε δώσῃ ὅπως διανείμῃ, τοσοῦτον δὲ ὠργίσθη, ὥστε καλέσας αὐτὸν εἰς τὸν οἶκόν του, τὸν ἀφῆρεσε τὰ ἐנדύματα. Μετὰ τὴν διανομὴν τῶν βοηθημάτων τούτων εἶχε συστάσῃ ἐν Κορίνθῳ παροικίαν, ἐν ἣ συνκεντρώθησαν πολλοὶ ἀπορφανισθεῖσαι οἰκογένειαι ἀγωνιστῶν. Εἰς αὐτὰς παρέσχε πάντα τὰ μέσα πρὸς καλλιέργειαν τῶν γαιῶν, αἵτινες ἐχορηγήθησαν ὑπὸ τῆς κυβερνήσεως τοῦ Καποδιστρίου καὶ ὧν ἡ ἔκτασις ἀνήρχετο εἰς δεκάκις χίλια στρέματα.

Μετὰ τὴν λήξιν τοῦ ἀγῶνος καὶ ἀπελευθέρωσιν μικροῦ τμήματος τοῦ ἑλληνισμοῦ, ὅπερ τότε ἀπηρτίζετο μόνον ἐκ τῆς

Πελοποννήσου, τῆς Στερεᾶς Ἑλλάδος καὶ τῶν Κυκλάδων, ὁ Χάου ἐπανῆλθεν εἰς τὴν Ἀμερικὴν, ἐν ἣ ἠνοιγέτο αὐτῷ νέον καὶ εὐρὺ στάδιον. Ἐνταῦθα τῆ ἐπιστροφῇ του ἐπειράθη νὰ ἐπιθεωρήσῃ τὸ δοκίμιον τῆς ἱστορίας τῆς ἑλληνικῆς ἐπαναστάσεως, ὅπερ εἶχεν ἐκδώσῃ ἐσπευσμένως τῷ 1828, ἀλλ' οὐδέποτε ἠκαίρησε νὰ ἐκτελέσῃ τὸ ἔργον. Ἡ πολωνικὴ ἐπανάστασις ἤρξατο μετ' οὐ πολὺ, ὁ δὲ Χάου προσεπάθησε κατὰ τὸ μέτρον τῶν δυνάμεων του νὰ ὑποστηρίξῃ καὶ ταύτην. Πρὸς τὴν ἐν Παρισίοις ἐπιτροπείαν τῶν πολωνῶν εἶχε σταλῆ ἐξ Ἀμερικῆς ἰκανὸν χρηματικὸν ποσόν, ἀλλ' αὕτη δὲν ἐγίνωσκε διὰ τίνος μέσου νὰ πέμψῃ αὐτὸ ἀσφαλῶς εἰς τοὺς ἀγωνιζομένους ὑπὲρ τῆς ἀνεξαρτησίας τῆς πατρίδος των. Ἐν τῷ μεταξὺ ὁ Χάου, ἀναλαβὼν νὰ ιδρύσῃ τὸ ἐν Βοστώνῃ πεφημισμένον ἐκπαιδευτήριον τῶν τυφλῶν, ἀφίκετο εἰς τὴν πρωτεύουσάν τῆς Γαλλίας πρὸς ἐπίσκεψιν τοῦ ἐν αὐτῇ ὁμωνύμου σχολείου. Συναντήσας ἐκεῖ τὸν περιβλεπτοῦ Λαφαγέττην καὶ μαθὼν παρ' αὐτοῦ, ὅτι δὲν εὐρίσκετο πιστὸς καὶ πεπειραμένος ἄνθρωπος νὰ μεταβῆ εἰς τὴν Πολωνίαν καὶ ἐγχειρίσῃ εἰς τοὺς ἀρχηγοὺς τῆς ἐπαναστάσεως τὰ ἐξ Ἀμερικῆς χρήματα, ὁ Χάου προθύμως ἀνέλαβε τὴν κινδυνώδη ἐντολὴν καὶ τὴν ἐξετέλεσε μετὰ τῆς χαρακτηριζούσης αὐτὸν ἀκριβείας καὶ ταχύτητος. Ἐν τῇ ἐπιστροφῇ του συνελήφθη ἐν Βερολίῳ διαταγῇ τῆς πρῶσσικῆς κυβερνήσεως ὡς παραξίαι καὶ τυχοδιώκτης καὶ ἐκρατήθη ἐν φυλακῇ ἐπὶ ἕξ περὶ τοῦ ἐβδομάδας.

Εἶναι ἀδύνατον ἡμῖν ν' ἀπαριθμήσωμεν ἐνταῦθα τὰ μετὰ ταῦτα ἔκλαμπρα φιλανθρωπικὰ ἔργα τοῦ Χάου, διότι ἀπαιτοῦνται ὀλόκληροι πρὸς τοῦτο σελίδες καὶ ὡς ἐκ τούτου θὰ περιορισθῶμεν νὰ εἴπωμεν, ὅτι ἀφοῦ ἐνυμφεύθη τὴν Ἰουλίαν Οὐόρντ, ἣτις ἀπέβη ἀνεκτίμητος βοηθὸς του ἐν τοῖς μετέπειτα ἔργοις του καὶ ἡ ὁποία ἐπὶ ἐξηκονταετίαν περίπτου τυγχάνει τὸ σέμνωμα τῆς Νέας Ἀγγλίας, ἀφωσιώθη εἰς τὴν ἐξυπηρέτησιν

παντὸς φιλανθρωπικοῦ καὶ κοινωνικοῦ ἐγχειρήματος. Οἱ κωφάλαλοι, οἱ ἠλίθιοι, οἱ ἀσθενεῖς, οἱ φρενοβλαβεῖς, οἱ πένητες, οἱ πεφυλακισμένοι, πάντες ἠξιώθησαν τῆς ἰδιαιτέρας αὐτοῦ μερίμνης καὶ ἔτυχον τῆς ἀγωγῆς καὶ τῶν περιποιήσεων, ἃς ἡ γόνιμος καὶ πεφωτισμένη αὐτοῦ διάνοια ἠδύνατο νὰ ἐφεύρῃ καὶ ἡ ἀκράδαντος βούλησίς του νὰ ἐξεργασθῇ ἐπ' ἀγαθῶ αὐτῶν. Τὸ ἔνψιστον αὐτοῦ ἰδεῶδες ἦν νὰ καταστήσῃ τὰ ὄρια τοῦ φωτὸς καὶ τῆς ἐλευθερίας ὅσον οἶόν τε εὐρύτερα καὶ νὰ χύσῃ βάλασμον θεραπείας ἐπὶ τῶν πληγῶν πάντων τῶν πασχόντων μελῶν τῆς ἀνθρωπίνης οἰκογενείας χωρὶς διακρίσεως φυλῆς, θρησκευτικῶν δοξασιῶν ἢ κοινωνικῆς θέσεως. Τῇ συνδρομῇ τῶν φίλων του, ἴδρυσε τὴν μεγαλῶνυμον σχολὴν τῶν τυφλῶν, ἥτις ἐσαεὶ θὰ ἐξαγγέλλῃ τὰ εὐγενῆ αἰσθήματα τοῦ ἀνδρὸς καὶ εἰς αἰῶνα τὸν ἅπαντα οἱ ἐν αὐτῇ ἐκπαιδευόμενοι ἀόμματοι θὰ εὐλογῶσι τὴν μνήμην του. Ἡ κυβέρνησις τῶν Ἡνωμένων Πολιτειῶν ἀνέθηκεν αὐτῷ πολλάκις σπουδαιοτάτας ἐντολάς, τὰς ὁποίας ἤγαγε πάντοτε εἰς αἴσιον πέρας, καὶ κατὰ τὸν ἐμφύλιον πόλεμον προσήνεγκε παντοίας τῇ πατρίδι του ὑπηρεσίας.

Μόλις εἶχε λήξῃ ὁ ἐμφύλιος ἐν Ἀμερικῇ πόλεμος, διὰ τορος κραυγῇ διεπέρασε τὸν Ὀκεανὸν προερχομένη ἐκ πολυπαθοῦς νήσου, ἥτις εἶχεν ἐγείρῃ τὰ ὄπλα κατὰ τῆς τυραννίας, ἐκ τῆς ἠρωϊκωτάτης Κρήτης. Οἱ κρητῆς εἶχον ῥίψῃ τὸν περὶ τῶν ὄλων κύβον, ὁ δὲ Χάου βαρέως φέρων τὴν εἰς αὐτοὺς γενομένην ἀσύγνωστον ἀδικίαν ὑπὸ τῶν εὐρωπαϊκῶν δυνάμεων, αἵτινες εἶχον ἀφήσῃ τὴν νήσον ἐκτὸς τῶν ὀρίων τῆς Ἑλλάδος, ἀπεφάσισε νὰ ἐναγκαλισθῇ τὸν κρητικὸν ἀγῶνα μετὰ νεανικῆς ζέσεως, συνέστησε δὲ πάραυτα ἐπιτροπείαν πρὸς συλλογὴν ἐράων ὑπὲρ τῆς Κρήτης. Ἐντὸς βραχυτάτου χρονικοῦ διαστήματος συνελέγησαν 36,000 δολλαρίων τῇ ἐνεργείᾳ τῆς ἐπιτροπείας ταύτης, ὁ δὲ Χάου ἀνεχώρησεν ἐκ Βοστώνης τῷ 1867 φέρων τὸ ποσὸν τοῦτο καὶ ἄλλα βοηθήματα, ὅπως διανείμῃ αὐτὰ ἰδίᾳ

χειρὶ τοῖς ἀγωνιζομένοις. Ἡ ἑλληνικὴ ἐπιτροπεία τῆς Λιβεραπούλης ἀνέμενεν αὐτὸν ἀνυπομόνως, ἅμα δὲ τῇ ἐν τῇ πόλει ταύτῃ ἀποβάσει του ὑπεδέξατο αὐτὸν ἐνθουσιωδῶς. Τὸ αὐτὸ ἐποίησαν καὶ οἱ Ἕλληνες τοῦ Λουδίνου, ἐκδηλώσαντες διὰ ζητωκραυγῶν ἐν τῷ σιδηροδρομικῷ σταθμῷ τὸν πρὸς αὐτὸν σεβασμὸν των. Ἀναχωρήσας ἐκ Λουδίνου μετέβη εἰς Γενεύην καὶ συνεννοήθη περὶ τῆς ἐπαναστάσεως μετὰ τῶν μελῶν τῆς ἐν αὐτῇ ἑλληνικῆς ἐπιτροπείας, ἐκείθεν δὲ ἀνεχώρησεν εἰς Ἀθήνας, ὅπου ἀφίκετο τὸν ἰούνιον καὶ μετ' ὀλίγον ἀψηφίσας πάντα κίνδυνον μετέβη εἰς Κρήτην, ἵνα ἐπισκοπήσῃ ἐκ τοῦ σύνεγγυς τὰ συμβαίνοντα, μεθ' ὃ ἐπέστρεψεν εἰς Ἀθήνας. Ἐν τῷ μεταξὺ ἐσχετίσθη μετὰ τοῦ τότε νεαροῦ κ. Μιχαήλ Ἀναγνωστοπούλου, ὃν προσέλαβεν ὡς γραμματέα ἐν τῇ διανομῇ τῶν βοηθημάτων. Οὗτος δὲ ἀκολουθήσας τὸν Χάου εἰς Ἀμερικὴν ἐγένετο γαμβρὸς αὐτοῦ ἐπὶ θυγατρὶ καὶ βοηθὸς αὐτοῦ ἐν τῇ σχολῇ τῶν τυφλῶν, ἧς διωρίσθη διευθυντῆς μετὰ τὸν θάνατον τοῦ ἀειμνήστου ὀδηγοῦ καὶ πενθεροῦ του. Ὁ Χάου διένειμε τὰ τελευταῖα βοηθήματα εἰς τοὺς ἐν Ἀθήναις, Ἄργει καὶ Αἰγίνῃ κρήτας πρόσφυγας, ὅταν δ' ἔβλεπε τὰς προσερχομένας νὰ λάβωσιν ἐνδύματα κρήσας παρακολουθουμένας ὑπὸ ὀκτῶ ἢ δέκα τέκνων ἔλεγε τοῖς περὶ αὐτόν, ὅτι "ἡ ἑλληνικὴ φυλὴ οὐδέποτε θὰ ἐκλείψῃ", διότι εἶναι γουιμωτάτη". Ἀπὸ καρδίας εὐχόμεθα τὴν ἐκπλήρωσιν τῆς προρρήσεως ταύτης τοῦ ἐξόχου φίλου τοῦ γένους ἡμῶν.

Ὁ εὐγενὴς ἀνὴρ ἐπέστρεψεν εἰς Ἀμερικὴν μετὰ ὀκτάμηνον ἐν Ἑλλάδι καὶ τῇ δυτικῇ Εὐρώπῃ διατριβήν, ἀμέσως δ' ἐξέδωκε τὸν Κ ρ ἦ τ α, μηνιαίαν ἐφημερίδα, σκοπὸς τῆς ὁποίας ἦτον ἡ ὑποστήριξις τοῦ κρητικοῦ ἀγῶνος, ἐξηκολούθει δὲ πέμπων βοηθήματα εἰς Κρήτην μέχρις οὗ ἡ ἠρωϊκὴ ἐκείνη ἐπανάστασις ἀπεσβέσθη ἕνεκα τῆς ἀσπλαγχνίας τῶν ἰσχυρῶν τῆς Εὐρώπης, ἰδίως δὲ τοῦ ἀθλίου δολοφόνου τῆς δυστήνου νήσου, τοῦ ἀναιδοῦς αἰχμαλώτου τοῦ Σεδάν, Ναπολέοντος τοῦ Γ'.

Τὰς τελευταίας ἡμέρας τῆς ζωῆς του ὁ Χάου κατηνάλωσεν ἐργαζόμενος πρὸς προσάρτησιν τῆς νήσου τοῦ Ἁγίου Δομνίκου εἰς τὰς Ἡνωμένας Πολιτείας, ὁ δὲ πρόεδρος Γράντ εἶχε διορίσῃ αὐτὸν ἐν τῶν μελῶν τῆς καταρτισθείσης ἐπιτροπείας πρὸς προσάρτησιν τῆς νήσου ἐκείνης.

Ὁ Σαμουήλ Γ. Χάου, ὁ ἔνδοξος οὗτος ἀνὴρ, ὁ πατριάρχης τῶν ἐν Ἀμερικῇ φιλελλήνων, ἀπεβίωσε τὴν 9ην ἰανουαρίου τοῦ 1876. Οἱ ἔφοροι τῆς σχολῆς τῶς τυφλῶν συνελθόντες ἐξέδωκαν ἀμέσως συλλυπητήριον ψήφισμα πρὸς τὴν οἰκογενεῖάν του ἐπὶ τῇ ἀπώλειᾳ πεφιλημένου καὶ ἀνεκτιμήτου προστάτου, ἀφιερῶσαντος πλέον τοῦ ἡμίσεως αἰῶνος ὑπὲρ τῆς φιλανθρωπίας, ἣ δὲ κατὰ τὸ ἔτος ἐκείνο δημοσιευθεῖσα λογοδοσία τοῦ ρηθέντος καθιδρύματος συνεκίνησε μέχρι συντριβῆς καρδίας τοὺς ἀναγνώσαντας αὐτήν. Ἡ σχολὴ τῶν τυφλῶν εἶναι τῷ ὄντι αἰώνιον μνημεῖον τῆς μεγαλοφυΐας τοῦ Χάου.

Ὁ θάνατος αὐτοῦ προὔξενῃσεν ἀλγεινὴν λύπην ἐν Ἑλλάδι ὡς μαρτυροῦσι τὰ κατωτέρω δημοσιευόμενα συλλυπητήρια. Καὶ ἦτο νὰ μὴ προξενήσῃ θλίψιν ἐν τῇ καρδίᾳ παντὸς Ἕλληνοῦ ἢ ἀπώλεια τοσοῦτον μεγαθύμου προστάτου καὶ ὑπερμάχου τοῦ ἑλληνισμοῦ; Ὁ Χάου ὑπῆρξε πιστὸς φίλος καὶ διηνεκῆς εὐεργέτης τῆς Ἑλλάδος, ὑπὲρ τῆς ὁποίας ἐπολέμησε, συνηγόρησε πάντοτε διὰ τῆς φωνῆς καὶ τοῦ καλάμου του καὶ ἐποίησε γενναίας θυσίας. Τὸ ὄνομα αὐτοῦ θὰ μείνῃ ἐγκεχαραγμένον εἰς αἰῶνα τὸν ἅπαντα ἐν τῇ μνήμῃ παντὸς Ἕλληνοῦ καὶ θὰ εὐλογῆται ἀπὸ γενεᾶς γενεῶν. Ἐπιτραπήτω δ' εἰς ἡμᾶς, τοὺς πρώτους ἀναλαβόντας τὴν δημοσίευσιν συντόμου βιογραφίας ἐν τῇ ἑλληνικῇ γλώσσῃ, νὰ ἐκφράσωμεν ἐκ τῶν βυθῶν τῆς καρδίας ἡμῶν διάπυρον εὐχὴν, ἣ εὐχὴ δὲ αὕτη εἶναι ὅπως ὁ ἑλληνισμὸς ἐγείρῃ αὐτῷ ἐν Ἀθήναις μνημεῖον παρὰ τὸν ἀνδριάντα τοῦ ἀνδρός, ὃν ἐλάτρευσε, τοῦ μεγάλου τῆς Ἀγγλίας υἱοῦ Βύρωνος.

Did the

Τὰ ἐξ Ἑλλάδος σταλέντα κατὰ τὴν ἐποχὴν τοῦ θανάτου τοῦ Χάου συλλυπητήρια ἔγγραφα ἔχουσιν ὡς ἐξῆς.

ΤΠΟΤΡΓΕΙΟΝ ΤΩΝ ΕΞΩΤΕΡΙΚΩΝ.

Ἐν Ἀθήναις, τῇ 7)19 φεβρουαρίου 1876.

Πρὸς τὸν ἐν Βοστώνῃ πρόξενον τῆς

Αὐτοῦ Μεγαλειότητος.

Ὁ θάνατος τοῦ ἱατροῦ Σαμουήλ Χάου, ἐνὸς τῶν θερμοτάτων καὶ διαπρεπεστάτων φιλελλήνων, οἷτινες συνέδεσαν τὸ ὄνομα αὐτῶν μετὰ τῆς ἀναγεννήσεως τῆς Ἑλλάδος, προὔξενεν οὐ μόνον εἰς ἡμᾶς ἀλλὰ καὶ εἰς τὴν κυβέρνησιν πᾶσαν βαθυτάτην θλίψιν καὶ συγκίνησιν. Τὸ αὐτὸ δὲ τοῦτο αἶσθημα συνεμερίσθη καὶ ἐξεδήλωσεν ἐπὶ τῇ εὐκαιρίᾳ ταύτῃ σύμπασι ὁ τύπος τῆς πρωτεύουσας καὶ πᾶσα ἡ ἑλληνικὴ κοινωνία εἰς εὐγενὲς μαρτύριον τῆς χάριτος καὶ εὐγνωμοσύνης, ἣν ὀφείλει ἀναντιρρήτως ἡ ἀναγεννηθεῖσα Ἑλλὰς εἰς τὸν γηραιὸν μὲν ἀλλὰ θερμὸν καὶ νεάζοντα πάντοτε φιλέλληνα, ὅστις ἀκμαῖος ἀνὴρ κατελθὼν εἰς τὴν Ἑλλάδα ἐπὶ τοῦ μεγάλου ἀγῶνος τοῦ 1821 καὶ μετασχὼν τῆς ὑπὲρ ἐλευθερίας πάλης τοῦ ἔθνους, δὲν ὤκνησε πάλιν γεγηρακῶς ἤδη καὶ πολὺς νὰ ἐπανέλθῃ εἰς τὸ ἑλληνικὸν ἔδαφος μετὰ τεσσαράκοντα ὄλα ἔτη ἐπὶ τοῦ κρητικοῦ ἀγῶνος τοῦ 1866, κομίζων ἀνακούφισιν καὶ παρηγορίαν εἰς τὰ γυμνητέοντα γυναικόπαιδα τῆς ἠρωϊκῆς νήσου.

Διὰ ταῦτα ἐπιδιοκιμάζοντες ἐντελῶς τὸν εὐγενῆ τρόπον, δι' οὗ ἐπὶ τῇ κηδεΐᾳ τοῦ διαπρεποῦς φιλέλληνος ἐξεδηλώσατε ὡς ἐπίσημος ἀντιπρόσωπος τῆς Ἑλλάδος τὴν ἔθνικὴν θλίψιν ἐπὶ τῷ θανάτῳ του, παρακαλοῦμεν ὑμᾶς, ὅπως ἐκφράσητε νῦν ἐπισημότερον εἰς τοὺς οἰκείους του τὴν βαθεΐαν θλίψιν τῆς ἑλληνικῆς κυβερνήσεως ἐπὶ τῇ ἀπωλείᾳ τοιούτου ἀνδρὸς καὶ νὰ δηλώσητε αὐτοῖς ὁποῖαν γενικὴν συγκίνησιν ἐμαρτύρησεν ἡ ἑλληνικὴ κοινωνία ἐπὶ τῷ δυστυχήματι τούτῳ.

Ο ὑπουργός.

Α. Α. Κοντόσταυλος.

ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΟΝ ΤΗΣ ΕΛΛΑΔΟΣ.

Ἡ Πρυτανεία τοῦ Ἐθνικοῦ Πανεπιστημίου.

Ἐν Ἀθήναις, τῇ 19 ἰουνίου 1876.

Πρὸς τὴν Κυρίαν χήραν σύζυγον τοῦ μακαρίτου Χάου.

Σεβαστὴ Κυρία! Ὁ θάνατος τοῦ αἰοιδίμου συζύγου σας κατέλυψε πάντας τοὺς Ἕλληνας, ἐνθυμουμένους πρῶτον μὲν, ὅτι ἀνῆκεν εἰς τὸ γενναῖον ἔθνος τῶν ἀμερικανῶν, τὸ ὁποῖον ἐν τοῖς χαλεποῖς καιροῖς τοῦ ὑπὲρ τῆς ἀνεξαρτησίας τῆς ἡμετέρας πατρίδος ἀγῶνος πολυτρόπως συνέδραμεν ἡμᾶς, δαψιλῆ χορηγήσαν βοηθήματα καὶ ἐνθαρρύναν ἡμᾶς εἰς τὴν ἀνισον πάλην· δεύτερον δὲ διότι αἰσθήματα ἀγάπης ὑπὲρ τῆς Ἑλλάδος ἐμφορούμενος οὐδέποτε ἐπαύσατο συνηγορῶν ὑπὲρ αὐτῆς καὶ πείθων τὰ ἔθνη διὰ τῆς φιλανθρώπου εὐγλωττίας τῶν ἀξιολόγων πραγματειῶν του, ὅτι ἔπρεπε νὰ ὑποστηρίξωσι καὶ ζωογονήσωσι τὴν ὑπαρξιν ἔθνους, μόλις ἀνακύψαντος ἐκ τοῦ ζυγοῦ σκληροτάτης δουλείας.

Ἰδίως δέ, Κυρία, ὁ θάνατος αὐτοῦ ἐπίκρανε τοὺς ἀσχολουμένους περὶ τὰ γράμματα, στερηθέντας ἐναρέτου καὶ σοφοῦ ἀνδρός, οὗ αἱ ἐξαιρέτοι συγγραφαὶ διέχεον τὸ φῶς τῆς ἀληθείας καὶ τῆς ἀγάπης πρὸς τὸν πλησίον.

Εὐχόμεθα ἐκ βάθους καρδίας, Κυρία, ἵνα αὐτὸν μὲν ὁ ὕψιστος κατατάξῃ ἐν ταῖς σκηναῖς τῶν δικαίων, ὑμῖν δὲ ἐφάμιλλῳ τῶν ἀρετῶν καὶ τῆς σοφίας αὐτοῦ δῶ τὴν ἐξ ὕψους παρηγορίαν καὶ ἐνισχύῃ ἐν παντὶ ἔργῳ ἀγαθῷ.

Ὁ Πρύτανις.

Ἐμμ. Κόκκινος.

Τὸ ψήφησμα τοῦ Συλλόγου "Ρήγας".

Ὁ ἐν Ἀθήναις Πολιτικὸς Σύλλογος "Ρήγας"

ΨΗΦΙΖΕΙ

Α'. Ἐκφράζει τὴν λύπην αὐτοῦ ἐπὶ τῷ θανάτῳ τοῦ Σαμουὴλ Χάου.

Β'. Τελεί εἰς ὀρισθησομένην ἡμέραν μνημόσυνον ὑπὲρ τοῦ Χάου. Ἐν δὲ τῶν μελῶν ἐκλεχθησόμενον ὑπὸ τοῦ συλλόγου θέλει ἐκφωνήσῃ κατάλληλον λόγον.

Γ'. Πενταμελὴς ἐπιτροπὴ ἐκλεχθησομένη ὑπὸ τοῦ συλλόγου θέλει ἀποστείλῃ διὰ τοῦ πρεσβευτοῦ τῶν Ἑνωμένων Πολιτειῶν συλλυπητήρια γράμματα καὶ ἀντίγραφον τοῦ ψηφίσματος πρὸς τὴν ἐν Βοστώνῃ τῆς Μασσαχουσέτης διαμένουσαν χήραν τοῦ Σαμουήλ Χάου.

Ἐν Ἀθήναις, τῇ 25 ἰανουαρίου 1876.

Ὁ Πρόεδρος.

Ἄ. Ν. Στούπης.

Ὁ Γενικὸς Γραμματεὺς.

Γ. Α. Καπετανάκης.

Πολιτικὸς Σύλλογος "Ρήγας".

Τῇ Σεβαστῇ χήρᾳ τοῦ Σαμουήλ Χάου.

Σεβαστὴ Κυρία! Ἄν οἱ τῆς ἀρετῆς ἐργάται τὴν γῆν ὀλοκληρον ἔχωσι πατρίδα καὶ τοὺς ἀνθρώπους ἅπαντας ἀδελφούς, ὅπόσον ὀφείλομεν οἱ Ἕλληνες νὰ συλλυπώμεθα ὑμῖν ἐπὶ τῷ θανάτῳ τοῦ ἀειμνήστου Σαμουήλ Χάου, ὅστις διὰ τῶν ἔργων του ἐγένετο ἀδελφὸς τῶν ἑλλήνων, οὓς ἠγάπησε, καὶ τέκνον τῆς πατρίδος ἡμῶν, ὑπὲρ ἧς ἠγωνίσθη, εἰργάσθη, ὠμίλησε καὶ ἔγραψεν.

Ἄλλὰ βραβεῖον τῆς ἀρετῆς νεκρᾶς εἶναι ἢ μετὰ δικαίων σεπτῇ μνήμῃ καὶ μύρον αὐτῆς τὸ δάκρυον τῆς εὐγνωμοσύνης. Ὁ ἐν Ἀθήναις πολιτικὸς σύλλογος ΡΗΓΑΣ ἐπὶ τῇ θλιβερᾷ ἀγγελίᾳ τοῦ θανάτου τοῦ ἐν τῷ νέφ κόσμῳ πατριάρχου τῶν φιλελλήνων, συνελθὼν εἰς ἕκτακτον συνεδρίασιν τῇ 25 λήξαντος, ἐξέφρασε διὰ ψηφίσματος τὴν λύπην αὐτοῦ, ἐξελέξατο τὸν ἐκφωνήσοντα κατάλληλον λόγον ἐν τελεσθησομένῳ ὑπὲρ τοῦ Χάου μνημόσυνῳ καὶ ἐνετείλατο ἡμῖν νὰ διαβιβάσωμεν πρὸς ὑμᾶς, διὰ τοῦ ἐν Ἀθήναις πρεσβευτοῦ τῶν Ἑνωμένων Πολιτειῶν, τὴν ἐκ-

φρασι τῆς λύπης αὐτοῦ καὶ ἀποστέλλωμεν ἀντίγραφον τοῦ ψηφίσματός του.

Ἐκπληροῦντες τὴν ἀνατεθείσαν ἡμῖν ἐντολήν, δραπτόμεθα τῆς πικρᾶς εὐκαιρίας νὰ συλληπηθῶμεν ὑμῖν ἐπὶ τῇ πολυτίμῳ στερήσει εὐκλεοῦς συζύγου, οὗ τὴν μνήμην ἡ καρδιά τῶν ἐλλήνων, Ἐστίας εὐγνωμοσύνης, ἀκοίμητον αἰωνίως θέλει τηρῆ.

Ἐν Ἀθήναις, τῇ 10)22 φεβρουαρίου, 1876.

Ἡ ἐπιτροπή.

Μ. Κατσίμπαλης.

Γ. Α. Καπετανάκης.

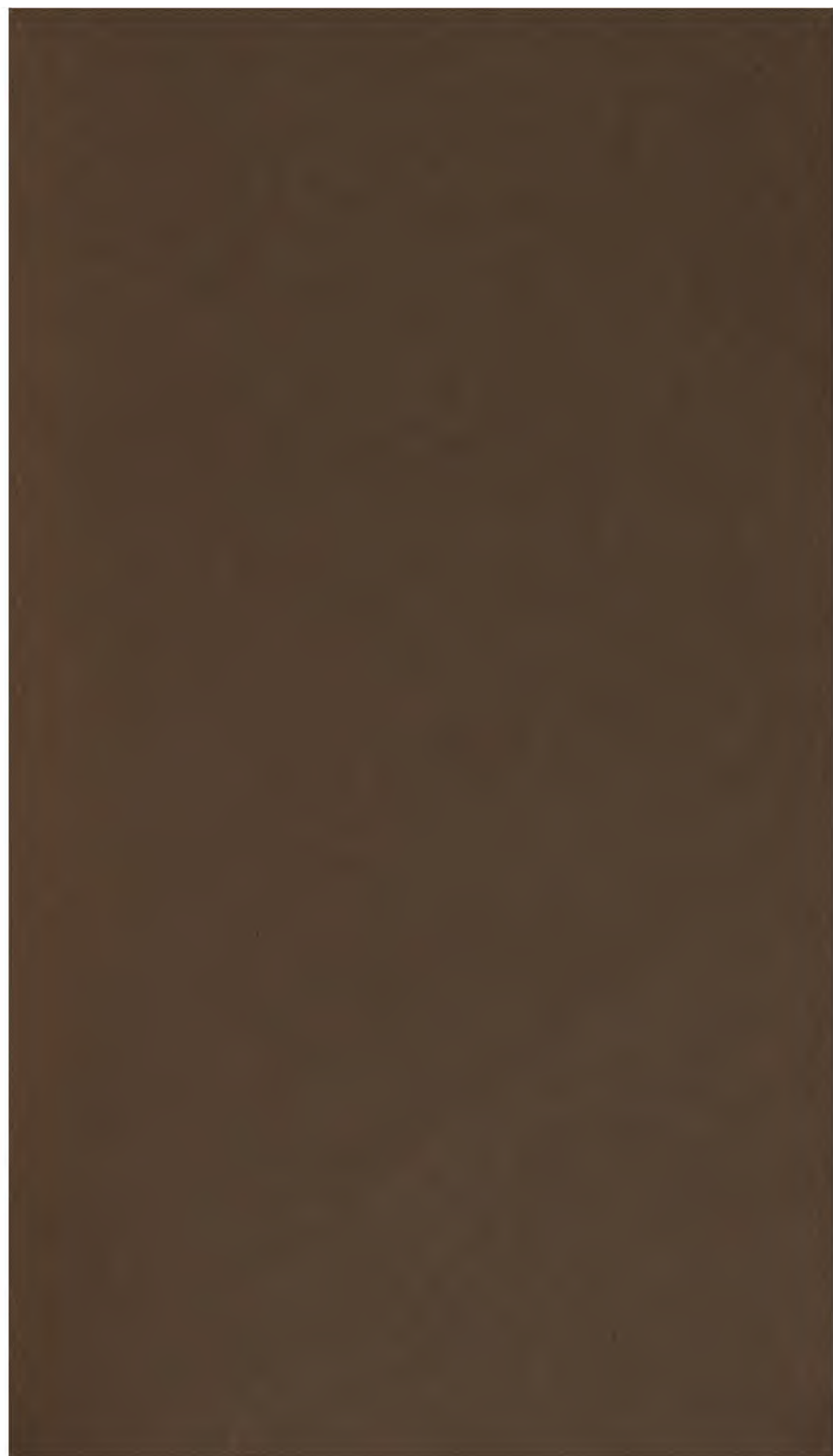
Γ. Κοντομίχαλος.

Α. Ν. Στούπης.

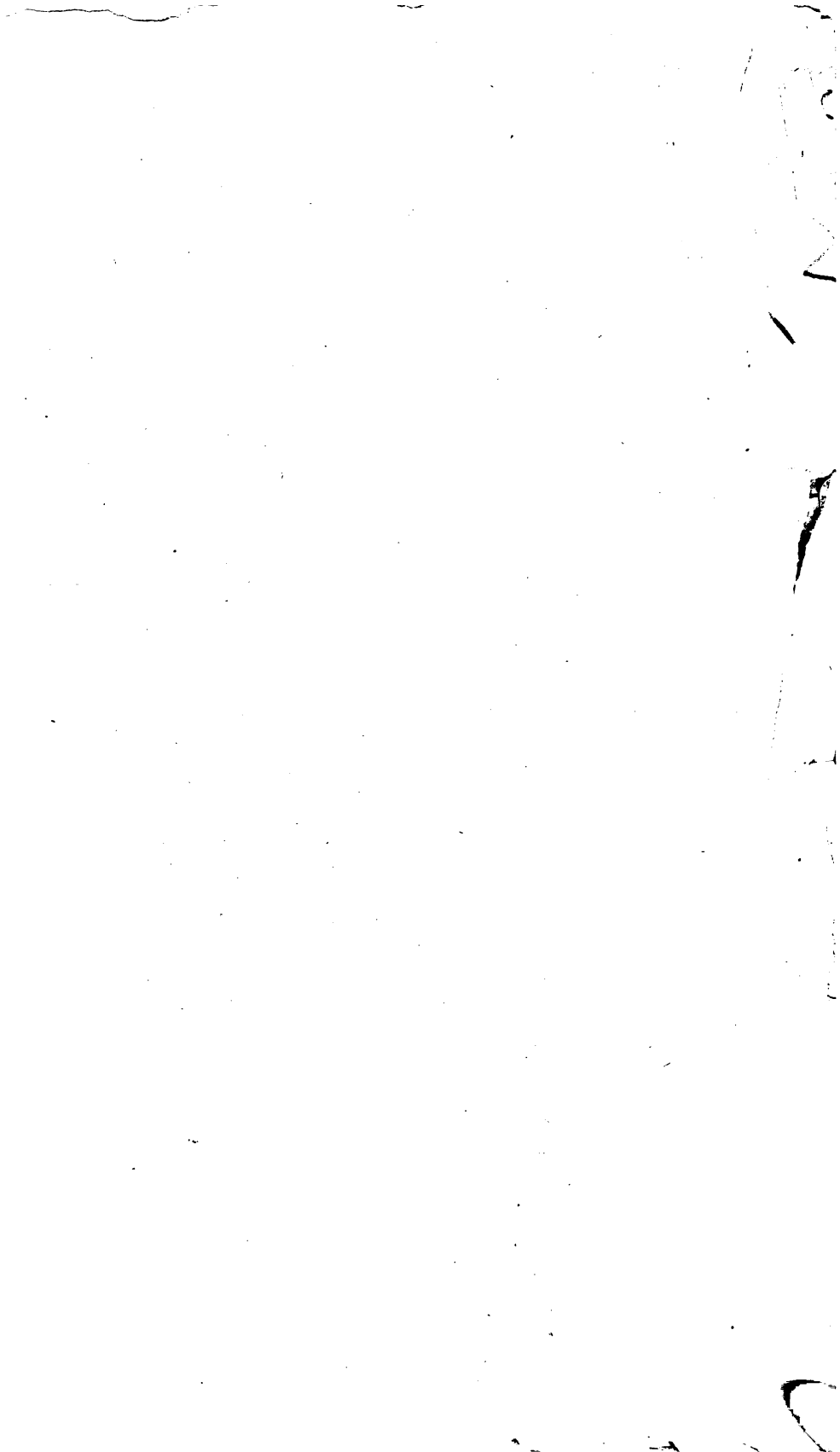
Α. Μαλακιάσης.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

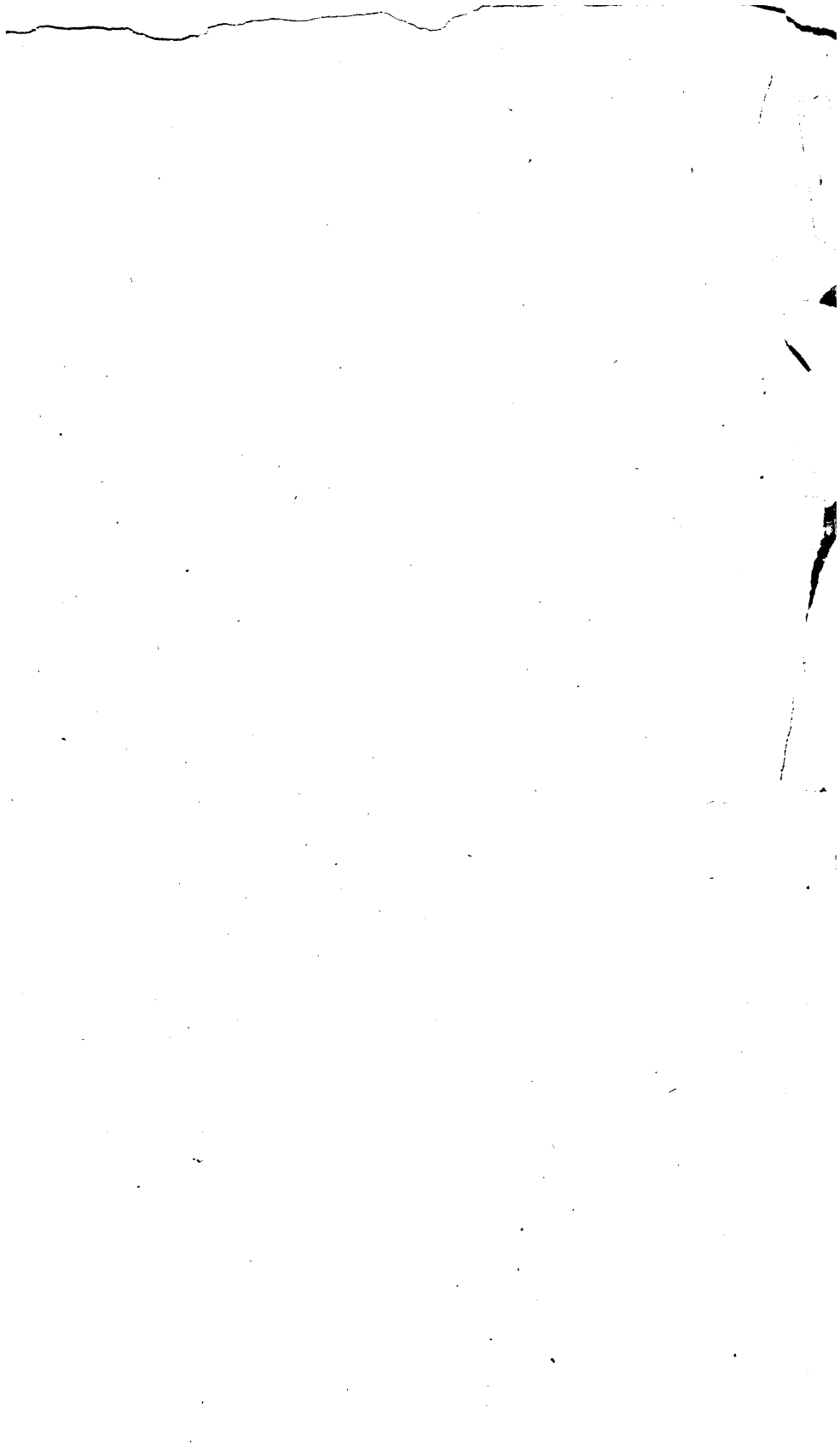
Three of the illustrations inserted in this monograph, namely, those which represent “Dr. Howe in 1872,” “Dr. Howe in 1858” and “Dr. Howe’s Home in South Boston,” appeared originally in the *Reminiscences* of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and we are indebted to the publishers of her book, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, for lending the cuts to us.











2

This book should be returned
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

SEP 20 1966

~~DUE SEP 20 1966~~

SEP 20 1966

